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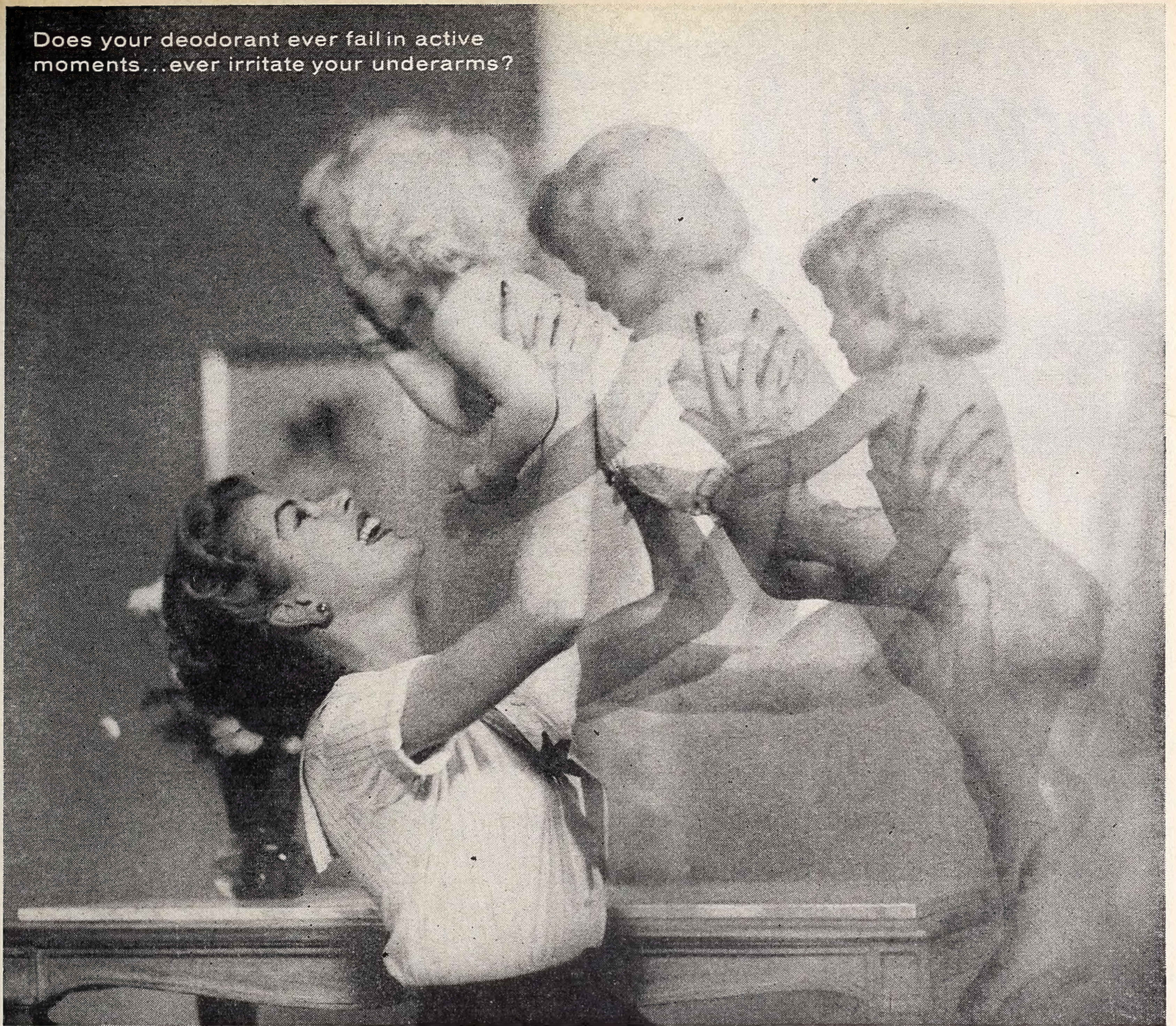
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Pin-it
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NORMAL SKIN YOU CAN USE
IT FREELY EVERY DAY



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have Midol



FEBRUARY, 1958

VOL. 53, NO. 2

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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COVER: Color portrait of Rock Hudson by 20th Century-Fox. Rock stars in 20th's "A Farewell to Arms" and Universal-International's "The Tarnished Angels."

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Screen Play and Direction by **RICHARD BROOKS** • Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN**

Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS



Kim's following uncannily in the Hayworth footsteps, including a date with Aly Khan, says Radie

May and December Couples: When fifty-three-year-old Bing Crosby married twenty-four-year-old Kathy Grant, the difference in their ages raised a lot of eyebrow-lifting in the world's press. And yet, based on the past record of other couples who have lived happily ever after, in spite of the span of years between them, it would seem that these marriages have a far more durable quality than the more conventional ones, looked on so approvingly because the bride and bridegroom happen to be in the same age bracket.

Consider the record and you will see what I mean: Bill Powell and "Mousie" Lewis; Charles Chaplin and Oona O'Neill; Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Mary Scott; Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn; Clark Gable and Kay Williams; Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney; Jean Pierre Aumont and Marisa Pavan; Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane; Cary Grant and Betsy Drake; Dick Powell and June Allyson, and the late Humphrey Bogart and

Lauren Bacall. More recently, pre-dating Bing and Kathy by only a short time, there have been the mergers of Mike Todd and Liz Taylor, Hank Fonda and the Baroness Franchini, and Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall.

Marilyn Steps Out: Marilyn Monroe made one of her very few public appearances in New York this season at the opening of Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece" at the Barbizon Plaza, and the reason for this special occasion was that her sister-in-law, Joan Copeland, was playing the leading role. Marilyn, who was only fifteen minutes late (an improvement for her!) and swathed in ermine, sat in the same row with me—so I can report first-hand that she held Arthur Miller's hand throughout the performance, only taking it away to applaud proudly for her husband's talented young sister.

Later, she and Arthur joined the Miller family at the party, hosted for the cast. And to see Marilyn, who all her life has longed for the family she never had, surrounded by this loving family group, was to realize that, at long last, she has achieved her fondest dream.

When I asked her about her future film plans, she told me that she would like to do a revival of the "Blue Angel" and the screen biography of the late Jean Harlow, but before she signed any contracts, she was waiting to see the completed scripts and for director approval. In the meantime, she is thoroughly enjoying her self-imposed temporary retirement in New York, while she is furnishing her first apartment in the East Fifties, and supervising the building of a modern ranch house in Connecticut that she hopes will be ready for occupancy by summer.

Chance Query: When Susan Strasberg was playing "Time Remembered" in Washington during Queen Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten's visit, she was invited to the White House to watch the arrival of Their Majesties, where she met Bob Montgomery for the first time. Bob, who was one of Metro's top stars when Susie was just a twinkle in her parents' eyes, got (Continued on page 94)



Pert Maria Cooper will confide to parents Veronica and Gary her engagement to a socialite this year, predicts Radie

The STORY of
a Girl who kept a Promise
AND A MAN
WHO COULD BE A HERO IF HE BROKE HIS!

LT. ALEC AUSTEN, USN—
who had to shoot
the question-mark
off his name...
Played by

**ALAN
LADD**

*The THUNDERING
STORY*

of The U.S.S. Poe--
a tiny speck on the
ocean that grew into
a tidal wave of fury!

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IN WARNERCOLOR
FROM WARNER BROS.

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD
✓ FAIR

BEST ACTING: LANA TURNER



As Hope Lange's terrible secret comes out, Lana tells her she must go to the police

Peyton Place

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Dealing with some rough material and several interlaced plots, this closeup of small-town life still has taste, dramatic urgency and emotional warmth. Lana Turner does an adept job as a seemingly strait-laced widow, who keeps a tight rein on daughter Diane Varsi. As the high-school principal, Lee Philips finds Lana cool to his courtship. High-powered scenes are handled well by Hope Lange, whose mother (Betty Field) can offer the gentle girl no defense against a drunken stepfather (Arthur Kennedy). Town doctor Lloyd Nolan intervenes in Hope's tragedy, while her beau (David Nelson) stands by her. As an alleged hussy, Terry Moore's appealing. Russ Tamblyn does his best work, sharing a shy romance with the promising Diane.

ADULT

Old Yeller

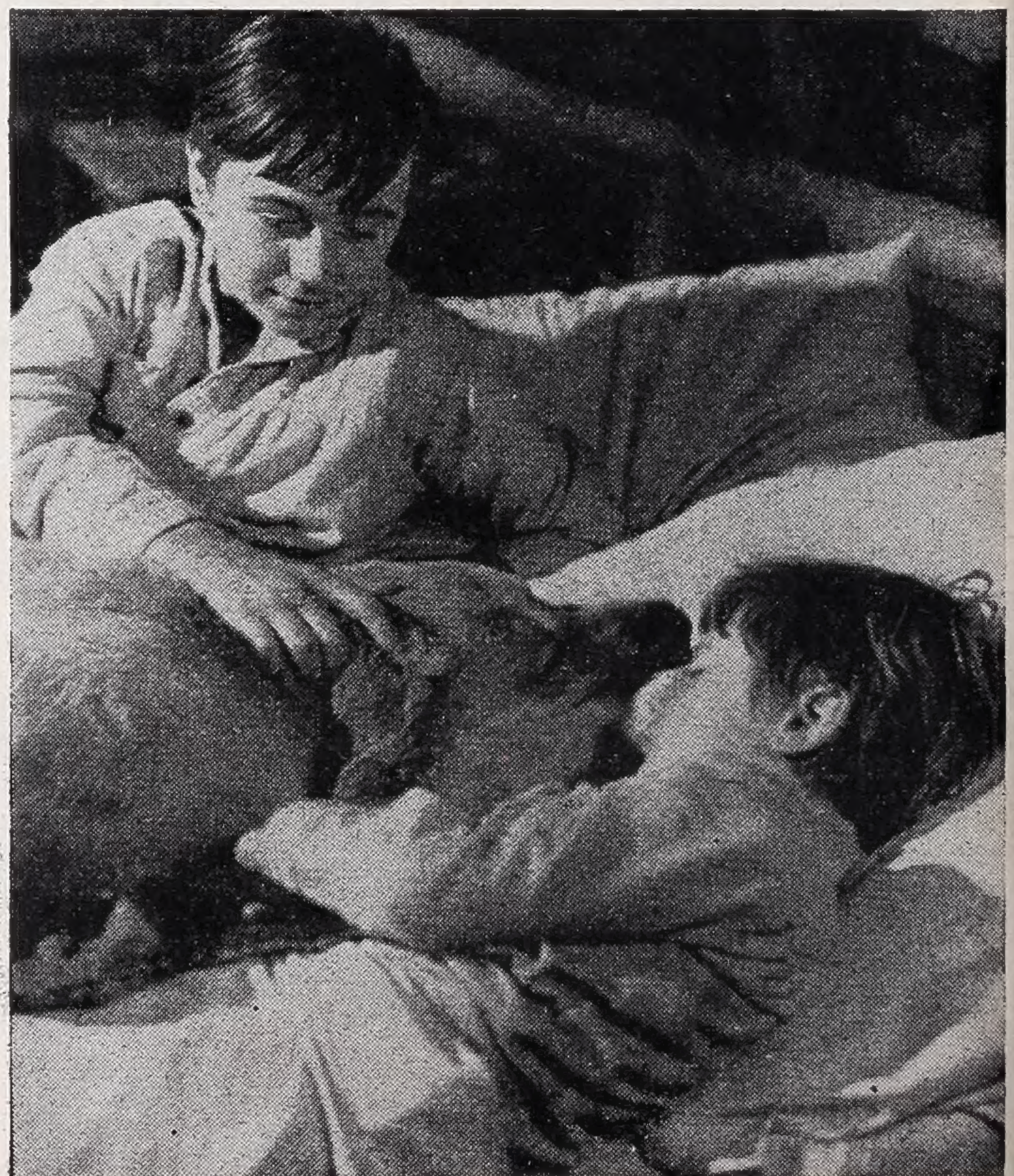
BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ With each new adventure, Walt Disney's live-action craftsmen show increasing skill at capturing the excitement and rich flavor of America's heritage. Here we're on a Texas farm of almost a hundred years ago, but all the people and creatures of the story are wonderfully real and alive. Youthful Tommy Kirk turns in a first-rate performance as the boy who becomes man of the household when dad Fess Parker must ride away for the summer. Tommy and kid brother Kevin Corcoran swap real boy-talk, with no sentimentality, and Dorothy McGuire's a doughty frontier mother. *Old Yeller* of the title is a magnificent mongrel who drifts onto the farm to bring havoc and help. Here's a dog with enough personality to hold his own among the human cast.

FAMILY

continued

BEST ACTING: TOMMY KIRK



With his courage, the dog has earned a comfortable spot between Tommy and the rescued Kevin Corcoran

It's a BALL when THREE GUYS FALL
for the one they CALL...

The GIRL MOST LIKELY

Her
"steady"
boy
promised
her the
moon



The
playboy
gave her
everything
under
the sun



and the
poor boy
put her
in the
clouds!



(and she promises
to marry all
three!)



MUSIC
YOUNG!

MUSIC GAY!

"The Girl
Most Likely"



"All the Colors
of the Rainbow"

"I Don't Know
What I Want"

and the
sensational
"BALBOA!"

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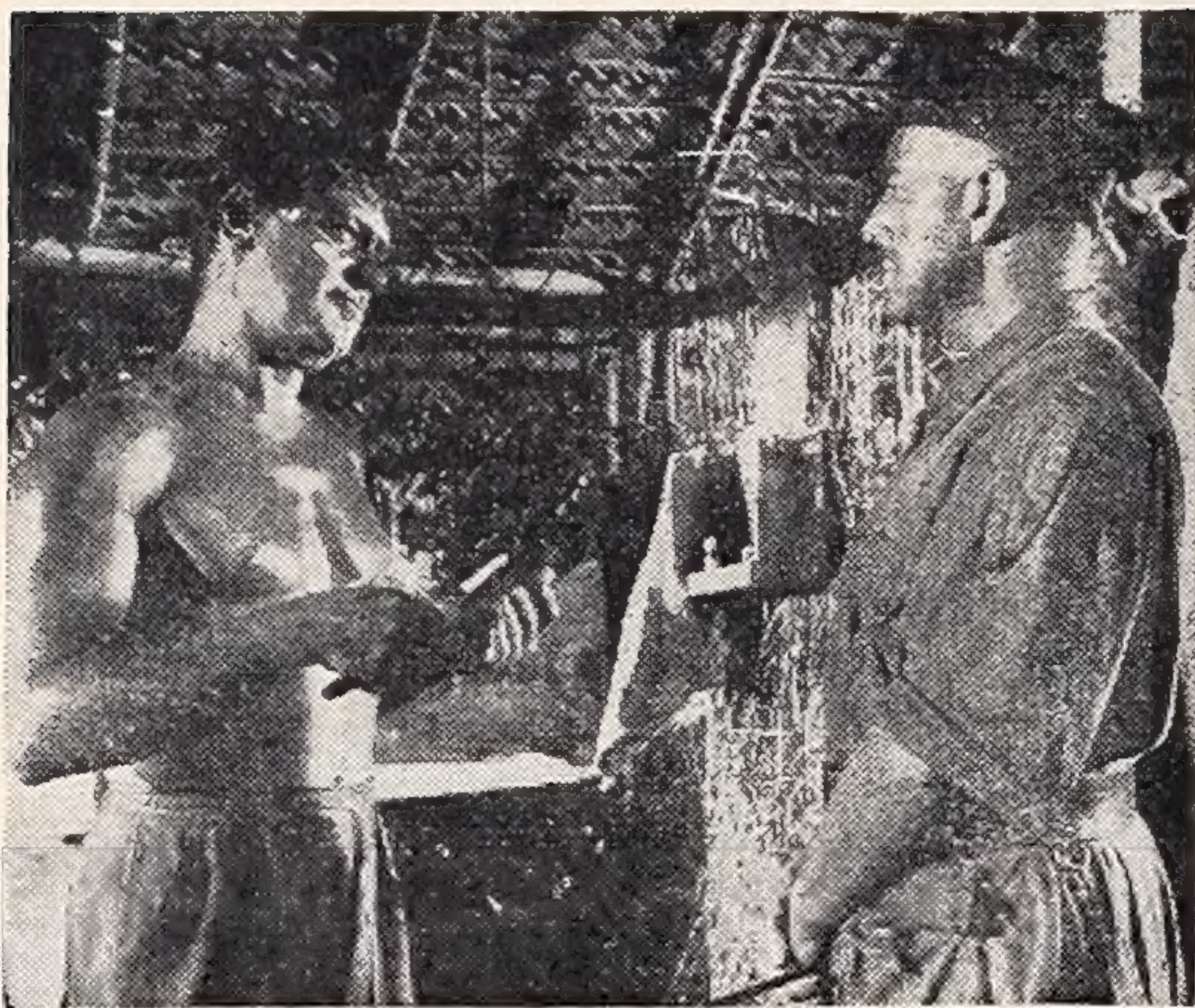
STARRING

JANE POWELL * CLIFF ROBERTSON

KEITH ANDES * KAYE BALLARD * TOMMY NOONAN * UNA MERKEL

Dances and Musical Sequences Staged by GOWER CHAMPION • Music and Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN and RALPH BLANE • WILLIAM DOZIER in Charge of Production
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screenplay by DEVERY FREEMAN • Produced by STANLEY RUBIN • An RKO RADIO Picture • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Release





Both prisoners of the Japs, Holden and Guinness disagree over tactics

The Bridge on the River Kwai

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The contrasted acting styles of Alec Guinness and William Holden, the authoritative manner of Jack Hawkins keep human qualities dominant in a powerful, tension-filled action movie. U. S. Navy man Holden takes a realistic, survival-centered attitude toward captivity in a Southeast Asia prison camp run ruthlessly by Sessue Hayakawa. But the Japanese officer has a formidable opposite number in Guinness, British colonel who risks his own life by insisting on international rules for the treatment of prisoners. His point painfully won, Guinness restores his men's discipline and morale by setting them to an odd task: proving superior British know-how in constructing a bridge vital to enemy transportation. Meantime, Holden has escaped—and returns (reluctantly) with a commando unit led by Hawkins. Their mission: to blow up the bridge.

FAMILY

Paths of Glory

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Put together with force and imagination, this story of World War I sets human beings against the rigid working of a military code. French officer Kirk Douglas is ordered to send his battle-weary men into a suicidal assault on a German-held position. When the shattered troops are forced to retreat, a court-martial for "cowardice" is demanded by George Macready, the superior whose ambition dictated the unsuccessful attack. Three soldiers (Ralph Meeker, Timothy Carey, Joseph Turkel) are chosen almost at random to stand trial, and Kirk, a lawyer in civilian life, dedicates himself to their defense. All the performances are firm and vigorous, including Adolphe Menjou's, as a general deceptively civilized in manner, and Wayne Morris', as a lieutenant who seeks missing courage in a cognac bottle. Flashes of angry humor and a final gleam of hope relieve grimness.

ADULT

The Enemy Below

20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Here's a battle fought with the mechanized trappings of World War II, yet it emerges with the spirit of adventure. As two skilled and courageous men of the sea, Robert Mitchum and Curt Jurgens engage in a bitter, personal duel—without being able to see each other. Commanding a U. S. destroyer escort in the South Atlantic, Mitchum tracks the submarine skippered by the veteran Jurgens, a non-Nazi who nevertheless believes that war had its glories in the old days. Excitement builds up steadily as each man tries to outguess the unseen enemy.

FAMILY

Gervaise

CONTINENTAL

✓✓✓✓ Snared by Hollywood for "The Brothers Karamazov," Maria Schell proves herself a prize indeed in this somber drama of 19th Century Parisian slums. Hers is a wonderfully mobile face, which can glow with beauty or go realistically plain with misery. She plays a young woman trying doggedly to rise out of the sordid situations that entrap her. Deserted with her two children by her worthless lover (Armand Mestral), Maria wins the honest affections of a roof-mender (François Perier). When her husband is crippled in a fall, she manages to keep the family going by setting up a small laundry shop. But the husband becomes a brutish drunkard, even invites her former lover to join the household. The picture is acute and unsparing in its detail—showing, for instance, all the degradation of alcoholism. (French dialogue, English titles.)

ADULT

Cabiria

LOPERT

✓✓✓✓ Another memorable, mobile face in European films belongs to blond Giulietta Masina, the little clown-tragedienne of "La Strada." Now she plays a second cheerful unfortunate, a shabby young streetwalker who is consistently kicked around, but rises from each disappointment or disaster with unconquerable optimism. A lover steals her money. A handsome movie actor picks her up, but the night ends in comic anticlimax. In more serious vein is the episode of Giulietta's journey to a shrine, to ask release from her sordid way of life. Finally, she does envision rescue ahead, as she's courted by an earnest government worker. (Italian dialogue, English titles.)

ADULT

Man in the Shadow

U-I

✓✓✓ Set in the present day, this straightforward western sticks to a classic plot, as deputy sheriff Jeff Chandler tries to smash the power of cattle baron

Orson Welles. The murder of a Mexican youth, a hireling on Orson's ranch, gets Jeff into action, though sheriff Ben Alexander is afraid to oppose the tyrant. (What would *Sergeant Friday* think of his old sidekick?!) As Orson's independent-minded daughter, Colleen Miller offers Jeff help. Mostly, he faces the civic lethargy that has been plaguing heroes since "High Noon."

FAMILY

All Mine to Give

U-I,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Devotees of "a real good cry" may now have a ball, with a sentimental story featuring a crew of enchanting children and some likable grownups. Among the latter are Cameron Mitchell and Glynis Johns, as a Scottish immigrant couple building a good life in a Wisconsin farm community of the last century. Their children eventually number six. But both father and mother die young, and stalwart Rex Thompson, barely into his teens, is faced with a sad decision, as new head of the family. Patty McCormack (of "The Bad Seed") turns sympathetic as one of his sisters. The kids are the real stars.

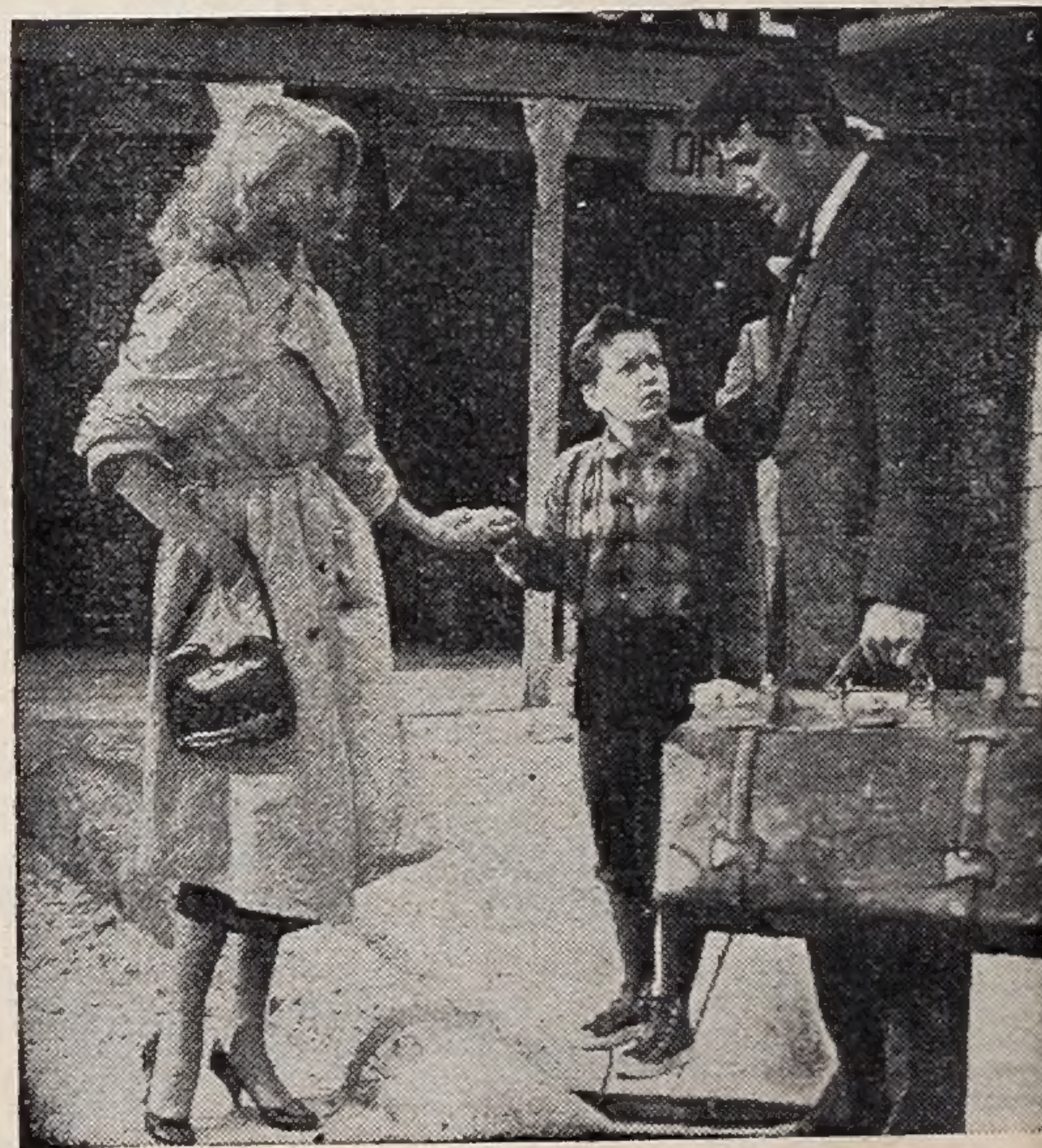
FAMILY

The Tarnished Angels

U-I,
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ The principals of "Written on the Wind"—Rock Hudson, Dorothy Malone, Robert Stack—are reunited in another sensational yarn, also generously spiked with sex, but without the luxurious locales of the earlier hit. Rock is again the observer, a conventionally alcoholic reporter fascinated by the strange lives of Dorothy and Bob. They're a traveling air-stunt team of depression days, an unhappy, driven pair existing outside the normal world. Bob does a neat job, though his role isn't well-defined.

ADULT



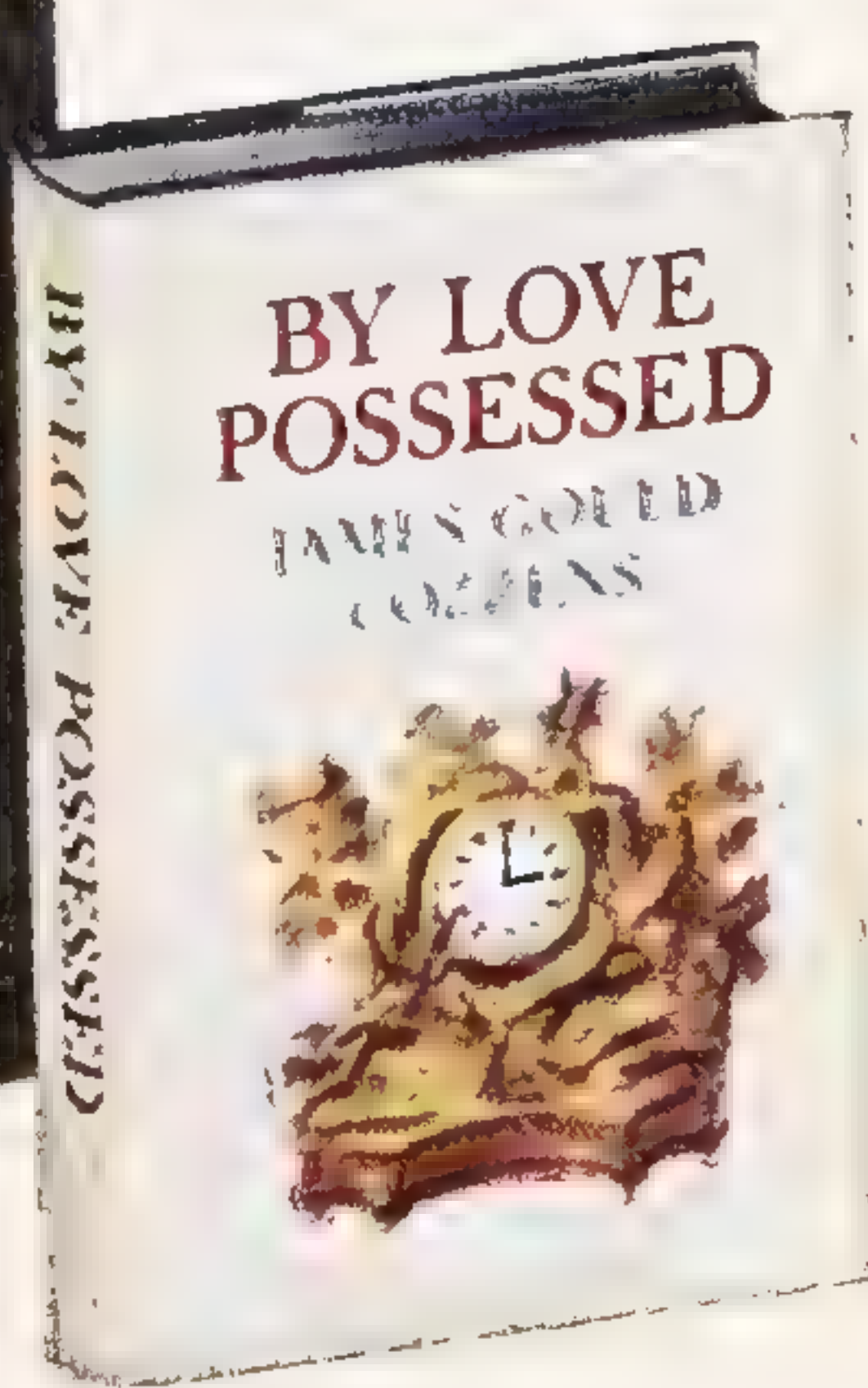
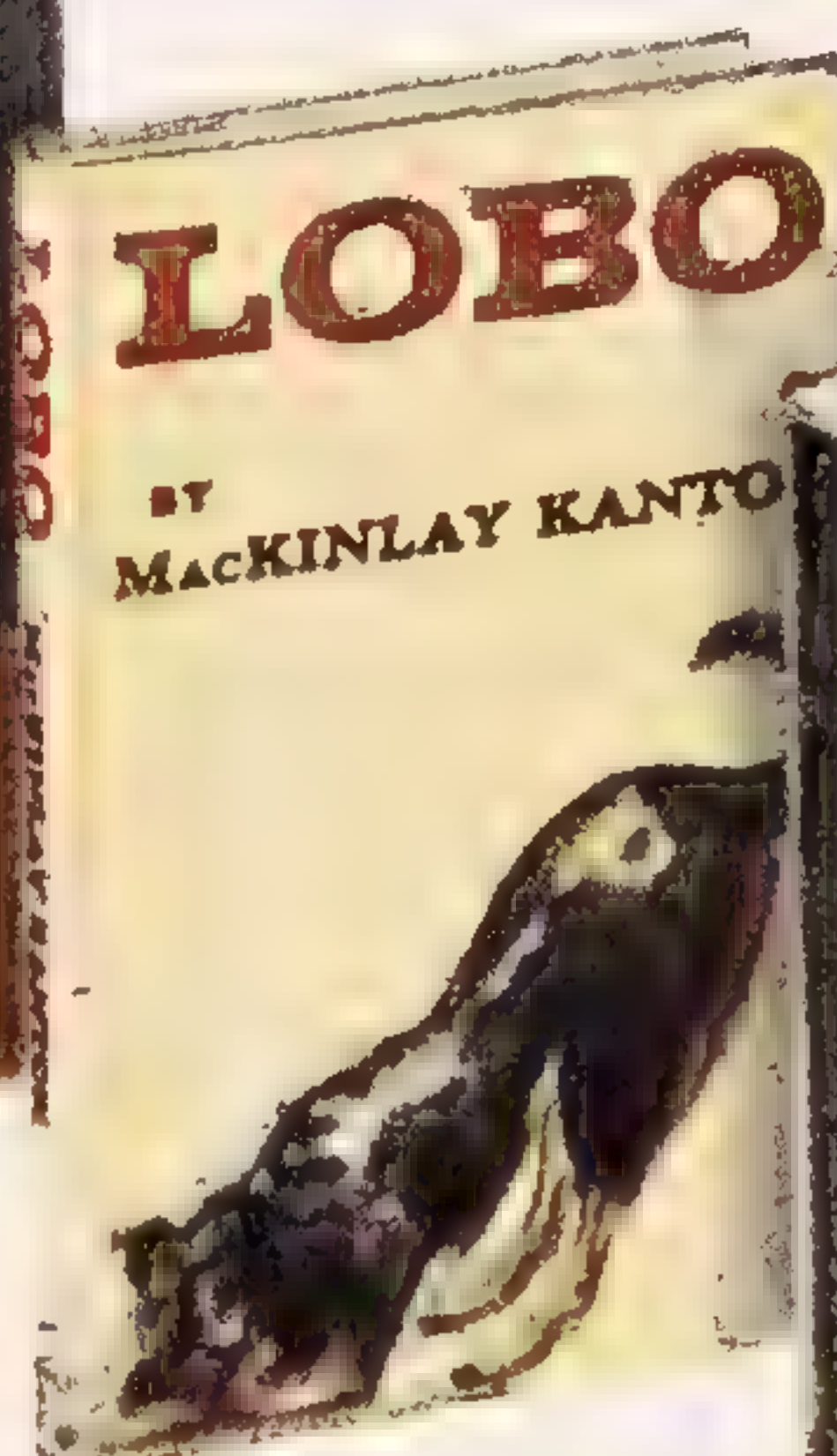
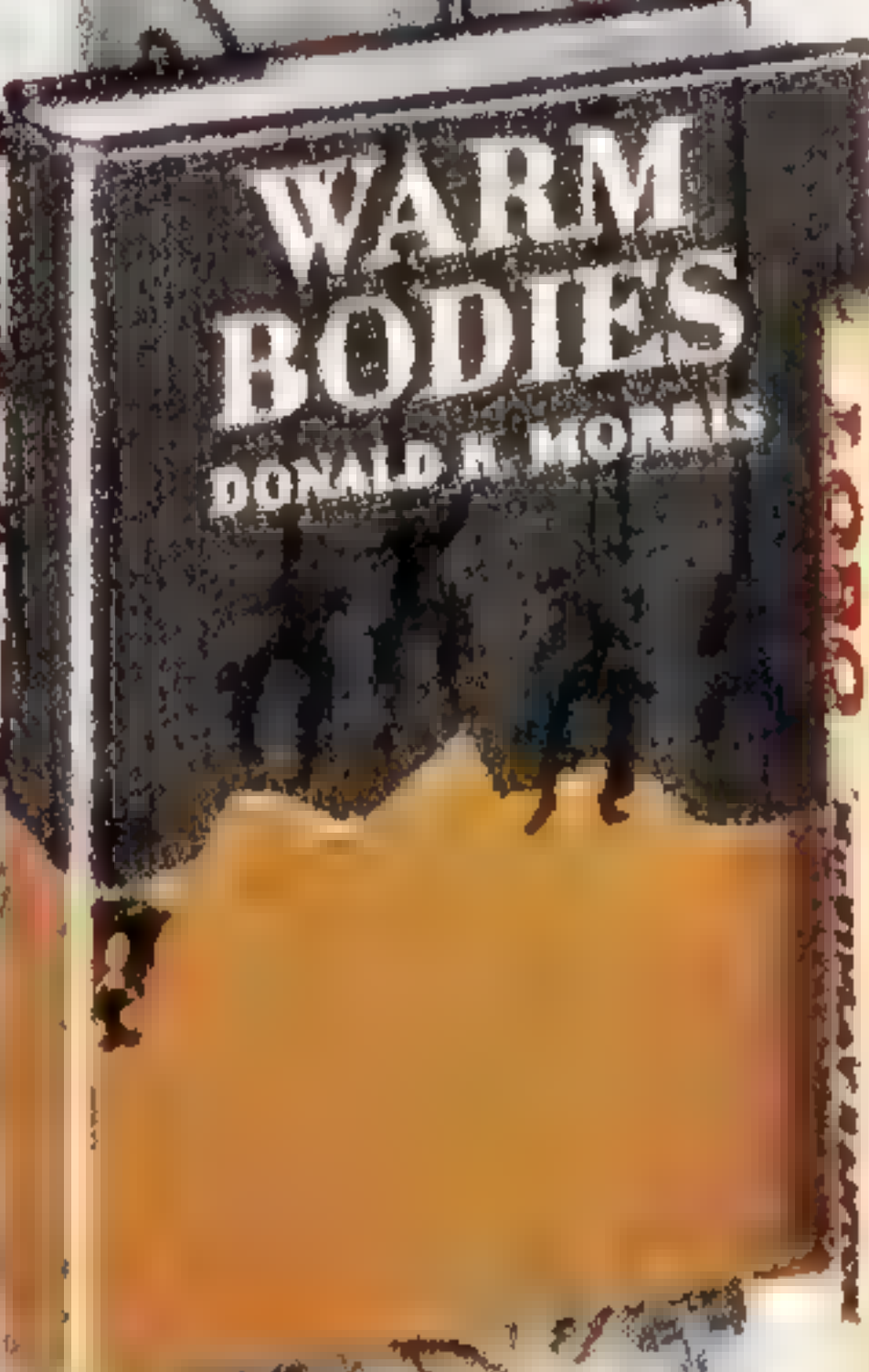
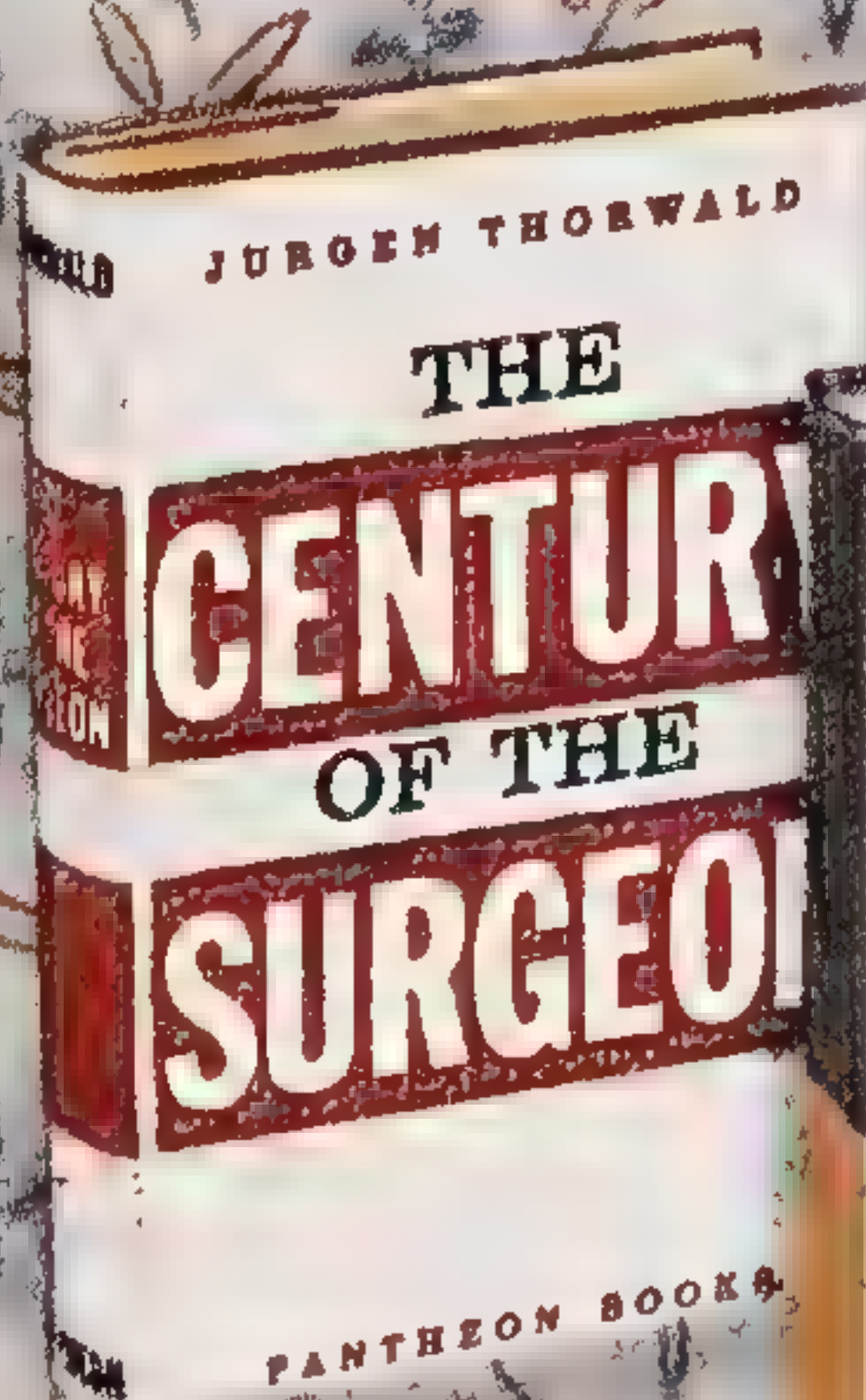
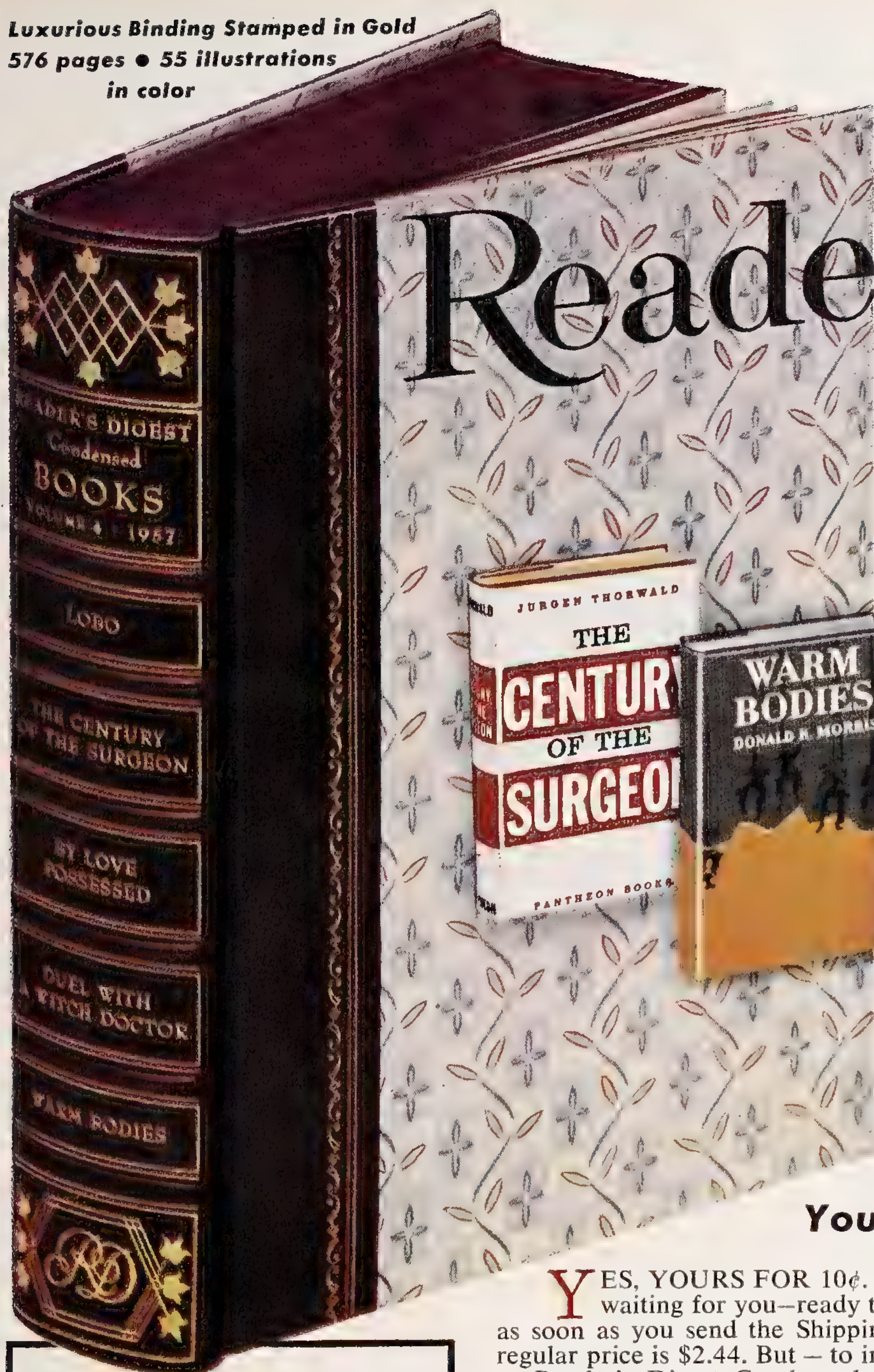
The moment of parting isn't easy for Dorothy, son Chris Olsen and Rock

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



"Your singing is a combination of Elvis' rock 'n' roll and Julie London's breathlessness," Sidney tells a surprised Tommy Sands

I believe Natalie Wood is good for Bob Wagner and vice versa . . . More actors than actresses try to hide the fact that they wear glasses . . . Why do I usually play a Frank Sinatra album after looking at one of his filmed TV shows? . . . In the history of the movies, there never has been a braver hero than Errol Flynn, a tougher gangster than James Cagney, nor a better chorine type than Betty Grable . . . "I'm a girl who grew her own figure," Sophia Loren told me. And she's got her figure to prove there's nothing false about it . . . I wonder if Marlon Brando now rehearses his roles at home with Anna Kashfi reading the lines of the heroine . . .

Tommy Sands' singing is a combination of Elvis Presley's rock 'n' roll and Julie London's breathlessness . . . Jeff Chandler makes no secret of the fact that he didn't enjoy his love scenes with Kim Novak . . . While Audrey Hepburn has said, "If you are going to portray love, you have to feel it. But you don't have to carry it beyond the set." . . . June Allyson never fights for top billing. She merely asks that the billing be alphabetical!

Your friend and mine, Mike Curtiz, discussing a new actor, said, "He'll go far and nobody will miss him." . . . Of all the foreign stars who make movies in Hollywood, I'd say Anna Magnani retains most of the original flavor . . . When people want to praise Kirk Douglas, why do they say, "He's so good in this part that you wouldn't think it was Kirk Douglas"? . . . Hugh O'Brian—alias Wyatt Earp—is really Hugh J. Krampe . . . When Liz Taylor opens her handbag, I wonder if it still resembles a gypsy camp . . . Tom Jenk's description of Marilyn Monroe in an evening gown? "She's a perfect picture of formal informality."

I'd bet John Wayne's acting career could be ruined by acting lessons . . . Carroll Baker has moved into the same apartment building as her acting teacher, Lee Strasberg . . . Actor-Producer-Director Jose Ferrer is one of the most versatile talents of stage and screen. Yet one afternoon, as Jose was leaving M-G-M, I heard one teenager shout to another teenager, "Look, here comes the guy who's married to Rosemary Clooney."

The more popcorn, the worse the movie . . . In the history of the movies, there never was a finer cowboy than William S. Hart, a finer light comedian than Cary Grant, and a team of lovers in the same league with Garbo-Gilbert . . . I wish they'd let Shirley MacLaine dance in a movie and display her shapely

legs . . . I don't understand why they call certain actors troupers when there's no more trouping in show business.

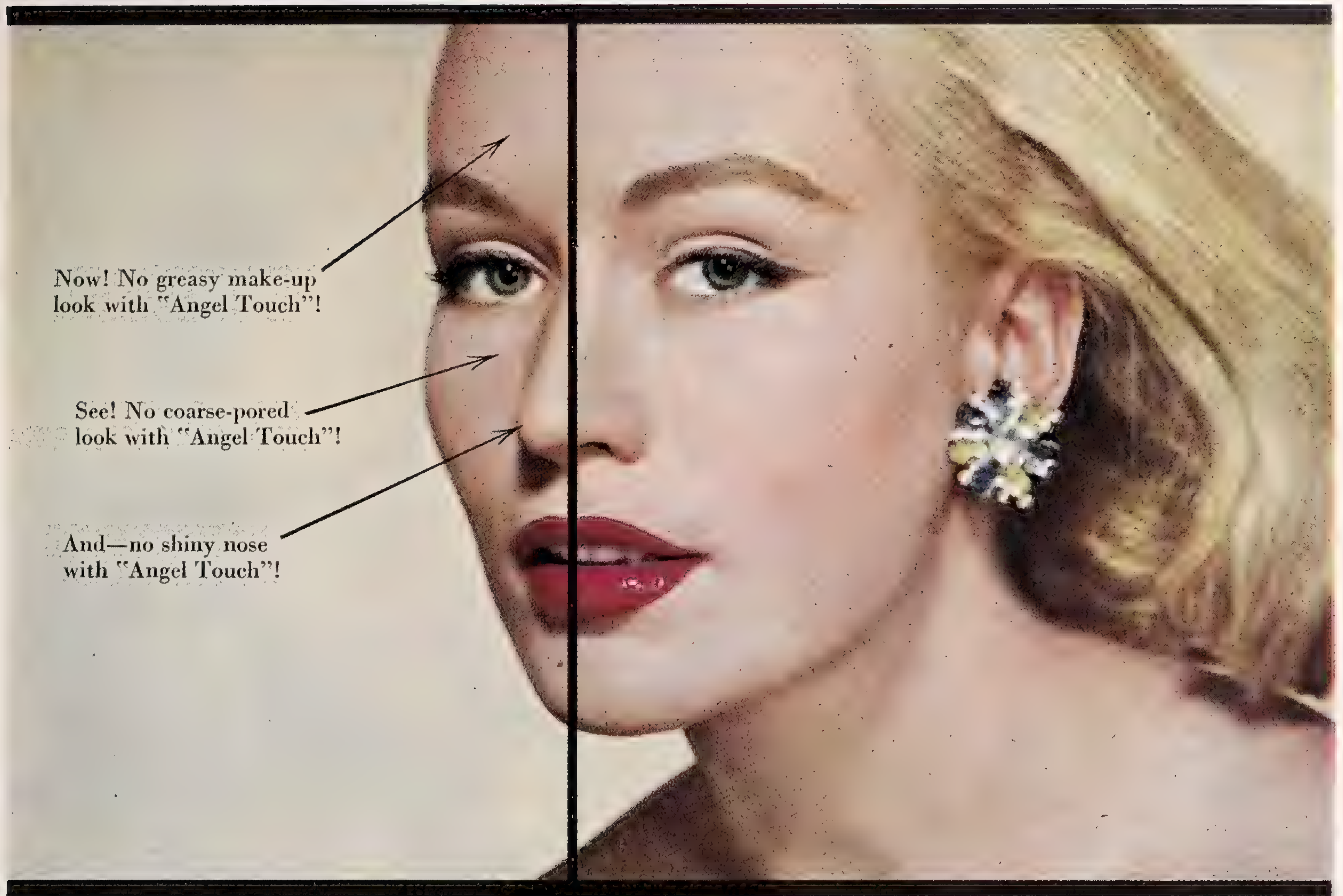
Tony Curtis tries to shed his inhibitions; keeps no secrets. If you want to know something about Tony, all you have to do is ask him . . . I'll give odds that Doris Day wakes up grinning, whether she's aware of it or not . . . Ava Gardner wakes up slowly; in fact, isn't awake until she's had her cup of coffee . . . One of the cast of characters at Schwab's approached John Carradine and said, "I know this isn't complimentary, but you resemble John Carradine. However, if you are, may I have your autograph?"

Mamie Van Doren doesn't publicize it, but like the other blondes (Jayne, Marilyn, Sheree), she, too, had an early marriage. At the age of sixteen, Mamie was married to a young Los Angeles shirt manufacturer. The marriage lasted only ninety days . . . I want to applaud Monty Clift for his fight scene in "The Young Lions." Clift gave and took all the punches and refused to use a double. Tougher fellows than he wouldn't accept the punches he did . . . George Sanders talking about a certain actress: "She is one of the most charming women I wish I had never met."

I like the new Mitzi Gaynor, who no longer wears chandelier earrings, frilly clothes, and is always "on" . . . Because she worries about anything and everything, Kim Novak has won the title of "The Happy Worrier." . . . Joanne Woodward told me: "I'm not sure, but I think I smile a lot in my sleep." . . . In the history of the movies, there never was a more popular lover than Rudolph Valentino, and no actor ever reigned longer than Clark Gable, and no actress was ever given a better title than Clara Bow's the "It Girl." . . . If Bob Mitchum ever played a role with his eyes wide open, he'd win an Oscar. . . . It's an old movie if the hero is wearing a double-breasted suit.

Actresses who make buddies of their hairdressers are lonely . . . I wish Judy Holliday would get back to Hollywood very fast . . . If anyone tells you that you have to be beautiful to be a movie star, mention Leslie Caron . . . I know Janet Leigh has made many movies, but I'm still waiting for her to be discovered. Janet can't resist cashmere sweaters. They fill her with joy and she returns the compliment . . . Ask an actress her age, and nine times out of ten she'll guess wrong . . . Did you know Rock Hudson's a Lana Turner fan? That's Hollywood for You!

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And—no shiny nose with "Angel Touch"!

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A girl's search for perfection just naturally takes her to Kotex—for here's the most absorbent napkin ever designed. The Kotex napkin with new Wondersoft covering protects instantly, completely. And, there's no rubbing or chafing.

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MEMO TO MOTHERS: Every year over 100,000 girls begin to menstruate before they are eleven. So it's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now" helps give the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wis.



INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Party: **Dick Powell**, whom I've called a friend since his early Hollywood days, has always been a silent one, and one who's interested me. So when I chatted with him at the **Don Loper** party recently, I couldn't help wonder what makes this guy tick. Dick's silence, no doubt, has contributed to his great success as producer, writer, director, actor. And to hear him sing the wonderful old numbers from his early Warner Brothers musicals, to the accompaniment of the strolling violinist—"There's a Small Hotel" and "I Only Have Eyes for You"—what memories, what memories! Even the waiters stopped in their tracks. "Someday," he confided to me during dinner, "when all this is over, I'll move into the little house in back of **Ellen's** home (his daughter by **Joan Blondell**) and live out my life in peace and quiet." And what a wonderful story those few words tell.

But to get back to the party—it served two purposes: A farewell to handsome **Curt Jurgens**, the Germany-bound actor who played the Nazi officer in "The Enemy Below," and a greeting to **Rossano** and **Lydia Brazzi**, who had flown in from the "South Pacific" location in Hawaii. Lydia is a woman beloved by everyone. "When the women don't make a fuss over Rossano," she whispered, "we're out of business."

Set of the Month: Talk about stories in front of the cameras, for drama we'll take the behind-camera ones every time.

What happens when two people as deeply in love as **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward** work together in

a movie? How do they react on the set? And in scenes before the camera? We found out as we watched on "The Long, Hot Summer" set where Paul, Joanne, **Tony Franciosa** and **Orson Welles**, in a bright red bathrobe the

size of a Barnum and Bailey tent, were emoting. Like the stars they are, Joanne and Paul went through their scenes of bristling animosity with a conviction that would have fooled Cupid himself. Joanne was called upon to dislike this brash Newman and while cameras turned, she hated him. But the instant director **Martin Ritt** called "Cut!" the feeling gave way to one of mutual tenderness, of unspoken emotion. Then each went off to his separate dressing room.

It's amazing just how much drama lay behind that scene. Joanne and Paul, frustrated in their love by a former marriage of Paul's that seems insoluble. Tony Franciosa, taut, tense, nervously apprehensive over the court's decision on that ten-day jail sentence for assaulting a cameraman. Orson, one of the greatest and most widely dissipated talents in Hollywood, wrapped in his bathrobe, reading, reading, reading. To forget? *(continued)*



June Allyson's new hairdo, wispy and gaminish, came in for considerable comment at the dinner party arranged by designer Don Loper in the Beverly Hilton's elegant Escoffier Room. The men loved Junie's coif, although husband Dick Powell made no comment. The women, especially the Gabors, Eva and Zsa Zsa, looked skeptical, it seemed to me. June tried talking good friend Eva into same hairdo. "Dahling, I'm not the type!" Eva scoffed

No Douche Protects Like Zonitors Women Find

Gynecologist reports on new,
easy, more positive method
of Feminine Hygiene —
provides continuous protection

New York, N. Y. (Special) At last, science has developed a method of feminine hygiene a woman can use with confidence because it gives the germicidal protection of an antiseptic douche—but does it immediately and for a prolonged period—as no douche can. So quick and easy, this new method depends on remarkable vaginal suppositories, called Zonitors.



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Once inserted, Zonitors dissolve gradually, coating tissues with a protective film which lasts for hours—and are ready to work instantly. Zonitors guard against—destroy odors completely, too—helping to maintain a high degree of comfort, convenience, safety and personal daintiness not possible with douches.

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INSIDE STUFF *continued*



Many feel handsome Ramon Navarro's "Ben Hur" role best in history

Inside News: **Sal Mineo's** former agent allowed that Sal's mother was too overwhelming as far as he was concerned. So Mrs. Mineo has taken over and Sal feels he couldn't have a better agent . . . The **Natalie Wood-Bob Wagner** romance grows warmer by the minute. That black, white and red lap robe Natalie knitted for Bob's boat so

pleased the bridegroom-to-be that Natalie is re-decorating the entire boat in black, white and red. As a honeymoon barge???

Award-Coppers: Nostalgia and reminiscence set the scene for the eighteen or so silent screen notables who gathered in Rochester, N. Y., to receive the George Eastman House Medals of Honor for Distinguished Contribution to the Art of Motion Pictures from 1926-30. Among the stars walking off with awards were **Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford, Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Navarro, Maurice Chevalier** and **Harold Lloyd**. As Lillian Gish stated, "It was quite a day."

Chit chat: **Marilyn Monroe** turned down a big fat fortune to appear in a single TV show. Just getting Glamorbug back to the screen in "Blue Angel" has been job enough . . . They do say that over in Germany, G.I. **Gary Crosby** is singing a new song to his fellow soldiers: "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad." . . . We doubt (*continued*)



"You were never more beautiful," dapper Msr. Chevalier tells Gloria Swanson

if **Lana Turner**, in her first mother role on the screen, knew that sweet-faced **Diane Varsi**, the young lady chosen to play Lana's off-spring, had already off-sprung into marriage and was seeking a divorce. Not that it matters talentwise, for Miss Varsi is a coming star and no mistake.

More Venetia: The cutest blonde in town, **Venetia Stevenson**, won't speak to two of the "cutest" lads—**Tab Hunter** and **Barry Coe**. A spat over the horse Venetia bought from Tab brought on his complete freeze-out. And Barry's romance hit a snag when a local reporter wrote that Venetia scoffed at marriage with young Coe. "I will not be scoffed at," Barry confided to me



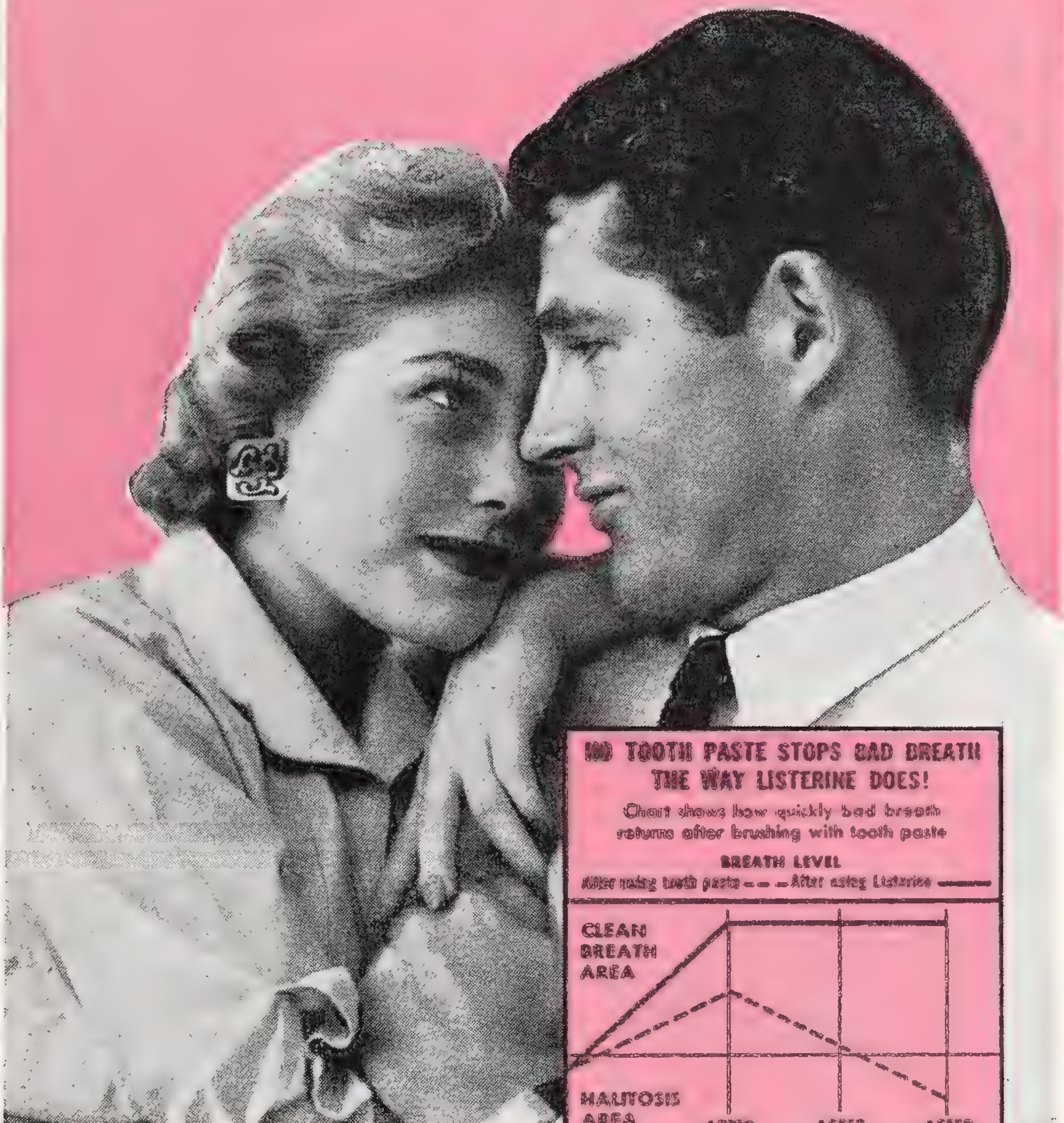
Mary Pickford, on hand at Rochester festivities, spoke on early movie days

over lunch. "At least not in print I won't." But when it comes to her ex-hubby, **Russ Tamblyn**, it's a different story: "Of course Russ gave a wonderful performance in 'Peyton Place'," she snaps. "Why should anyone be surprised? And I can tell you this. Russ is the only person I'll know ten years from now."

Shame, James! The middle-aged heroes looked every which-way with embarrassment, after **Jimmy Cagney's** remark that stars his age should get off the screen and give younger players a chance. We say, nonsense. There isn't a young player alive with the charm of **Cary Grant**, the ability of **Fredric March**, the valor of **Stewart Granger**, the virility of **Clark Gable**, the flair of **Errol Flynn**, the humor of **Bob Hope**, the authority of **Bing Crosby**, or the force of **James** (continued)

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

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4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!**



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Reach for Listerine
...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

Cagney. So please, in this teen-age world, can't we keep our middle-agers with us just a little while longer, dear Mr. Cagney?

Exiles: It's farewell, Italia, for **Sophia Loren**, caught up in the toils of love that exiled her from her home in Italy. In Switzerland, Sophia looks longingly across the Alps to Italy, her native land which, after her hasty proxy marriage to producer **Carlo Ponti** in Mexico, remains forbidden territory. To the Italians, Carlo is still married to his first wife, in a land where there is no divorce.

In Hollywood, they whisper a strange story about Sophia's hurried proxy divorce and marriage. They claim the constant pursuit of a certain big star and a persistent director prompted her action. Anxious to escape pursuit wherever she roamed, Sophia hurried the marriage along. Respecting and loving Ponti, she hoped to acquire stature and protection. But will that stop the charming, persistent wolves? She's dreaming.

Believe me: The marriage of **Peggy Connolly** to comedian **Dick Martin** removed one more obstacle between the wedding of **Frank Sinatra** and **Lauren Bacall**, Peggy having been Frankie's best girl for several years . . . **Joan**

Crawford just can't bring herself to sell the Brentwood house that has been hers since early stardom. Husband **Al Steele's** work keeps him in New York, but Joan's heart keeps her in Hollywood. In memory, at least . . . And that new song **Tab Hunter** sings in "Gunman's Walk" titled "I'm a Runaway" is sure to be one. A runaway hit, that is. Not to mention Tab's bouncy "Don't Let It Get Around," first introduced in print in December Photoplay . . . Speaking of records, we're mighty proud of Pat Boone, on his new LP, "April Love," from his movie of the same name, Pat's co-star, Shirley Jones sings with him.

Brando: It's more interesting, if that's possible, to view that about-to-become-a-father **Brando** off-screen than on. Seated a few tables from ours in the 20th Century-Fox dining room, we had a front row view of "Marlon the Marvel" at lunch with several men friends. His thinning hair, blond for retakes on "The Young Lions," gave weird accent to his scowls, his concentration while others spoke, his teeth-picking, with nary a smile to relieve the seriousness of a simple occasion. It was Marlon, however, who strode across the room for an extra chair when a business partner joined the group. Still scowling, of course. Genius, you know.



John Saxon's black cigar-smoking applies not when he's with Vicki Thal!

On the Sharp Side? **Dorothy Malone** wishes **Scott Brady** would keep her name out of his conversations. Dorothy says her romance with Scott has been over for two years, and why Scott keeps on chatting about Miss Malone is beyond her. Incidentally, **Errol Flynn's** role of **John Barrymore** has been built up to equal value with Dorothy's in "Too Much, Too Soon." As long as it's a good picture, Dorothy doesn't care . . . Picture, if you can, the beautiful **Liz Taylor** in Palm Springs up to her knees in small children. With her, Liz will have her own three tots—the two **Wilding** boys and baby **Todd**, and her two step-grandchildren, those of **Mike Todd's** son! Liz a step-grandmother? Oh come now!

John Saxon has taken up smoking those big black cigars for a reason. When a determined cutie creeps too close, John lets go with a big black poof and no more cutie. Really! . . . Universal-International is suddenly excited about **Martha Hyer**, their new ladylike type, a la **Grace Kelly**. Anxious to keep her happy, the studio bought her a fine new house, furnished it lavishly and came across with an elegant new car, suitable for a lady who wears white gloves and big hats to parties. And, of course, there is **Gene Kelly** to keep her happy, off screen, while former escort **George Nader** has been quietly dropped by the same studio. (continued)

OVERHEARD . . .

Rock Hudson claims: "I know a starlet who filled out the form for the Red Cross Blood Bank and listed her blood type as 'hot'."

Hollywood cutie at Ciro's: "It was love at first sight. She saw his bank balance."

Bob Hope, on one of his favorite subjects: "Bing Crosby has so much money he couldn't spell the word 'withdraw' until he was forty-nine."

Hollywood definition of a cocktail party: "Where everybody huddles together for group insurance."

Jack Carson's proud of his chef: "I sent him to pastry school, and he graduated with flying crullers."

Spike Jones said it: "When the tired business man thinks of himself as a wolf, some cute starlet thinks of him as a mink."

Bob Sterling, about a Hollywoodsman: "He's an intellectual snob. He lets his brains go to his head."

Man-about-town at the Mocambo: "He's got a good head on his shoulders—but it's a different one every night."

Eva Gabor, in a \$2500 white satin Balmain gown: "Dahling, I'm wearing half a Cadillac on my back."

Very young fan of Bob Crosby's daytime TV show: "Gosh, you're Bob Crosby. I watch you whenever I'm sick."

People: **Elvis Presley** all but cooked his golden goose with Hollywood big-wigs, who caught his act in Los Angeles, wherein Elvis, bespangled and sequined, writhed and wrestled on the floor with a plastic dog, throwing hundreds of teenagers into screaming hysterics. The police toned down the act the following night, but the taste left in Hollywood's mouth isn't exactly a pleasant one . . . Credit, please, the unpublicized act of **Bob Mitchum** while on location in San Diego for "The Enemy Below." When a local disk jockey invited Bob to a "Youth for Christ" meeting, unpredictable Mitchum accepted and made a short but sincere address. "I don't know much about this," he said, "but I respect your cause and admire you for it." . . . **Dale Robertson's** remarriage to his first wife, **Jacqueline**, in Rome, seemed the unlikeliest of events, in view of their unhappiness together during the first try. Maybe Dale's breakup with **Mary Murphy** taught him that first things come first. And Jackie *was* first.

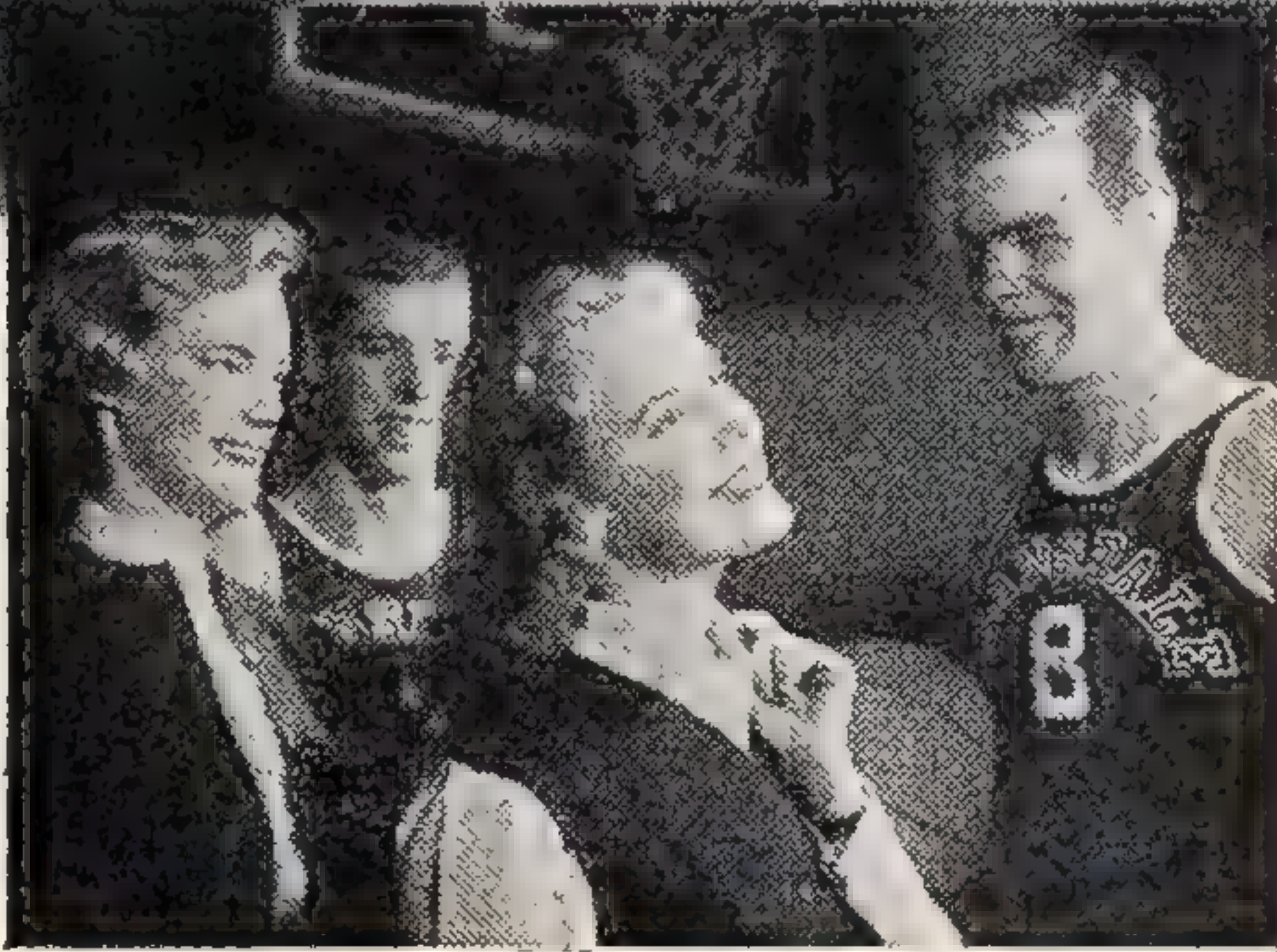
That contract given handsome Harvard sophomore **James MacArthur** by Walt Disney guarantees him \$2,500 a week during summer (continued)



Natalie's redecorating Bob's boat to complement lap robe she knitted for it

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

LYN BEHRENS, Freshman, Bradford Junior College, Bradford, Mass.



Meet active, popular Lyn Behrens and some of her friends. Lyn has many interests . . . from dramatics and dance committees to teaching swimming, and work as assistant Girl Scout leader. Music too . . . sings in a pop trio, the Glee Club and Chapel Choir. When you're as busy as Lyn, you can't let pimples spoil a single moment.

Read what Lyn did: "Skin blemishes often embarrassed me and took a lot of fun out of the activities I enjoyed. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. Clearasil really worked for me. I'm happy to say my skin problem is a thing of the past."

Lyn Behrens

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Why Clearasil Works Fast: CLEARASIL's 'keratolytic' action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And CLEARASIL 'starves' pimples, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (Lotion or Tube). Long-lasting Lotion only \$1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.



You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped end them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. M, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks' supply of CLEARASIL send name, address and 15¢ to Box 260-AA (for Tube) or Box 260-AB (for Lotion), Eastco, Inc., New York 46, N. Y. Expires 3/15/58.

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Do try it this month. Why put off gaining the freedom, the confidence Tampax brings. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



INSIDE STUFF *continued*



Believe Me: The Esther Williams-Ben Gage split-up was no surprise to Hollywood. And if Jeff Chandler becomes one of Esther's steady dates later on, practically nobody's gonna fall dead with surprise, either. Esther and Jeff became very good friends while co-starring in "Raw Wind in Eden" in Italy. Left, Ben and Esther in happier days

vacations, providing Jim *keeps on with his schooling*. And Jim has no notion of quitting. Like **Pat Boone**, he realizes the importance of education . . . **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** react differently at previews. For instance, at the showing of "The Bridge on the River Kwai," Audrey sat quietly holding Mel's hand while he shouted aloud at the funny lines and jerked violently in his seat at the suspenseful moments. Opposites who love each other . . . And wouldn't you know it? Bosses at 20th are so pleased with **Tommy Sands** in "Sing! Boy, Sing!" his next one is a straight non-singing movie.

Rumblings of Ingrid: If **Ingrid Bergman** counted on finding personal privacy by shaking the dust of Rome off her feet and taking off for London, she was bitterly disappointed. British reporters are more daring and insistent than their American colleagues. When I arrived from Paris at London Airport, there were about a dozen photographers covering the plane's landing. Inquiry disclosed that they were awaiting **Lars Schmidt**, Ingrid's Swedish escort. They had no idea when he was coming from Paris, so they were covering every single plane from Paris by every airline. Their persistence won out as they caught him landing, and by following him, discovered that he had arranged a meeting with Ingrid.

At a press party in London, Ingrid still wore her gold wedding band and an emerald ring, which she admitted was a gift from **Rossellini**. When asked to kiss **Cary Grant**, her co-star, for a

press photo, Ingrid laughed and said, "We only do that when we're paid for it, in the film." Bergman gave a clue to her turmoil of the past months when she said, "I don't reveal my feelings. I carry it all inside."

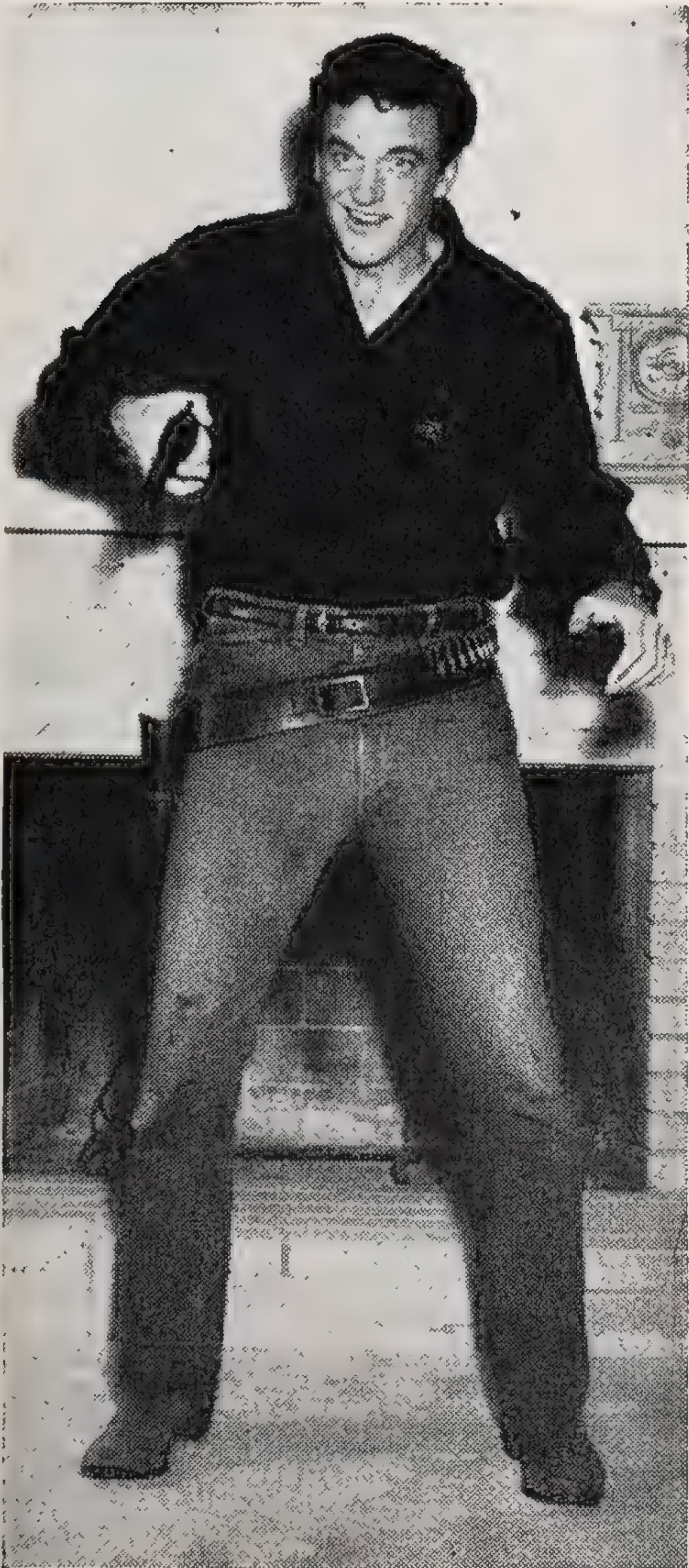
Interrupted Honeymoon: A sad honeymoon was that of **Christine Carere** and **Philippe Nicaud**. Two days after their marriage in Paris, Christine received a wire from Jean Negulesco to return to Hollywood for rehearsals for "A Certain Smile." She didn't dare tell Philippe immediately, since they hadn't had time for a honeymoon (he's starring in a hit Paris play). In the five days remaining before her departure, she bought furniture for their apartment and arranged to have it decorated.

Short Takes: One person who will be glad to see **Gene Kelly** back in Paris is ballet dancer **Claude Bessy**. She is starring in a ballet, and Gene sees her every time he comes to Paris . . . **Mario Lanza's** secret for losing weight: boiled shrimp and steak . . . **Cary Grant** works out every day at a London gymnasium to keep his form . . . Spain's leading torreador (after Dominguin), Angel Peralta, says **Ava Gardner**, whom he is teaching the finer points of bullfighting, could become a professional if she wanted to . . . A dramatic situation at a London theater: On one side of the aisle sat **Diana Dors** and **Tommy Yeadye**, whom she is seeing again. On the other, Diana's ex-husband, **Dennis Hamilton**, with a blonde who looked like Diana. At intermission, (*continued*)

Diana got up and Tommy stayed in his seat. Hamilton took that opportunity to go over and chat with Yeardye!

Grimaldis Want Daughter: **Grace** and **Rainier** are making sure they will be free from the eyes of curious tourists and newspaper people when they move into the new villa they are building on a mountain top in Monaco. It is in the midst of the "military territory" of Monaco, a small bit of land covered by a law which makes trespassers liable to arrest under the anti-spy laws of Monaco. The couple are building a lot of bedrooms because they intend to have many children. Despite stories to the contrary, they would like to have a girl for their next child, as a playmate for **Caroline**. They know they have plenty of time to have a boy, although there will be a longer wait between the birth of this child and their next, on Grace's doctor's orders.

See you next month, with a surprise and a "new look" for "Inside Stuff."



Pistol-totin' Jim Arness is wowing TV audiences as "Gunsmoke" sheriff

Why is a pretty girl like Sue sitting alone?

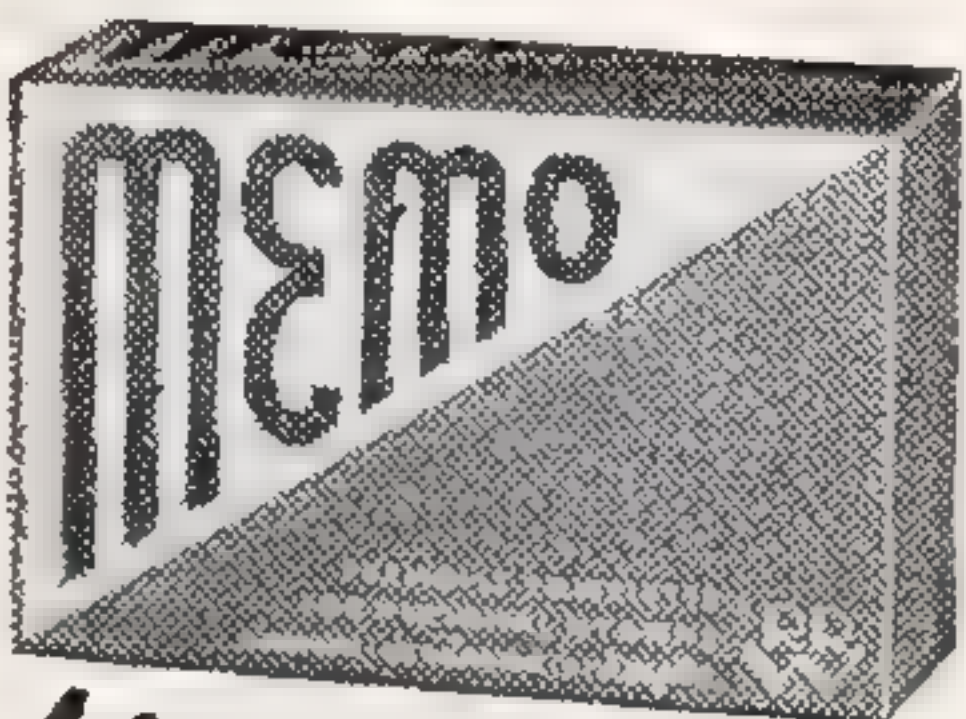


Does she unknowingly offend On "Those" Days?

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9012—Party-going dress with sleek lines, mandarin collar, sweetheart neckline. Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric

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9090—Empire-princess dress with fitted jacket. Perfect ensemble for any occasion. Misses' sizes 10-20. Size 16 will take $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch fabric



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CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

ALL MINE TO GIVE—RKO. Directed by Allen Reisner: Robert Eunson, Cameron Mitchell; Mamie Eunson, Glynis Johns; Robbie Eunson, Rex Thompson; Annabella Eunson, Patty McCormack; Dr. Delbert, Ernest Truex; Lela Delbert, Sylvia Fields; Mrs. Pugmire, Hope Emerson; Tom Cullen, Alan Hale; Jimmie Eunson, Steve Wooten; Kirk Eunson, Butch Bernard; Elizabeth Eunson, Yolanda White; Jane Eunson, Terry Ann Ross; Harry Bradley, Roy Engel; Celia Bradley, Margaret Brayton; Mrs. Runyon, Reta Shaw; Howard Tyler, Royal Dano; Katie Tyler, Rita Johnson; Mr. Raiden, Ralph Sanford; Mrs. Raiden, Ellen Corby.

BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, THE—Columbia. Directed by David Lean: Shears, William Holden; Colonel Nicholson, Alec Guinness; Major Warden, Jack Hawkins; Colonel Saito, Sessue Hayakawa; Major Clifton, James Donald; Lieutenant Joyce, Geoffrey Horne; Colonel Green, Andre Morell; Captain Reeves, Peter Williams; Major Hughes, John Boxer; Grogan, Percy Herbert; Baker, Harold Goodwin; Nurse, Ann Sears; Captain Kanematsu, Henry Okawa; Lieutenant Miura, K. Katsumoto; Yai, M. R. B. Chakrabandhu; Siamese Girls, Vilaiwan Seeboonreaung, Ngamta Suphaphongs, Javanart Punynchoti, Kannikar Dowklee.

CABIRIA—Lopert. Directed by Federico Fellini: Cabiria, Giulietta Masina; Her Lover, Francois Perier; Wanda, Franca Marzi; Jessy, Dorian Gray; The Actor, Amedeo Nazzari.

ENEMY BELOW, THE—20th. Directed by Dick Powell: Captain Murrell, Robert Mitchum; Von Stolberg, Curt Jurgens; Lieut. Ware, Al Hedison; Schwafer, Theodore Bikel; Doctor, Russell Collins; Von Holem, Kurt Kreuger; C.P.O. Crain, Frank Albertson; Quartermaster, Biff Elliot; Mackeson, Alan Dexter; Ensign Merry, Doug McClure; Corky, Jeff Daley; Ellis, David Bair; Robbins, Joe di Reda; Lt. Bonelli, Ralph Manza.

GERVAISE—Silver Films and C.I.C.C. Directed by Rene Clement: Gervaise, Maria Schell; Coupeau, Francois Perier; Virginie, Suzy Delair; Mme. Lorilleux, Jany Holt; Mme. Boche, Mathilde Casadesus; Maman Coupeau, Florelle; Gouget, Jacques Harden; Lantier, Armand Mestral; M. Boche, Jacques Hilling; Mme. Bottes, Amédée; Mme. Fauconnier, Rachel Devyris; Adèle, Ariane Lancel; Pere Colombe, André Wasley; Nana, Patrice Catineaud.

MAN IN THE SHADOW—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: Ben Sadler, Jeff Chandler; Virgil Renschler, Orson Welles; Shipley Renschler, Colleen Miller; Ab Begley, Ben Alexander; Helen Sadler, Barbara Lawrence; Ed Yates, John Larch; Hank James, James Gleason; Aiken Clay, Royal Dano; Herb Parker, Paul Fix; Chet Hunecker, Leo Gordon; Jesus Cisneros, Martin Garralaga; Tony Santoro, Mario Siletti; Len Bookman, Charles Horvath; Jim Shaney, William Schallert; Harry Youngquist, Joseph J. Greene; Jake Kelley, Forrest Lewis; Dr. Creighton, Harry Harvey, Sr.; Juan Martin, Joe Schneider; Gateman, Mort Mills.

OLD YELLER—Buena Vista. Directed by Robert Stevenson: Katie Coates, Dorothy McGuire; Jim Coates, Fess Parker; Travis Coates, Tommy Kirk; Arliss Coates, Kevin Corcoran; Bud Searcy, Jeff York; Burn Sanderson, Chuck Connors; Lisabeth Searcy, Beverly Washburn; Old Yeller, Spike.

PATHS OF GLORY—U.A. Directed by Stanley Kubrick: Colonel Dax, Kirk Douglas; Corporal Paris, Ralph Meeker; General Broulard, Adolphe Menjou; General Mireau, George Macready; Lieutenant Roget, Wayne Morris; Major Saint-Auban, Richard Anderson; Private Arnaud, Joseph Turkel; Private Ferol, Timothy Carey; Colonel Judge, Peter Capell; The German Girl, Susanne Christian; Sergeant Boulanger, Bert Freed; Priest, Emile Meyer; Private Lejeune, Kem Dibbs; Private Meyer, Jerry Hausner; Shell-shocked soldier, Frederic Bell; Captain Nichols, Harold Benedict; Captain Rousseau, John Stein.

PEYTON PLACE—20th. Directed by Mark Robson: Constance, Lana Turner; Selena Cross, Hope Lange; Michael Rossi, Lee Philips; Dr. Swain, Lloyd Nolan; Lucas Cross, Arthur Kennedy; Norman Page, Russ Tamblyn; Allison, Diane Varsi; Betty Anderson, Terry Moore; Rodney Harrington, Barry Coe; Nellie Cross, Betty Field; Ted Carter, David Nelson; Mrs. Thornton, Mildred Dunnock; Harrington, Leon Ames; Prosecutor, Lorne Greene; Seth Bushwell, Robert H. Harris; Margie, Tami Conner; Charles Partridge, Staats Cotsworth; Marion Partridge, Peg Hillias; Mrs. Page, Erin O'Brien-Moore; Joey Cross, Scotty Morrow; Paul Cross, Bill Lundmark; Matt, Alan Reed, Jr.; Pee Wee, Kip King; Kathy, Steffi Sidney; Judge, Tom Greenway; Bailiff, Michael Lally.

TARNISHED ANGELS—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: Burke Devlin, Rock Hudson; Roger Shumann, Robert Stack; LaVerne Shumann, Dorothy Malone; Jigas, Jack Carson; Matt Ord, Robert Middleton; Colonel Fineman, Alan Reed; Sam Haggood, Alexander Lockwood; Jack Shumann, Chris Olsen; Hank, Robert J. Wilke; Frank Burnham, Troy Donahue; Ted Baker, William Schallert; Dancing Girl, Betty Utey; Telegraph Editor, Phil Harvey; Young Man, Steve Drexel; Claude Mollet, Eugene Borden; Mechanic, Stephen Ellis.

MARTHA HYER co-starring in "MY MAN GODFREY"

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BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month—see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ APRIL LOVE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Utterly happy movie, full of songs and warm feeling. City kid Pat Boone gets shipped to a Kentucky farm for reform, and Shirley Jones is a big help. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Vastly amusing comedy about Navy public-relations men sitting out the war on a South Sea island. Glenn Ford courts native Gia Scala; sailor Earl Holliman is in love with nurse Anne Francis. (F) January

✓✓✓ ESCAPE IN JAPAN—U-I; Technirama, Technicolor: Appealing family-style film, shot in Japan. As young son of Americans Teresa Wright and Cameron Mitchell, Jon Provost goes on the lam with a Japanese buddy. (F) December

✓✓✓ JAILHOUSE ROCK—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Elvis shows increased acting poise, as an ex-con turned into a heel by singing success. He's rough on prison buddy Mickey Shaughnessy and discoverer Judy Tyler. (F) January

✓✓ JET PILOT—U-I, Technicolor: Entertaining, wildly plotted air epic matches American flyer John Wayne against a Soviet opposite number—Janet Leigh! Fine flying scenes, lots of intentional and unintentional comedy. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ JOKER IS WILD, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Strong, frank biography of night-club comic Joe E. Lewis, who's splendidly portrayed by Frank Sinatra. Socialite Jeanne Crain can't win him; dancer Mitzi Gaynor marries him. Eddie Albert's a loyal pal. (A) November

✓✓✓ KISS THEM FOR ME—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Gay romp with Cary Grant and Navy Air Force pals, on a bender in wartime San Francisco. Cary's light romance with luscious Suzy Parker turns serious. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ LES GIRLS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Dazzling musical, sly and spectacular, sophisticated and hilarious. Just what *did* happen with Gene Kelly and his "girls"? They are partners in his Europe-touring revue: Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, Taina Elg. (A) December

✓✓✓✓ MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—U-I, CinemaScope: James Cagney scores in the affecting story of Lon Chaney, silent-era character star. Dorothy Malone and Jane Greer play the women in his life. (F) November

✓✓✓ MY MAN GODFREY—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: David Niven's suave performance highlights a screwball comedy. As an elegant tramp, he becomes butler in the home of rich, eccentric June Allyson. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ NO DOWN PAYMENT—20th, CinemaScope: Searching closeup of young couples living in each other's laps in a suburban housing development. Cameron Mitchell, Joanne Woodward are the most dramatic pair. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ OPERATION MAD BALL—Columbia: Wonderfully wacky farce set at a postwar U. S.

Army base in France. GI Jack Lemmon's schemes for a romantic party are opposed by Ernie Kovacs, but saved by Mickey Rooney. (F) December

✓✓✓ PAL JOEY—Columbia, Technicolor: Unusual tune-film spotlights the many-talented Frank Sinatra, playing an opportunistic night-club entertainer who woos Rita Hayworth for her money, Kim Novak for herself. (A) January

✓✓✓ SAD SACK, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Jerry Lewis scores a good quota of laughs, as a well-meaning Army misfit. WAC psychiatrist Phyllis Kirk and "pal" David Wayne try to make a soldier of Jerry. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ SAYONARA—Warners; Technirama, Technicolor: Powerful, visually beautiful drama of love across racial barriers. U. S. flyer Marlon Brando, in Tokyo, falls in love with Miiko Taka, dedicated actress. (A) December

✓✓✓ SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—U-I: Hard-hitting waterfront melodrama sets Richard Egan against corruption, with Jan Sterling as a key witness. (F) December

✓✓✓ STOPOVER TOKYO—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Lively, involved tale of intrigue. U. S. agent Bob Wagner works to foil Edmond O'Brien's assassination plot. Lovely scenery, including Joan Collins. (F) January

✓✓✓ STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO, THE—Columbia: Bitter account of a charity racket. Rossano Brazzi scents profits as wife Joan Crawford aids beautiful Heather Sears, Irish girl who is deaf, blind and mute. (A) November

✓✓ STORY OF MANKIND, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Are we worth saving? Before a celestial court, Ronald Colman says yes; Vincent Price (as Satan), no. Big stars in each history episode are often whimsically cast. (F) December

✓✓✓ THREE FACES OF EVE, THE—20th, CinemaScope: Joanne Woodward's bravura performance brightens the case history of a woman with a split personality. (A) November

✓✓✓ TIME LIMIT—U.A.: Expertly acted, though talky. Richard Widmark discovers why fellow Army officer Richard Basehart "turned traitor" in a Korean prison. (F) December

✓✓✓ UNHOLY WIFE, THE—U-I: Neatly plotted suspense story finds Diana Dors scheming to get rid of husband Rod Steiger, for love of rodeo rider Tom Tryon. (A) November

✓✓✓ UNTIL THEY SAIL—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Sympathetic view of New Zealand sisters (Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Piper Laurie, Sandra Dee) evading wartime loneliness in romance with Americans like Paul Newman. (A) January

✓✓✓ ZERO HOUR—Paramount: In a taut air drama, ex-combat flyer Dana Andrews is called upon to replace stricken pilots at the controls of a big transport. Wife Linda Darnell is aboard; Sterling Hayden radios advice. (F) January

becoming attractions



A



B



C



D



E

A. That's you all over! Lady Esther hand and body lotion, aqua-tinted new skin smoother is formulated to silk-en your entire complexion. 49¢*; 89¢*

B. Eye cue: Newest Hi-Fi makeup is Max Factor's Hi-Fi eye shadow stick. Six shades, all iridescent in convenient gold-colored metal tube. \$1.25*

C. Spring fragrance duo by Houbigant: Tear-drop bottle of Chantilly liquid skin sachet and flacon of matching toilet water in lacy setting. \$1.75*

D. For cotton pickin' beauty care jobs, Johnson & Johnson presents 50 cotton balls in transparent, moisture-proof plastic bag to keep them spotless. 29¢

E. Bymart-Tintair introduces new Beauty Set Curl Creme, hair setting lotion also designed to help keep hair soft and smooth. Dispenser bottle. \$1.50*

*plus tax

Anita Ekberg

co-starring in

"PARIS HOLIDAY"

Filmed in Technicolor and Technirama

Released thru United Artists



ANITA EKBERG, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl and one of the world's most glamorous women says: "I started using Lustre-Creme Shampoo when I first came to Hollywood and I love what it does to my hair. Now I wouldn't be without it!" Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't *you* use it, too?

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Your hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look too, with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair sparkles with dazzling highlights, shines like the stars!

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Lanolin-blessed
creme or lotion
never dries . . .
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205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

READERS INC...

Cheers for a Nice Guy

Thank you very much for showing pictures of Pat Boone and his family in the October Photoplay. Pat Boone is the kind of man my whole family likes. I am a mother of two teenage daughters and they think Pat is tops in the entertainment world. They like him for just being Pat Boone and nothing else. We think the picture on page 78 in Photoplay is the best one of Pat yet. We feel a man that can show so much love for his family yet work as he works and keep his faith (as Pat and Shirley have done), is the kind of person everyone enjoys watching. So please put more pictures of Pat Boone and his family in Photoplay books and if you should read this, Pat, keep your faith and stay the kind of family man you are and I am sure you will go far. We surely hope so.

Mrs. R. D.
Pasadena, Texas

"It Would Make a Wonderful Movie . . ."

My English class has just finished reading "Silas Marner." We think it would make a wonderful movie. To play *Silas*, Boris Karloff; *Eppie*, Debbie Reynolds; *Godfrey*, John Ireland; *Dunstan*, Jack Palance; *Squire Cass*, Charles Laughton; *Molly*, Susan Hayward; *Nancy*, Liz Taylor; *Dolly*, Spring Byington, and *Aaron*, Robert Wagner.

BARBARA SNYDER AND MIDWOOD HIGH
SCHOOL ENGLISH CLASS 312C,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thank you, class, for your letter, and for telling us your idea. We always enjoy hearing from you.—Ed.

Please, please, please remake that wonderful, marvelous movie, "Gone with the Wind." In the leading roles, I suggest David Niven as *Rhett Butler*, Elizabeth Taylor as *Scarlett O'Hara*, Ann Blyth as *Melanie Hamilton* and Guy Madison as *Ashley Wilkes*.

A READER
Kingsport, Tenn.

Stars and Their Fans

Cary Grant was always my mother's favorite and now he is mine. Let me tell you why.

Several months ago Mr. Grant was in Washington, D. C., on location for his latest Paramount picture "Houseboat."

I wrote a letter to him, enclosing my telephone number, asking for an interview for my junior high school paper. Much to my surprise I got a reply; Mr. Grant was on the phone!

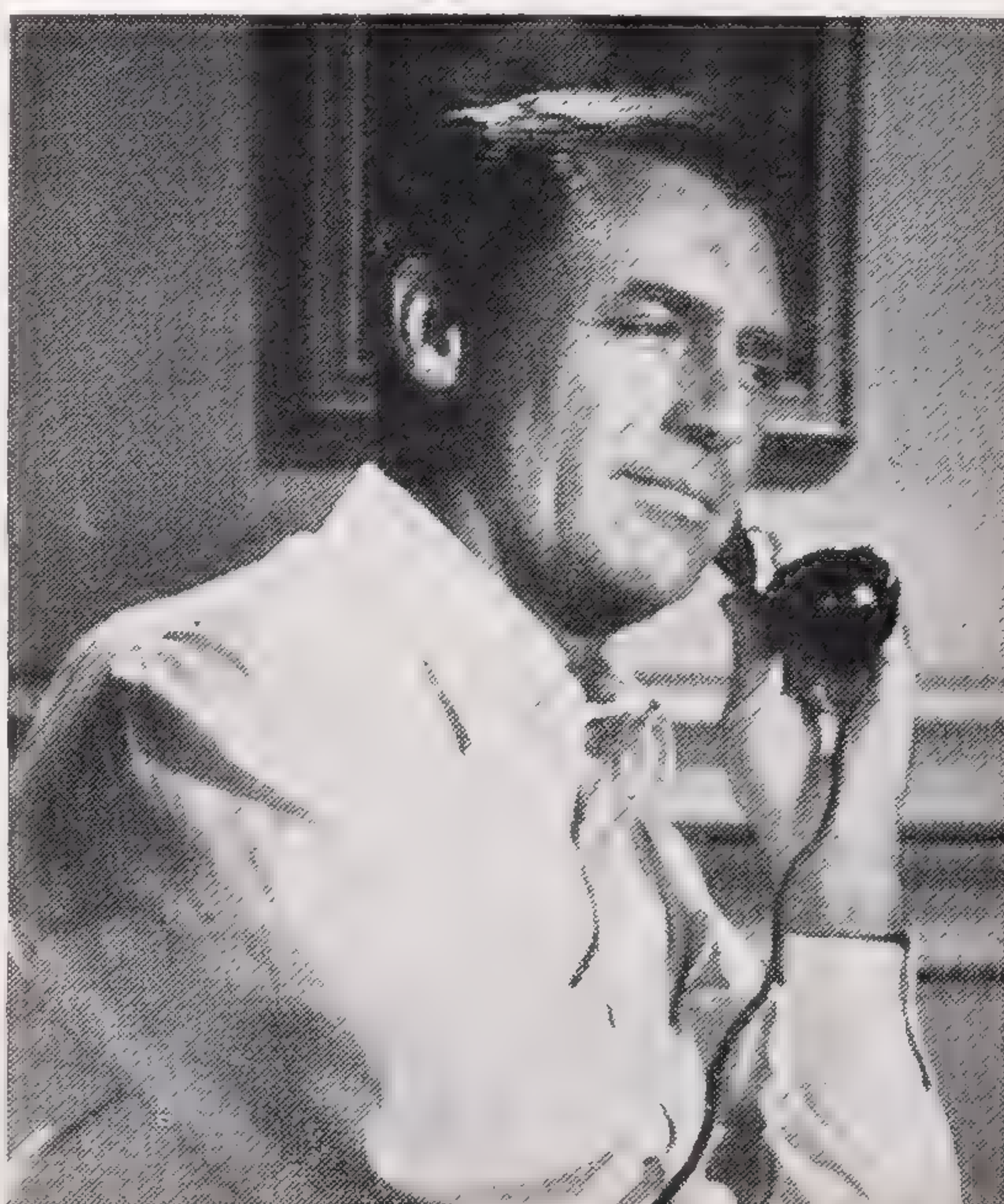
He was not free to give interviews, but he liked my letter so well he called me personally to tell me so.

After I hung up I remembered I'd not asked him for his autograph which I wanted badly. I called the hotel and left word to have him send me one.

I was really surprised when the phone rang and it was Mr. Grant again. He told me that he had to get down on his hands and knees to look for my letter—and finally found it in the wastebasket. He had written my phone number on it and he had to find it to call me about sending the autograph—which he did!

I still can't get over the fact that a man as famous and busy as Mr. Grant would take the time to call me—not once, but twice.

ROCHELLE FRIEDMAN
Washington, D.C.



Stars always say they need their fans but they don't always treat them as if they meant it.

A few months ago I wrote to one of my favorites to ask for an autographed picture. I waited and waited and didn't hear anything, so I wrote again. Still I waited and had no reply. I wrote for a third and (I decided) last time and *finally* got a very small picture from the star that wasn't even autographed. I know the stars are very busy and get a lot of mail, but it isn't that hard and it doesn't take that long just to sign a name, so I don't think it's asking too much of them. I have talked about this with my friends and they say the same thing has happened to them and they don't understand it either.

BEULAH LYNN
Camden, N. J.

I hope you will print my note in your wonderful magazine, Photoplay. I wish to say thank you to Gloria DeHaven, who sent me an autographed photo and a wonderful letter. I was so happy when I received this that I want you to all know she's my favorite. Thanks again, Gloria.

BONNIE KALINA
Bowman, N. Dak.

Two Views of Kim

An Oscar for Kim Novak is a must after seeing "Jeanne Eagels." If she doesn't get it, they might as well give it to Minnie Mouse. Kim is truly one of America's great actresses.

JOSEPH SPENCER
Louisburg, N. C.

Sometimes I wonder if you really believe in what you print. For instance, that Kim Novak is such a great actress. My opinion is that she is nothing but an automaton, trained by her coach how to walk and talk, with no personality at all, built up artificially by her studio. I saw her in "Picnic" and decided that was enough.

Just look at her too many photos in your November issue. Her expression is always the same: that of a dying sheep.

A. SCHMIDT
San Francisco, Calif.



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SALON COLD CREAM

with "MAGNETIC" ACTION lifts out the hidden grime, brings out the hidden beauty!

That clean, fresh glow begins with Dorothy Gray Salon Cold Cream. Whipped extra fine to go deeper...to draw grime, oil and stale make-up right out of your skin. Use it faithfully every night...and whenever you change make-up...for the youthful difference! \$1.25.



For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray

In Canada, too.

READERS INC... *continued*

That Presley Man Again

To my boy Elvis:

"Lawdy, Miss Clawdy," my "Hound Dog," "Old Shep," is "All Shook Up."

"I'm Countin' on You" because "It is no Secret" that "I Forgot to Remember" my "Money Honey" to take the "Mystery Train" to "Blueberry Hill," "Tryin' to Get to You" and stay in the "Heartbreak Hotel," wearing my "Blue Suede Shoes" to the "Party" 'cause "I've Got a Lot of Living to Do."

"I Love You Because" you "Shake, Rattle and Roll" to the "Good Rockin' Tonight."

"I Don't Care if the Sun Don't Shine" because the "Blue Moon of Kentucky" keeps "Long Tall Sally" "Paralyzed." "Just Because" "Any Place Is Paradise," "I'm So Glad You're Mine."

"How's the World Treating You," since "My Blue Moon Turned to Gold"?

"Teddy Bear," if you'll "Treat Me Nice," I will spend my whole life through "Loving You."

"Have I Told You Lately That I Love You" and that this is "True Love"? Don't let this be a "One-Sided Love Affair."

"Is it so Strange" that "I Need You So"?

"Hot Dog!" I've got the "Mean Woman Blues" so I'm "Playing for Keeps," "Lonesome Cowboy."

"Love Me Tender" and I'll be "Any Way You Want Me."

"I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone" and "I Believe" "That's When Your Heartaches Begin."

"I'll Never Let You Go" because "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You."

"You're a Heartbreaker" so "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Cry."

Let's "Rip It Up" to the "Jailhouse Rock."

Please, Elvis, "Don't Be Cruel" 'cause you're "Too Much."

JOYCE ANN HILL AND
PATRICIA TROJAN
Bell Buckle, Tenn.

I read "Elvis—Why Can't He Get Married?" and enjoyed it very much. At the beginning of Elvis' career I disliked him tremendously, in fact I could say I actually hated him. He seemed to me the worst thing that could happen to a teenager. (I am sixteen.) But then I thought—you can't dislike a person unless you know what they are. I started reading about Elvis—everything I could. As I read, I began to feel sorry for him. The magazines that pry are not all I read. They were the ones that seemed to be giving him a bad name. As I read the good things about Elvis, I began to realize that if the stars who met him thought he was o-k, why shouldn't I? They work with him day after day. They see him when he is not performing and I have respect for their opinion.

BEVERLY WHEELER
Northfield, Vt.

Undiscovered Talent

Now hear this—I have a complaint! It concerns finding talent. Why, oh why is it that when a talented person is found, it always turns out to be someone from the United States and never anyone from Canada? Now don't get me wrong—I like the Americans very much, but I just don't understand the situation.

I believe there are many talented persons here in Canada and that all they ask is a chance to be discovered by one of the movie studios. So, studio scouts, how about venturing up here?

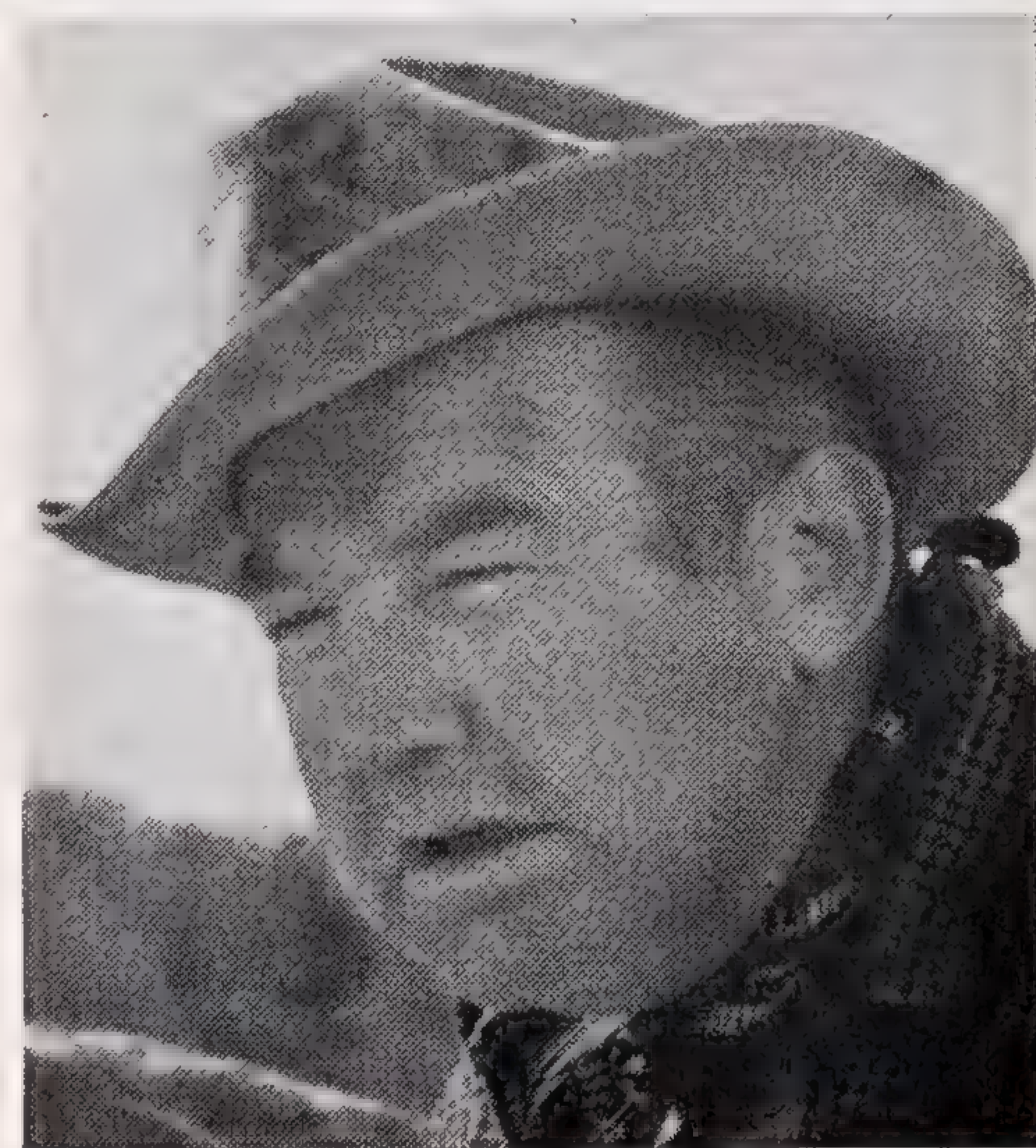
RITA CHOY
British Columbia, Canada

Look Alikes (Younger Generation)

So many of my friends think this picture of my son Raymond looks like Broderick Crawford. What do you think? It's a little different than your other "look alike."

MRS. JAMES MCCARTHY
Hilliards, Pa.

We think you're absolutely right.—Ed.



Lend A Hand, Fans?

This is a plea from a lonely girl of twelve who would very much like a person in your wonderful country, America, to write to. I would also like someone to send me editions of Photoplay after they have read them which I can tell you will be kept and treasured. I'm asking the editor of this wonderful magazine to print this letter for me. If you do my gratitude will be yours as long as I live.

JACKIE COLLETT
4 Bennett Rd., Cleethorpes,
Lincolnshire, England

Copies of the magazine can be sent directly to Jackie's home address.—Ed.

"Nobody Asked Me, But . . ."

Nobody asked me, but George Nader should marry Martha Hyer . . . James Darren is a doll! . . . Natalie Wood is getting a little better . . . There should be more about Jo Van Fleet . . . and less of Sophia Loren.

BUFF TAYLOR
El Centro, Calif.

Liz: Past, Present, Future

It's been such a long time since I've read a good article about Elizabeth Taylor. She is such a beautiful, talented and wonderful person and actress. I've been a fan of hers since she started acting, and I've seen all her pictures except "Raintree County."

The way I see it, the main reason why some jokers write badly of her is because they are all jealous of her beauty and ability. In my book, she's tops and always will be.

I've talked with Liz briefly about three times. Once, when I was twelve and she was sixteen, I invited her to my birthday party and she was there. She didn't want any of the other guests to know who she actually was because she didn't want to be treated any differently than the others. We all got along fine, and she was just wonderful. At the time the fad was stuffed animals, and she bought me a little stuffed dog. I've still got it, and I will always treasure it, it means so much to me.

Even though I'm just one of her fans, I would never turn my back on her. I would never like to see Liz retire from the screen, but deep down inside I would, because of her health. Whenever she does, we're losing a great actress and it will be a long, long time before anyone could surpass her beauty and ability.

When I saw the picture "Around the World in 80 Days," I thought to myself, "There is a great man, that Michael Todd—He'll make Liz happy." He should make a great production and have Liz the star. It would be fabulous.

If I wrote down everything I thought about her, I'd be writing a book. I named my daughter after a role she played—Cynthia. So let's have more and more of Liz.

MRS. DOROTHY WARRICK
Santa Ana, Calif.



I've seen Claire Bloom on television and heard that she has a major role in "The Brothers Karamazov," but I never read much about her. How about some facts on this mystery girl?

EMERIC JOHNSON
Chicago, Ill.

There's no mystery about Claire Bloom—except where she got all that talent. Hailed since her teens as one of the finest Shakespearean actresses in her native England or anywhere else, Claire is currently teamed with Yul Brynner in two of Hollywood's biggest for 1958, "The Brothers Karamazov" and "The Buccaneer." Contract difficulties (almost settled) have kept her off the screen till now.

"When I was five," Claire says, "I had the wonderful experience of seeing Norma Shearer in the American screen version of 'Romeo and Juliet.' That's when I determined that I would be an actress—a Shakespearean actress—someday."

World War II came and stalled her plans for a short time, a matter of a few years which she spent as an evacuee in the United States, mostly with relatives in Florida and New York.

Back in England at fourteen, she read that Stratford-on-Avon producer Peter Brooks wanted a fourteen-year-old girl to play Juliet. Claire applied for the job and the amused Mr. Brooks tried to tell her what he actually meant. He wanted an adult actress who could project the feeling she was only fourteen. Claire was not too impressed with this explanation and the next year she plagued the British Broadcasting Company until they hired her—to play a woman of ill repute. "I wonder what Mr. Brooks would have thought," she says with a smile.

Parts with the Stratford-on-Avon group were next. She was the youngest member of the troupe and by everyone's account, one of the most brilliant. Other non-Shakespearean stage successes followed and then Charlie Chaplin signed her for his last American film, "Limelight."

This picture, plus her brilliant work as Juliet in the Old Vic's version of "Romeo and Juliet" had the critics polishing their finest superlatives.

Claire likes Hollywood. "Mind you," she says, "I wouldn't want to be tied down to one place forever, but living is so pleasant in California—what with the swimming pools and all—I hope to stay awhile."—Ed.

there's a
bit of
Satan in...



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Department P, Box 3, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

For each free Tussy Beauty Touch compact,
I enclose special wrappers from 4 Large—
or 6 Medium—Ivory. My skin tone is
Light—, Medium—, Dark—.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Offer good only in continental U.S.A., including Alaska and Hawaii. Offer expires July 31, 1958. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

That Ivory Look is a gift in itself—a sparkling clear, silken look your complexion can have through the magic of mildness! Simply start using Ivory Soap regularly. Soon this soap that's gentle enough for a baby's skin will smooth and freshen *your* complexion. You'll have That Ivory Look!

And as a bonus gift—a lovely pink and gold Tussy Beauty Touch compact, an 85¢ value! This delicate blend of pressed powder and foundation base stays color "true," won't cake or streak. To get yours *free*, send in *special* wrappers from 4 Large or 6 Medium Ivory. On certificate check your skin tone to receive the right shade of powder. Better hurry—supplies are limited.



99% pure[®]
...it floats

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR HOLLYWOOD '58?

What does the New Year hold in store for the stars—and for you? To celebrate the beginning of 1958, Photoplay wanted to give you something really special. First, we prepared the color pinup calendar, with a star for each month, on the following pages. Then, we asked Dr. Adrian Ziegler, one of the foremost accredited astrologers living today, to give our readers his predictions for the coming year. Dr. Ziegler is a teacher, writer, lecturer and consultant. He is president of Astrologer's International, Ltd., and directed a recent convention of Astro Scientists in Los Angeles. He is noted for his many astrological predictions that came true; notably he warned Carole Lombard most earnestly not to fly upon the date she boarded a plane to return to Hollywood and was killed. He had told her that flying on that date might be fatal to her.

In the following article, Dr. Ziegler has prepared a general prediction for Hollywood, and special predictions for top stars, based on a study of their individual horoscopes in the light of their prevailing planetary influences. He finds plenty of surprises—some good, some not so good—for your favorites! In addition, he has prepared a special general prediction for each of the twelve signs of the zodiac. By using the chart at right, you can tell which applies to you—your birthdate, falling on or between the dates listed, indicates your sign. Now, let's peek into Dr. Ziegler's fascinating futures for '58: (*Continued on page 32*)



SEPTEMBER 23
OCTOBER 22



OCTOBER 23
NOVEMBER 21



NOVEMBER 22
DECEMBER 21



DECEMBER 22
JANUARY 19



JANUARY 20
FEBRUARY 17



FEBRUARY 18
MARCH 20

FEBRUARY

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WHAT'S AHEAD FOR HOLLYWOOD '58?

HOLLYWOOD itself and the motion picture industry has an interesting horoscope for '58. Pictures will be less in number but excellent in quality. There will be more shorts and television features. There will be more attention to quality with the box-office eye slanted toward worthwhile hits. There will be less violence and brutality in pictures and a toning down of sex. Therefore, parents will not be disturbed over their offspring's screen and television fare. The position of Neptune, governing stars of the celluloid, will bring about a swing to more spiritual, mystical and religious subjects. There will be a crop of mystery stories dealing with the unusual and efforts to pierce the realm of the unseen, strange inheritances and thrillers with less murder. Some Scorpio born director or writer is likely to achieve high honor, especially in February or March. Altogether, 1958 for Hollywood will be prosperous, filled with new ideas, new trends and popular approval of treatment and production. The industry should have an exceptionally good year. For the stars, here is the individual picture:

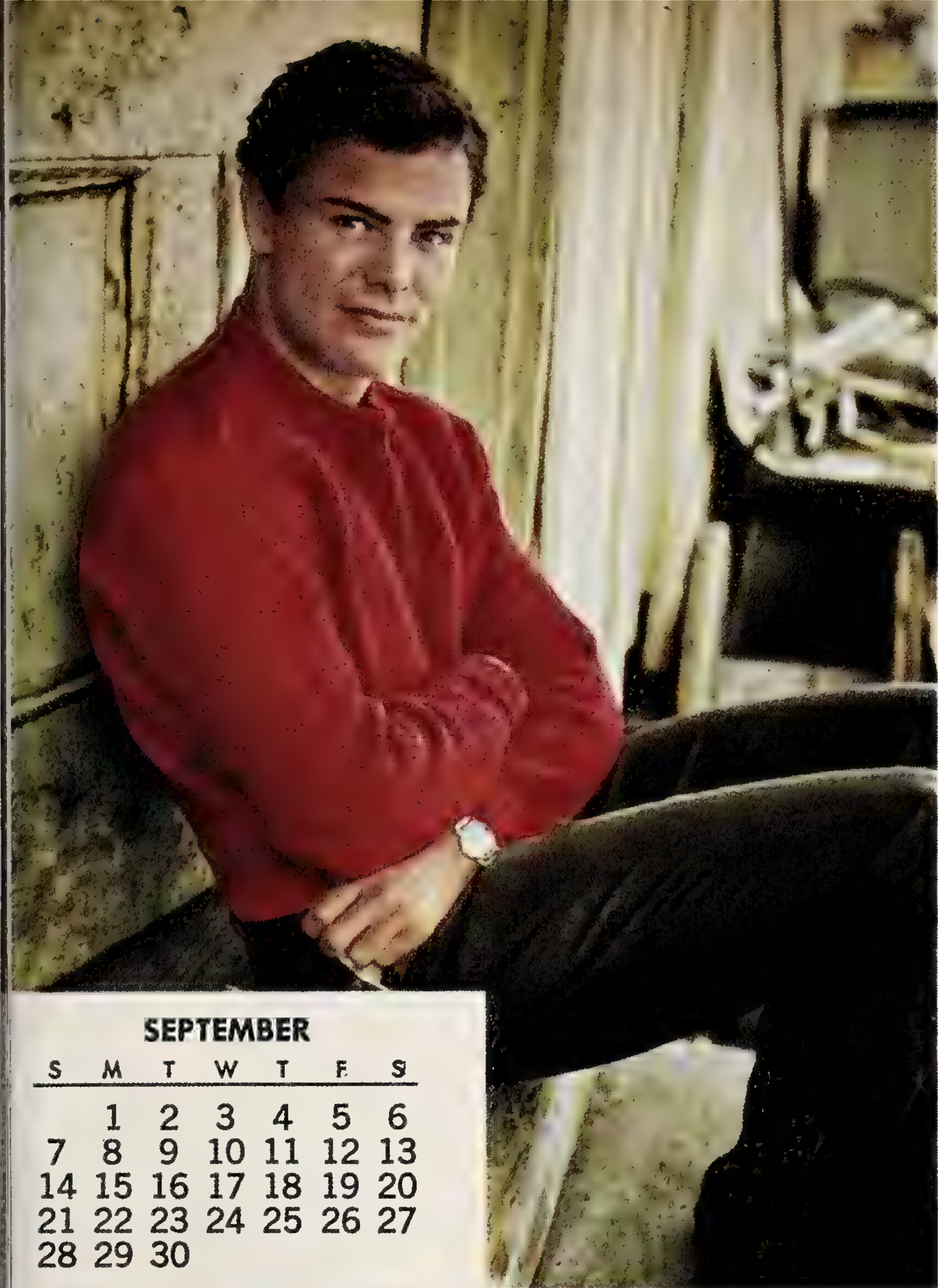
MARLON BRANDO: Aries born—April 3rd. Here is a person of great talent, with a serious personality, at times a bit too serious, even depressed, but with a natural horoscope endowment that spells success in his chosen field of action. Once started on his career, it indicates one success after another. The year may start a bit slowly for Marlon but, as the months move on, especially after mid-April, new opportunities arise. July, August, September, October and November are months of sudden, favorable developments for this naturally gifted creative actor. This could bring one of the best periods of his career. 1960 would have been his best year for marriage, *the year*, but he found the lady of his heart in 1957 instead.

PAT BOONE: Gemini born—June 1st. This very interesting, versatile and gifted young man, with a wonderfully appealing voice and personality, along with his fine philosophy of life, will profit a great deal in 1958. Finances will be excellent for Pat. Plus this, good health

and serenity in the domestic circle. New opportunities and acclaim for exceptional performances, in September. In fact, a good full year of success for you in 1958, Pat.

YUL BRYNNER: Cancer born—July 11th. Emotional, creatively inspiring Cancer in this case is assisted by the kingly sign, Leo. What more natural for this public favorite than to portray a ruler, as he did so well in "Anna and the King of Siam"? He will continue to go places, will make money and save money. He is an actor who will not die broke or without a horde of friends and admirers. The year starts slowly for Yul, but come July watch things take a sudden, even unexpected, spurt which will continue well through '59. When things begin to pop in late June and early July, the caution signal should be flashed to him to prevent his making a serious mistake by being too hasty in his judgment. Be sure you pick the right vehicle for your special talents, Yul; consult your stars a bit at this time. Consider your public carefully, also, in your decisions as your proper selection is most important.

MR. AND MRS. TONY CURTIS: Janet (Leigh) is Cancer born—July 6th. Tony, Gemini born—June 3rd. Here are a pair well met from a partnership viewpoint. Tony thinks very well of his lovely wife, and, judging from his horoscope, Janet certainly should be a great help to Tony in furthering his career. Cancer people love to push their partner to the front and this is just about what Janet will do for Tony in '58. He will find the boost most advantageous in deciding what to do and when to insure success. His stars are good, although the latter may create an indecisiveness that Janet can help overcome, as it favors her horoscope from the standpoint of being helpful to the man in her life. Some moves or plans made by this pair during the next twelve months can blossom forth into great success in '59. The planet Jupiter certainly favors Tony in May this year, and again in July, a month that should (Continued on page 72)



SEPTEMBER						
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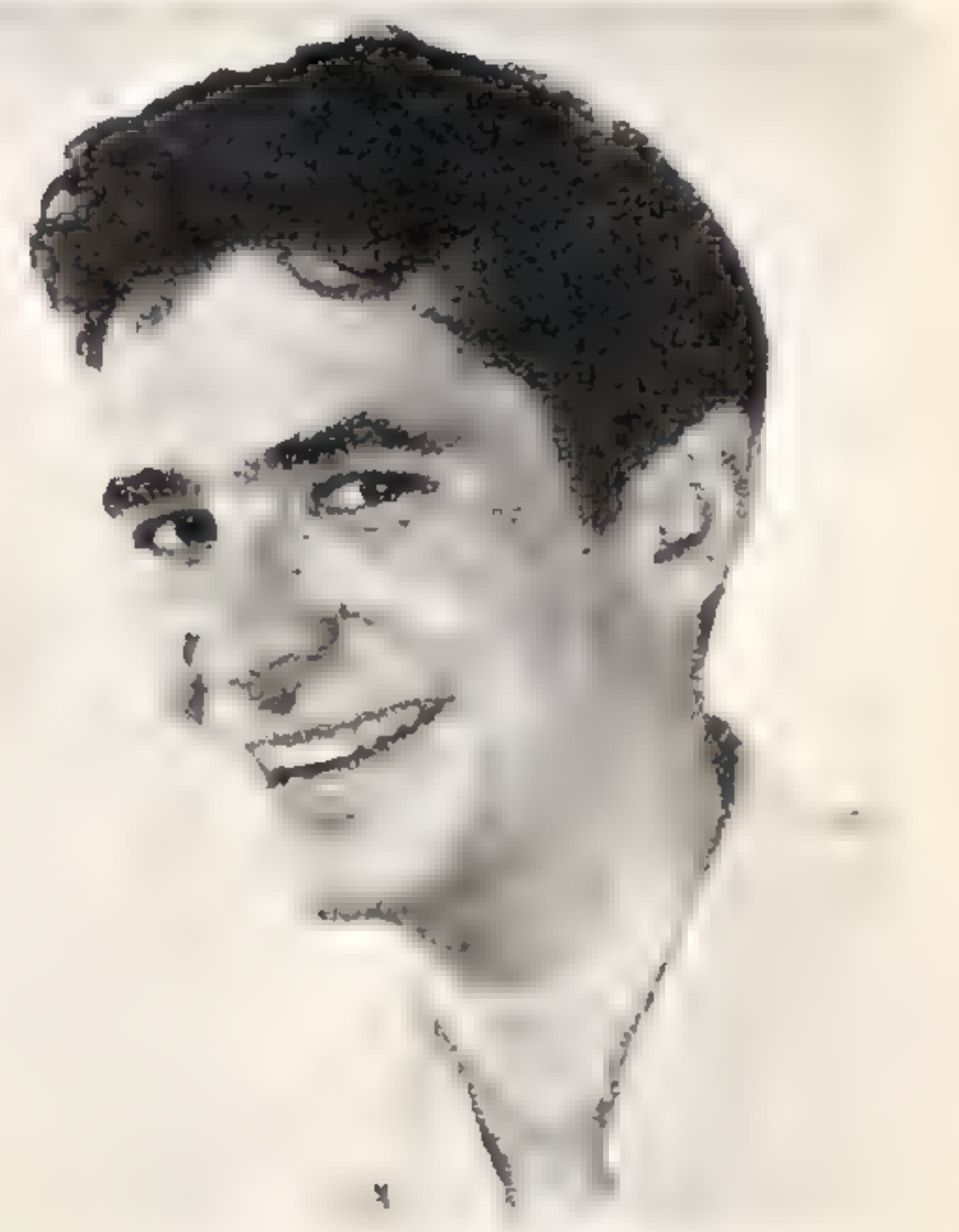


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Photo on beach with mother and later snapshots were taken, she says, "The few times Tony ever sat still! He's always been on the go, restless, full of new ideas. And full of surprises. But whatever he attempts, he doesn't stop until he masters it completely"



He still baffles me

"I feel today as I have all his life," says Tony Perkins'

mother. "Proud—but never knowing what my boy will do next!"

Tony Perkins was not like most children. He was what the psychologists call an "unusual" child—unusually sensitive, unusually imaginative, unusually gifted. In this first story by his mother, Mrs. Osgood Perkins, as told to Patty De Roulf, she reveals, as only the person closest to him can, the brilliant, complex boy who became the brilliant, complex actor:

Editor's Note

My son said to me recently, "Mom, it's going fast. Almost too fast. One picture after another. Busy every minute." He looked at me searchingly. "I know where it is I want to go. I know what it is I want to be. But

right now..." He stopped and glanced away, uneasy.

Tony has grown tall, in some ways wise and in many ways mature. Yet I remembered then the fifteen-year-old, the five-year-old, and I felt toward him the same way I did in those days: proud delighted, slightly baffled.

Even those closest to Tony seldom know how he really feels about things. His emotions remain hidden, and you can only guess by what he doesn't quite say whether he has been disappointed or hurt. He was five when his father, Osgood Perkins, died. This must have been the greatest shock he'd ever experienced, but there were no tears. Leaving the memorial (*Continued on page 79*)



HERE'S Heather

*From London comes the first
story about the exciting young
actress, Heather Sears.*

*And what a surprise!
She's a minx, she's a career
girl, she's a tomboy,
she's a housewife—she's so many
things to so many
people that only one thing's
certain: She's the nicest
puzzle you've ever met*

An aura of excitement swept the plush London theater. It was a premiere atmosphere, electric with furs and perfume and chic-coiffured women with well-tailored men. Suddenly, their din of polite chatter softened to tense silence as the houselights went down.

Dr. Gordon Sears, one of London's eminent physicians, sat with his wife and eldest daughter, Ann, in the theater's special section. Within seconds, the lights were out, the music began and "The Story of Esther Costello" soared across the huge screen.

This was it, thought Mrs. Gordon Sears uneasily as she watched the screen credits unfold. And, as if he sensed her anxiety, her husband gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. "Don't fret," he comforted softly. "I think it will turn out fine." The next few hours would be the result of the past months of anticipation and wonder, Mrs. Sears thought. And she could not help going over in her mind the events of those months.

She remembered that first afternoon, when Heather got the role. Heather, perennially gay and lighthearted. No, she never thought her (Continued on page 88)

by BEVERLY OTT



MARY R. DE NUNZIO
1957



ELVIS *has that magic*

something that spells a great performer," wrote Mary R. De Nunzio of Plainville, Conn. "My friends tell me I've captured the real Elvis in my painting.

What do you think?" A look at the small photograph enclosed impressed us, and we asked Mary to send the original. One morning it arrived. We were excited, and we wanted you to see it, too! It's all the more amazing because Mary is not a professional artist, but paints as a hobby. Says she,

"I studied a number of photographs, but the painting is original. Because Elvis is a controversial figure, I chose a stormy background. As an ardent Presley fan, I hope his critics will one day accept him for what he really is—a terrific singer, a fine actor and a handsome fellow whom I believe to be a good-hearted, sincere, God-loving young man."

by JANET RAE MILLS

the love goddess

Men have moulded, shaped, dominated Rita Hayworth. But was the quality that made them put her on a pedestal something that can never be changed?

Many men have talked about Rita Hayworth . . . Eduardo Cansino, her father: "When I looked at Margarita—a few minutes after she was born—I was terribly disappointed. I had wanted a boy. What could I do with a girl?"

Emrys Williams, her chauffeur: "Rita has a shocking temper and flings books about when she is in a rage. She was no angel. At times she had the temper of a wildcat . . . and how wonderful she looked when she was in one of her fiery rages."

A studio executive: "Rita Hayworth is a fraud. She's a de luxe model right out of Hollywood's glamour factory. Her breathtaking beauty, plus publicity, fame and wealth, made her one of the most alluring packages ever to come out of the screen colony. But she's really just a nice dull girl who has been looking all these years for a nice guy."

Tony Martin, the man she didn't marry: "Have you any conception of how perfect she is? There's her sweetness as well as her beauty, her simplicity as well as her glamour. I've never been in love like this with anyone. I never knew I could be."

Aly Khan, the prince she (Continued on page 76)



Patently and cheerfully, Rita has undergone many a change of makeup and gowns. But somehow, her basic beauty defies the experts. It may have been this quality that attracted the sophisticated producer James Hill. As for Rita, from this fine man she stands to add much to what men have already given her

First husband, Ed Judson, changed her hair from black to red, had her wear it long and loose. Only lipstick shades have differed since

Says a friend, "Rita is like an empty glass, or a violin waiting for someone to play a melody on it." But it's doubtful that this is true





Those who know him feel that Marlon's search for a personal philosophy that led to a great interest in Buddhism was the basis of his attraction to Anna Kashfi. But it is not so simple—the truth goes much deeper than that

the heart never betrays

This is a story about Marlon Brando never told before—the story of a man's search for love—and how he has found it

It is ironic that the things Marlon Brando regards as most intensely personal have been made most shockingly public. With the lone exception of Garbo, never has there been a star who strove so bitterly to keep his private life from the prying eyes of the press. Yet the most intimate events of his life have been exposed in screaming headlines—and it

has been, on the whole, his own doing.

Didn't he realize, when he became engaged to Josanne Mariani-Berenger, that his choice of an unknown French girl would provide a field day for the press? And whether or not he knew—or cared—about the story of Anna Kashfi's mixed-up parentage, the fact remains it invited a deluge of the (Continued on page 90)

by OSCAR ERICSON





by PATTI LEWIS as told to HELEN WELLER

IT'S NOT ALL LAUGHS

Late the other evening my husband came home from work, his face haggard, his eyes looking like two poached eggs. He was so tired and depressed that he stumbled into the house and went directly to the bedroom, without saying a word, and closed the door. I knew he was upset, so I left him alone. After a while, I opened the door slowly and peered in. There was my hero sitting on the edge of the bed staring moodily into space.

"Darling, how do you feel now?" I asked.

No answer.

I was beginning to feel anxious myself. "Do

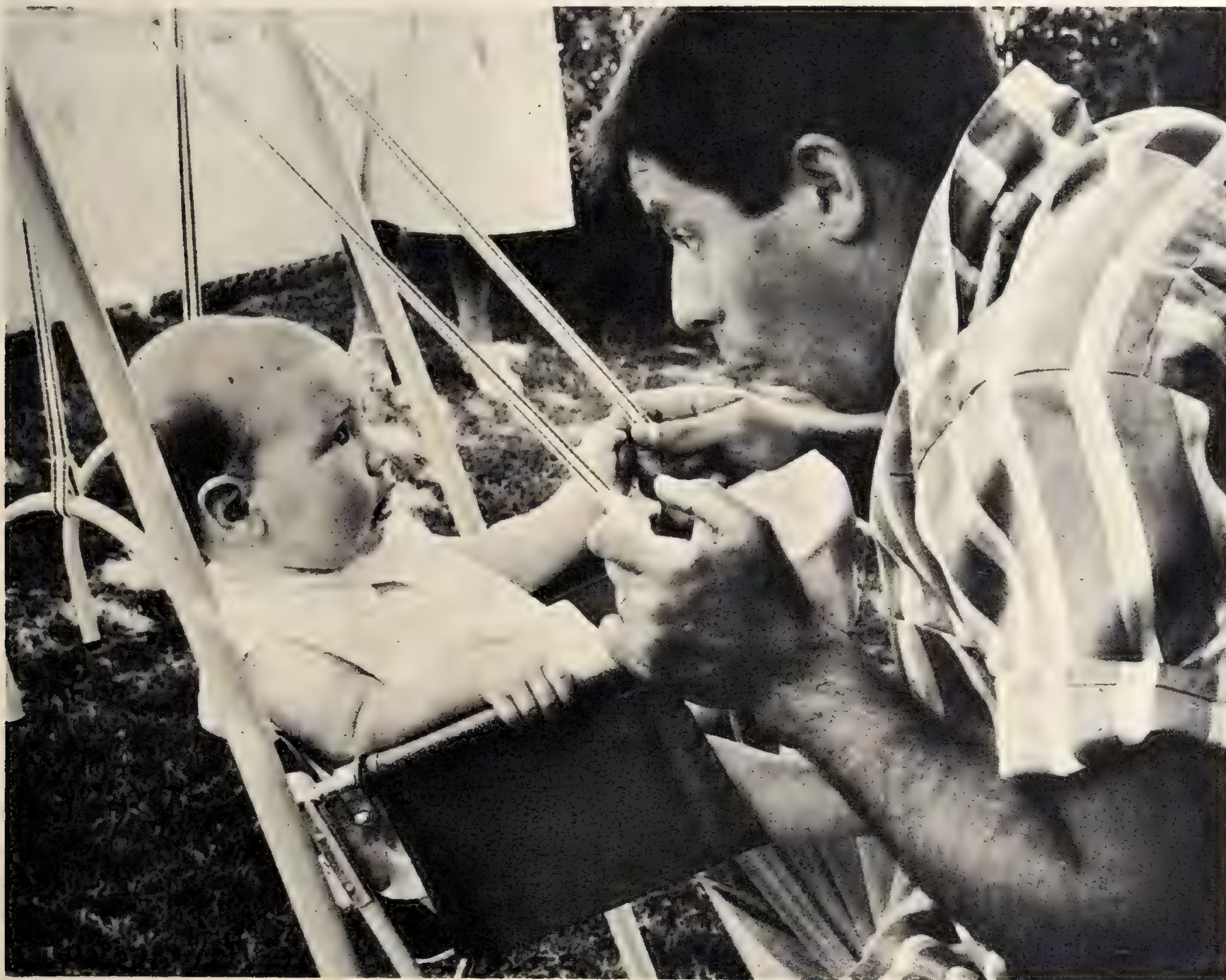
you want me to bring you dinner on a tray?"

Still no answer.

I knew the best thing for me to do was to leave him alone until his depressed mood lifted, so I closed the door and had dinner alone with the children.

Now I'll grant you that that little scene may not sound unusual. All over the country, thousands of husbands come home tense, moody, depressed, not fit to talk or be spoken to.

But the odd thing about my case is that my husband is one of the (*Continued on page 95*)



This Jerry Lewis takes life with Gary, Ronnie, Scotty, Patti (above) and infant Chris seriously

Wooden shoes, souvenir from her trip to Holland, are not what the well-dressed bridegroom will wear, but Mickey tells Jayne he'd even wear 'em to marry her

The wedding gifts are pouring in, and Jayne can use them—all she's had time to get is six lovely sets of white bone china, that she picked up in Europe



love was never like this

A marriage by Mansfield is like nothing ever dreamed of by any bride, anytime, anywhere. But who cares, so long as Jayne and Mickey Hargitay have made it their own private heaven?

by SARA HAMILTON



They're going to need a bigger house—with all the presents, plus Jayne's menagerie—and they've found a honey. ("For Mickey I'd move to Alaska!")

They say marriages are made in heaven, and I couldn't agree more heartily. But I know of one that was made *strictly* in Hollywood, too! Whose? Why Jayne Mansfield's and Mickey Hargitay's, who else?

I came to this down-to-earth conclusion a few Saturday afternoons ago when Jayne told me of her plans to be married. To Mickey Hargitay, of course. The word "plans" is almost a naughty one in this instance, bordering on the "big fib" side. For the truth is, with *The Day* within reaching distance, at a time when most brides-to-be have already addressed the invitations and bought their trousseaus, Jayne had taken up residence on Cloud Nine and refused to come down.

All she knew was she was (*Continued on page 70*)



TWO WORLDS I KNOW



Tricks, yet! A Kitulgala elephant gives Bill a lift

Please tell William Holden to come back to us soon again," ended a letter to Photoplay from a fan in Ceylon. American stars, moviemaking in every corner of the globe these days, are winning new friends for themselves—and for America, too. Bill Holden is no exception. Probably the most traveled actor of all (twenty-six countries to date), he recently completed almost a year's stay in the exotic jungles of Kitulgala in Ceylon, where Columbia filmed "The Bridge on the River Kwai," a hard-hitting story of World War II. The temperature hovered in the high 80's during the cool winter season and home away from jungle locations was a tiny bungalow shared by Bill and wife Ardis (the former Brenda Marshall). Bill loves the Orient. There many times since he made "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," he has done much as a sort of roving, unofficial ambassador of American good will. In *(continued)*



Bill (with Ardis' help) had tailor make up some walking shorts. Both marveled at cheapness of fine, handmade products done locally

(Right) Only escape from Singhalese heat was a swim in the River Kwai. (Below) Bill and native actress take turns washing dust right out of their hair. "Bill adapts quickly to new places, ways, climates," says Ardis, "even seems to enjoy roughing it in the jungle."







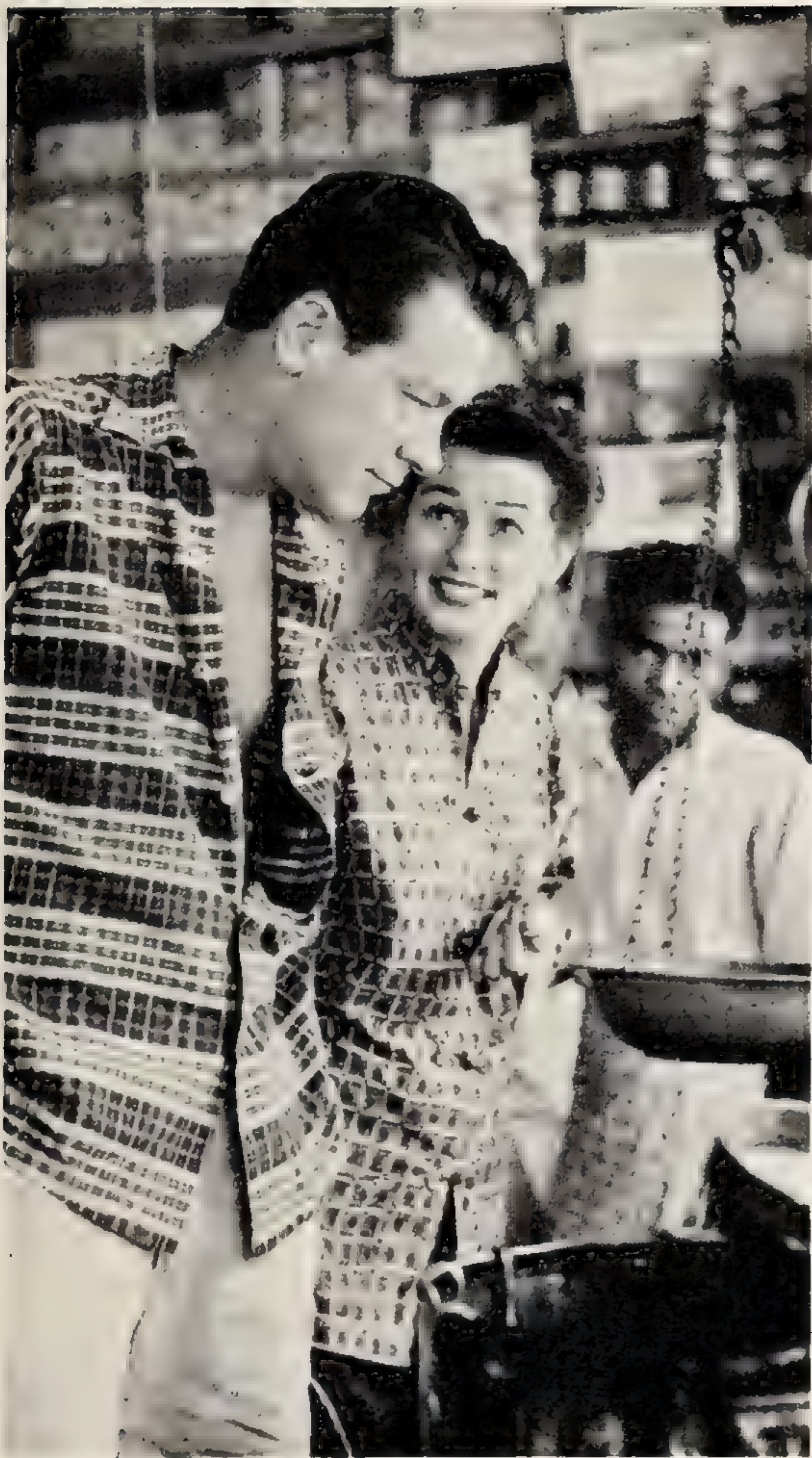
Deadly cobra fascinated Bill, who likes flirting with danger. Trainer never did say if poisonous venom had been removed. "Fortunately," Bill adds, "I didn't have to find out—we got on fine."

TWO WORLDS I KNOW

continued

Japan, he and the Crown Prince became fast friends and Bill regularly sends him favorite American show-tune albums, while Japan's famed Kabuki players recently gifted Bill with a hand-painted wall panel "for my office back home." Happiest just living the life of the country he's in, Bill took to sarongs (worn by Singhalese men), made friends (?) with a cobra, played straight man for a talented trick elephant. Wife Ardis doesn't mind his "traveling fever" but some of his enthusiasms can be a little upsetting—like the time they were leaving Ceylon and Bill said he was going to take home a cobra for the Griffith Park Zoo. Ardis drew the line at baby-sitting for a cobra on the plane and Bill dropped it. So now the mobile Holdens are back in Hollywood (after a side-trip to England) but only long enough for Bill to figure out his next route back to—The Orient!





Holdens quickly became part of local scene. A collector at heart, Bill searched shops for authentic, non-tourist pieces that represented Singhalese way of life



After Ceylon, Holdens picked up sons Peter, 15, and Scott, 12, in Hollywood, took them to England. Said Bill, "A trip abroad is worth missing a little school."



In Hollywood office briefly before flight to England, Bill sits surrounded by objects collected during trips abroad. "America would be a better country," he feels, "if more of us traveled extensively—learned to understand, first hand, ways of life in other countries."



POPULARITY

May I interrupt the panel for a moment to tell a joke?" asked Dean Stockwell, and the clatter of voices grew silent. The occasion was Photoplay's first panel discussion on the subject of popularity. Dean, Natalie Wood, Jane Powell, Tony Perkins, Venetia Stevenson, Pier Angeli, Rick Nelson and Russ Tamblyn were seated around a table, while Debbie Reynolds, gavel in hand, held forth at the head of it as moderator. Deb opened the meeting:

"Okay, Dean, let's hear your joke. I guess we could use a laugh," smiled Debbie.

"Well, there was a young starlet who went to see a psychiatrist, and when the doctor asked her what the trouble was, she said, 'Everybody likes me. Wherever I go, I make new friends. Everybody thinks I'm wonderful. There must be something wrong with me!'" Dean threw his arms out wide, and hung his (Continued on page 82)

DO YOU AGREE WITH THE STARS? TEST YOUR POPULARITY!

Choose the answer (or answers) that is most nearly correct.
You'll find the right ones in the panel discussion opposite.

1. POPULARITY MEANS

- a. Being the biggest leader and the peppiest member of the class.
- b. Being the most admired and liked person in the group.
- c. Having a wide circle of friends.
- d. Different things at different stages of life.

2. SHYNESS IS

- a. A behavior pattern that shows fear and should be overcome at an early age.
- b. A personality trait that can be turned into a feminine and desirable asset.
- c. Something you're born with.

3. A "BRAINY" GIRL

- a. Is usually never popular.
- b. Should never try dominating her date.
- c. Usually ends up by "snagging" the guy.

4. THE MOST IMPORTANT POINT TO REMEMBER IN TRYING TO BE POPULAR IS

- a. Be interested in others.
- b. Change your personality to suit the person you're with.
- c. Develop a great many interests so that you will "fit" into the company of all types of people.

5. YOU MOVE INTO A NEW COMMUNITY AND KNOW NO ONE IN YOUR CLASS. THE KIDS LIKE JAZZ. YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT IT. YOU

- a. Take one of them aside and ask him or her to explain jazz to you.
- b. Find a book on jazz in the library.
- c. Figure "I've never cared for the stuff; I'll stick to classical, thanks."

6. FELLOWS LIKE GIRLS WHO

- a. Are quiet; good listeners.
- b. Are smooth; make a good impression when they're out with a crowd.
- c. Are adaptable and easy to get along with; those whose company they don't tire of.

7. THE BEST WAY TO "FORGET YOURSELF" IS

- a. To throw yourself into as many activities as you can possibly squeeze in.
- b. Be happy with your own appearance; wear clothes that you love.
- c. Try to become friendly with as many people as you can.

POPULARITY CHECK LIST

If you think you're unpopular, ask yourself these questions:

- Do I show as much interest in my school mates or co-workers as I could?
- Have I developed my interests sufficiently and informed myself well enough to be interesting to others?
- Am I usually sure enough of my appearance to be able to forget myself?



Rock's love of the outdoor life, his hunting and fishing jaunts which Phyllis did not share, widened the lack of understanding between them. And she resented his clinging to old friends and habits of his bachelor days. But there were other, deeper problems—problems that had to do with the many pressures and demands placed upon Rock as a star, and the inability of him—and Phyllis—to meet them. Phyllis thought she understood the business—and Rock—when she married him. But did she really?

can Rock's marriage be saved?

HER SIDE

Everything had seemed so perfect when Phyllis Gates was wed to Rock Hudson, every girl's dream man—handsome, tall and strong, steady, faithful and honest. The kind of man who makes an ideal husband. And, with his career going into high gear, there wasn't a single cloud in the way of the petty financial problems that beset so many newlyweds to mar their happiness. They were going to have an idyllic life, travelling to all the far-off places they wanted to see; then, after a while, settling down and children . . .

Rock's work as a star, she knew, was complicated and demanding, something quite baffling to the uninitiated. But what girl understood the business better than she, who had been executive secretary to Rock's agent, Henry Willson? She felt that she knew it very well. And that she knew Rock well, too. They'd dated for a year, steadily, before they married. Now, she wonders if she was not wrong, on both counts. Very wrong. And, what hurt the most, wrong about Rock.

From the beginning, even from the day they were married, things weren't quite what she'd expected them to be. They'd had the quiet little wedding they wanted, away from the glare of Hollywood. (Continued on page 93)

HIS SIDE

"Phyllis is a wonderful girl," Rock Hudson would say, when people asked him about his wife. "She's warm, and kind—well, wonderful. You know." He never was much of a man with words. And some things, he felt, were too personal to be paraded for everyone to see.

Phyllis. She was everything he'd been looking for in a wife, for so long. She wasn't like the Hollywood glamour girls. Not that he had anything against glamour girls. But he didn't want to marry a career girl. Maybe he was old-fashioned, but he believed that a woman's place was in the home, making her husband happy and raising his kids.

That was what Phyllis wanted, and it suited him fine. It was so great, after his long, empty bachelor life, to come to the house he'd built as the fulfillment of all his dreams, to find a light in the window, and Phyllis there to greet him, with a hot dinner ready.

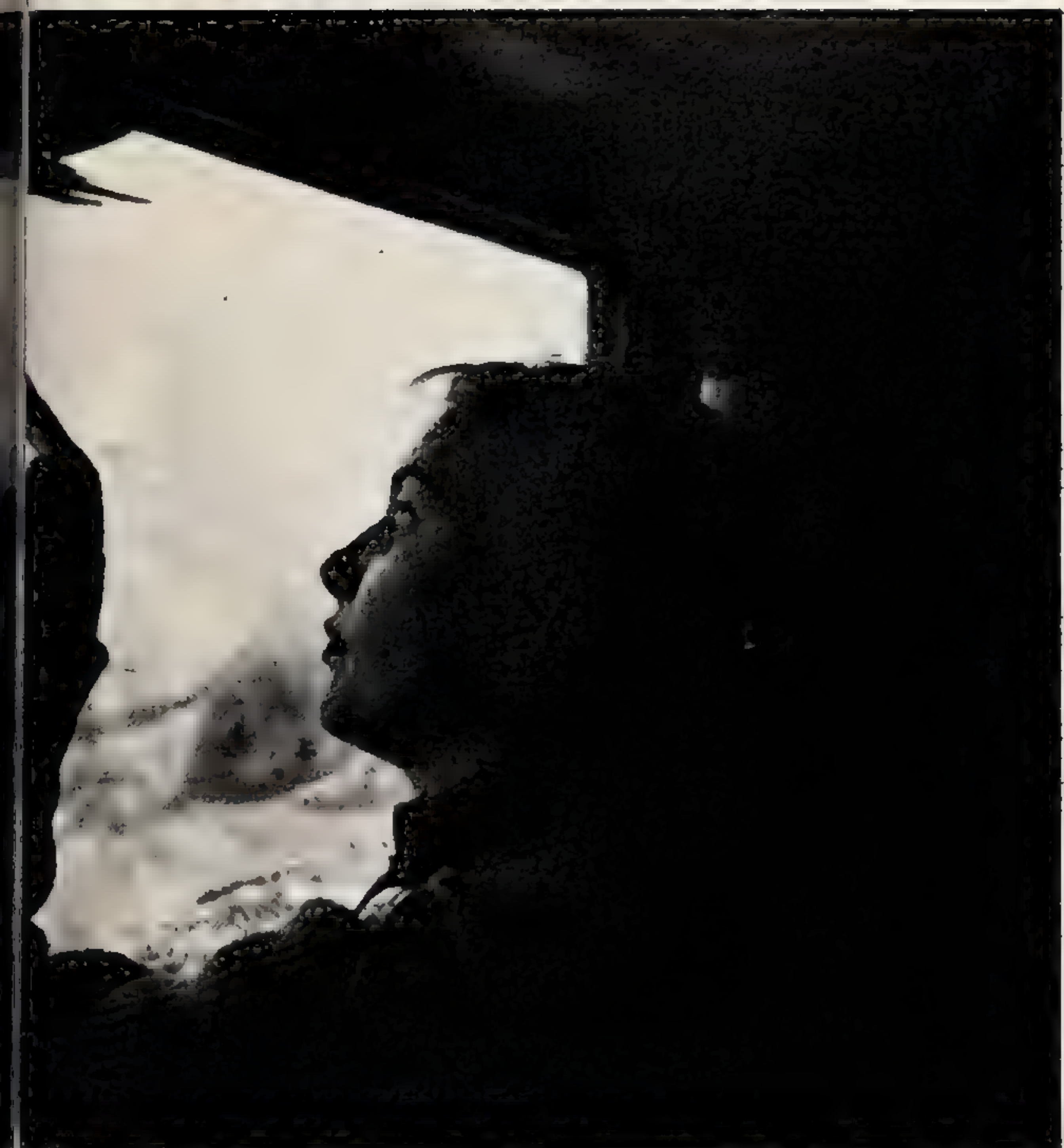
How nice it was to have a wife who attended to all the worrisome details he never could cope with—like remembering to send his suits to the cleaners, and sending thank-you notes. He'd always been careless about such things. He was a miserable correspondent. But Phyllis (Continued on page 92)



a whale of a tale



What's ahead? Are Joanne and Dennis peering into their futures? Could be. With a possible Academy Award coming up for her "Three Faces of Eve" and stardom won after his portrayal of Napoleon in "The Story of Mankind," Joanne Woodward and Dennis Hopper have a right to look eagerly for what's to come. Actually, though, it's no crystal ball they're inspecting but the inside of an undersea diving bell. Old (but not romantic) pals, they parlayed a day off from work into a great time fish-watching at Marineland-of-the-Pacific near Palos Verdes. It was a draw as to who was the most interested—the sea life or the movie stars. Porpoises, pelicans, penguins—they were all a big treat for Dennis, "who grew up in a Kansas wheat field," and for Georgia-bred Joanne who'd never met denizens of the deep before. "Have a good time?" asked Dennis after they'd seen the sights. "Blub, blub!" answered Joanne over a non-fish snack.



"I'll take three pounds of that one," teased Joanne to a horrified Dennis as they watched a school of rare fish go by



"You focus it this way . . ." explained Joanne, then skipped to the railing to make like a ship's figurehead. Right, Dennis' snapshot



"How can I ever eat you-know-what-again?" Joanne sighed at day's end. So they settled for cones, looking over Marineland's gift counter

"Do seals bite?" asked Joanne. "Dunno," was Dennis' honest reply. But Sy the seal just sniffed a bit, forgave their not bringing fish



KNIT YOUR WAY TO HIS HEART

Follow Hollywood's fad. Surprise your Valentine with movie star socks

If he's happier training a horse than eating, lets you try beating him at tennis (but who can?), makes you like picnics better than banquets—Tab's argyles are his style

If he's dark and exciting, talks in hot jazz style, reads mysteries after midnight, makes you want to mother him, then knit him these Sal Mineo musical note socks

If his mood is dark and brooding one minute, electric and unpredictable the next, if he prefers drive-ins, flashy cars and leather jackets—knit him Elvis' lightning socks

If the snow's ten feet deep but he starts you thinking of spring proms, if he's country fresh yet city polished, part boy, part man—knit a Pat Boone pattern just for him

You can get free directions for making socks on these pages. Send a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to Photoplay, Dept. PF, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

TAB'S SWEATER IS BY PENDLETON MILLS; SOCK DESIGNS BY COATS & CLARK



They called her fortune's child, this
gay, lovely girl touched by the magic of stardom. Only
Gia Scala knew the tragic secret she had to hide
behind her brave smile, the shadow
of death that lay heavily upon her heart

Child of Sorrow

• The double performance was over for Gia Scala. The long hours in front of the camera at the studio, and the much tougher show she had given every evening for her mother, at home. Tonight they were previewing the picture that could make her a star. But it almost seemed an anticlimax to this emotional young girl, who had given her finest performance during the seven months she'd watched a dark-haired Irish lady slipping away from her. Her mother, who was so much a part of her success. Her mother, so much a part of Gia.

"... Mama, here's the most wonderful part. We will go to Europe—when you feel better." ... "When you get well, we will buy a farm, Mama. We can buy our very own farm ..."

Chattering, acting, knowing her mother had always been her captive audience, and was making it easier for her now. Just as she'd always been there to listen and to help a sensitive, serious young actress through all of life's bumps—the large and the small. The part Gia didn't get. The scene she felt she didn't play. And always promising the big break, the great moment of triumph, the success that would come.

"Wait, Giavonna," she would say soothingly. "Just wait, my darling. Some day, it will happen. You will see. It will all come ..."

And now the success Mama had always promised her was here. Tonight M-G-M was previewing "Don't Go Near the Water," at the Pantages Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. But just a few blocks away, in a charming modern apartment she and Mama had shared, Gia could think only that her mother had never seen the picture. And how she had wanted to. They were even going to have a (Continued on page 83)

by MAXINE ARNOLD



a father's prayers for his sons

In the big leather chairs of the barber shop at Universal-International Studios, two little boys sit, quiet and still and good as gold. They are Jimmy Murphy, age three, and Terry Murphy, age five, and they are no angels. The reason for their model behavior is the glorious reward it always brings—a real grown-up lunch with Daddy in the studio commissary and a visit to the Injuns. Fire

Injuns, that is. And they make up for all the trouble.

The mornnig sun casts slanting shafts of light on the polished linoleum. The only sound is the snip, snip, snip of the barbers' shears. Leaning against the wall, Audie Murphy closes his eyes . . . and in his heart, there is a silent prayer . . .

Dear God, thank You for giving me these two wonderful, healthy sons. Thank You (continued)



Audie prays that sons Terry and Jimmy will always enjoy the little pleasures in life as much as they do now. For them, trip to the barber shop on the U-I lot is a family ritual, and a big event. Barber Sol has given them haircuts ever since the first clipping of their baby curls. Audie used to keep the boys under control with gifts of bubble gum, but they now scorn such baby stuff, behave like two young gentlemen. But for small Jimmy, Audie's sheriff badge for his new film helps!



by HOWARD EISENBERG



Man-to-man talk should be a private affair, Terry thinks. But he seldom evades Jimmy's watchful eyes. Whatever Terry's up to, Jimmy is going to find out what it is—and insist on doing the same thing. This calls for a bit of diplomacy on Audie's part—but so far, he's equal to it



Jimmy gets final inspection. He strongly resembles his pretty mother, Pamela, but blue-eyed, sandy-haired Terry looks very much like dad

Lunch in the studio commissary is a big thrill. The boys are allowed to order whatever they want. "If they were boss," says Audie, "they'd live on cookies!"



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by
formfit

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a father's prayers for his sons

continued

for giving me this day, and all the other days, to share with them the finest, purest joy in life, the joy of childhood. It's something I never had before, but now I know that You didn't deny it to me, because I have it, through them, and this way it's doubly precious. Help me to keep it for them, as long as I can. Help me to keep some of it alive in our hearts, always . . .

The sound of the scissors stops, and Audie, whose hearing, trained in the terrors of battle, will always be super-sensitive to the slightest change of sound, is startled.

The haircuts are finished. Terry's barber picks up a white bottle and cocks his head questioningly. "Wet it a little, Audie?" he asks.

"Guess a little won't hurt," Audie answers.

The barber administers the finishing touches, and whisks the pencil-striped cloth from the boy's shoulders. Terry clammers down from his lofty perch. Eagerly he reaches for the candy bar his dad offers. He flashes a big smile, (*Continued on page 86*)



Fond of all kids, Audie chats with a little boy on lot, who's thrilled

by SUE KREISMAN

THE UNDERCOVER STORY

Who is she, the girl on this page? More scamp than vamp, we claim after working with her on this story! Her name is Taina (pronounced Tie-na, she told us) Elg, and she's half-elf, half-imp. If you saw "Les Girls," from which Taina emerged as Hollywood's Undercover Girl of the year, you'll certainly remember her as the kittenish French *Angele*.

But in real life, Taina comes from the ice and snow of Helsinki, Finland. ("I still cannot accustom myself to the warm days of California.") As the daughter of concert pianists, she says, "Music has always been in my life." Taina tried on her first pair of toe shoes at ten, having conclusively decided after seeing her first ballet at age six this was to be her career, and hasn't taken them off since.

Recently, Taina donned a pair of conventional high heels long enough for our photographers to snap her in the unconventional poses you see here. ("Eesn't thees the way your American fashion models do eet?") The new chemise look? "I like eet!" she said, slipping into the smart one we brought for her (a Junior First, blue houndstooth check).

Taina still keeps fit by three hours of dancing daily. But since most of us can't follow this rigorous routine, we must rely on the right foundation garments. This year, you'll want color in your undergarment wardrobe, too. The season's new reds and pinks will perk up your collection. The new all-in-one garments are perfect for the chic chemises and sheaths, and are styled for comfort as well as fit. And buy a second girdle for longer life of your foundations.

For more wardrobe specifics, turn the page.



THE UNDERCOVER STORY



1. "Chansonette" dips to modified V front, and is fine for the new sheaths and blouson look for day-time or evening. Its unique spoke-stitched cups round while they accentuate, and it's firmly banded. In nylon lace or nylon satin, "Chansonette" is available in sizes 32-36A, 32-38B,C. Also in white, black and blue. \$3.50. Maidenform

2. For the young in figure (and in spirit!), Curvaline junior bra and girdle set in say-it-with-rubies red, with rhinestones at garter tabs. Nylon power net with sheer nylon lace embroidery. S,M,L. \$6.95. Also comes in pink, blue, white, black. Matching padded bra of nylon taffeta and lace, in 32-36A and B. It's \$3.95. Both Jantzen

3. Perfect for chemise look is new all-in-one "convertible," pretty and functional. Straps removable, lace cup top can be folded to half-bra. Magic insets support firmly, adjust to you. Lightly wired, hooked front, back low. Back panels provide hip control, hugged waist. 33-40, B,C, in 14" or 15" skirt lengths. Black, white. \$20. Perma-lift

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THE UNDERCOVER STORY



4. Little X bra features soft net-lined cups, gay embroidered X figures, elastic "breathing" band and concealed no-curl feature. 32-36A, 32-38B, 32-40C. \$2. By Peter Pan

5. Firm control highlights this pretty braselette. Front closure, and low back for party dresses. 32-36B,C. Black, white. \$10.95. By Hollywood V-ette Vassarette

6. A girl's best friend is her sweater bra when it's this one of Helanca seam-free fabric on foam. 32-36A, 32-38B, 34-40C. White, black, pink, blue, \$1.50, Lovable

7. "Musts" on lingerie checklists are "cuddle-stay" strapless, panty girdle set. Bra 32-36A, 32-38B,C. \$5.95. Girdle, S,M,L. \$8.95. Both in white, black, blue, pink. Formfit

UNDERCOVER TIPS

1) *For correct bra fit:* Measure your chest high under arms, holding tape securely but not tight. Add two inches to measurement for bra size. For cup size, measure fullest part of bosom. If measurement is same as bra size, you need an A cup; if 1 inch more, B cup; 2 inches more, C cup; 3 inches more, D cup.

2) *For comfort and a natural look:* Be sure to put your bra on properly. First, slide straps over shoulders, then lean forward from the waist. Second, reach back and fasten bra. Third, straighten and adjust shoulder straps, making sure they lie flat without cutting into shoulders. Fourth, and last, run fingers under band across the back. If straps are adjusted correctly, band will fit smoothly, with no ugly bulges above or below. Never pull straps too tightly. This weakens breast muscles, tends to make them sag.

Below are the stores where you can buy our featured undergarments. Or write manufacturer listed below, mentioning Photoplay, and enclosing a clipping of the garment you wish to order.

Jantzen girdle and padded bra

DENVER, COLO. Denver Dry Goods
MILWAUKEE, WISC. Dreyer-Meyer
NEW YORK, N. Y. Bloomingdale Bros.
SEATTLE, WASH. The Bon Marche
or write, Jantzen, Inc.
261 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Perma-Lift all-in-one foundation

write, A. Stein & Company
1149 W. Congress, Chicago, Ill.

Maidenform Chansonette Bra

BOSTON, MASS. Filene's
DENVER, COLO. Denver Dry Goods
NEW YORK, N. Y. Arnold Constable
or write, Maidenform Brassiere Co.
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Peter Pan Bra

NEW YORK, N. Y. Gimbels
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Strawbridge & Clothier
or write, Peter Pan Foundations, Inc.
389 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood V-Ette Vassarette Strapless Bra

BOSTON, MASS. Jordan, Marsh
DAYTON, OHIO. Rike-Kumler
ST. LOUIS, MO. Famous-Barr Company
or write, Hollywood-Maxwell Company
6773 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lovable Sweater Bra

CHICAGO, ILL. Carson, Pirie, Scott
or write, Lovable Brassiere Company
180 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Formfit Panty Girdle and Strapless Bra

DETROIT, MICH. Crowley's
NEW YORK, N. Y. Saks-34th Street
or write, The Formfit Company
400 So. Peoria, Chicago, Illinois

Tab Hunter's sweater on page 58

write, Pendleton Woolen Mills
Dept. T8, 218 S. W. Jefferson Street
Portland, Oregon



THE EXCITING BOOK-OF-THE-YEAR FILLED WITH EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

The gorgeous new 1958 PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is here! And it's the best yet! Here's a treasure-mine of information about the stars... a real Who's Who in Hollywood. This colorful and glamorous yearbook is *the* book-of-the-year, as far as Hollywood is concerned. Here you will find everything about everybody who is anybody in Hollywood. This sensational yearbook sells out as soon as it is put on sale. Don't lose out—get your copy today. Here is what you get in this great yearbook:

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HAPPILY MARRIEDS—Heart-warming pictures and text about Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont • Ann

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RISEING STARS—Pictures as well as a thumbnail description of 33 newcomers to the screen. See and read about them here, and then follow their exciting careers. Joanne Woodward • James MacArthur • Betsy Palmer • Dennis Hopper • Debra Paget • Inger Stevens • John Kerr • Clint Walker • Pat Wayne • Venetia Stevenson • Carolyn Jones • Jean Seberg • Brian Keith • Kathy Grant • Dean Stockwell • Jeff Hunter • Shirley MacLaine • Hugh O'Brian • Susan Strasberg • Carroll Baker • Don Murray • Maria Schell • Martha Hyer • Jack Lemmon • Vera Miles • Luana Patten • Dean Jones • Tom Tryon • Julie London • Jack Lord • Lori Nelson • Russ Tamblyn.

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LOVE WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

Continued from page 47

marrying Mickey Hargitay—"real soon," and has six sets of white bone china—brought back from Europe—with which to set up housekeeping. Where that house would be, how and when she would get it, what she'd do about anything or even where the wedding—"large and formal"—would take place, were mere incidentals.

"I had my heart set on being married in the Wayfarer's Chapel in Palos Verdes," she confided, while Mickey beamed from the sidelines. "It's all glass, you know. It would be wonderful to be married under glass. But so many people want to attend, how can I get them all in? After all, the church only holds two hundred people."

"T'as right," Mickey agreed.

"There's my mother and stepfather," Jayne said, and paused reflectively.

"And me, I'm coming," I suggested.

"Oh yes, certainly," she agreed. "And Jayne Marie will be flower girl."

Jayne Marie, Jayne's seven-year-old daughter, who was recuperating from a birthday party of the day before—candy, ice cream and sniffles—offered no protest from the other room, so it seemed set.

Anyway, that accounted for several of us and with loads of room for the other 195 or so. But Jayne, the soul of hospitality, was worried.

"Of course, I could keep the wedding small (down to a mere church full of 200) and have a large wedding reception afterwards," she suggested, which appealed to Mickey and me as the one and only solution.

Small wedding, big reception! All of which could have been turned around by this time to small reception and outsized wedding, followed by a parade through Chinatown, for all anyone knows. Or, I reflected, the whole affair could end up as one of those elopement things in Las Vegas at three o'clock in the morning with uncertain characters showering the happy couple with rice that had already been baked in a pudding.

It's happened, you know.

"Now, about the wedding dress," I suggested helpfully. "After all, Jayne, time is running short and..."

"I have it all settled, I think," she said. "It's the dress Charles LeMaire designed for me to wear in my first picture, 'The Girl Can't Help It.' I was a bride in that one, too. I'm sure the studio will let me have it. It's a form-fitting (what else?) white lace sheath."

A form-fitting white sheath wedding dress it would be. For the day anyone catches this one in a figure-concealing full skirt will be The Day and it wouldn't be Jayne's wedding day, if she can help it.

"But a white dress, Jayne?" I wondered aloud.

"Well, I could have it made pink," she conceded, but reluctantly. "And a veil, of course." Her eyes sought mine. "A small veil? Pink, to match the dress?" I gave an approving nod.

So it was agreed. Pink slippers, pink gloves to match, which I knew all too well could turn out to be a stark staring white sheath with a ten yard long white veil by wedding time. So don't look at me.

Mickey's costume for the occasion was pretty much left up in the air. Blue suit or striped trousers and cutaway were mentioned. And for the briefest moment, mention was made of a suit cut from the

bolt of material Jayne toted all the way home from Athens. As she explains it, loyalty prompted this purchase. With the boss of her studio, Mr. Spyros Skouras, of Greece, Jayne deemed it only fitting Mickey should have something Greek.

(As far as I'm concerned, he's got it. In fact, the whole thing is Greek to me.)

However, whatever he chooses to wear, I thought, as we carefully wrapped the china back in its tissue paper, Mickey will look dreamy—and, for that matter, so will the bride, a Dresden doll cutie in white, pink or even crab-apple green treader spangled pants. It really doesn't matter.

It doesn't matter, I reflected, because the glow in her heart, the smile in her face, the happiness in her soul, the kindness of her person, will outshine her raiment and overflow, whatever edifice is chosen. Be it the Pan Pacific Auditorium of Los Angeles or the Cow Palace of San Francisco, which didn't seem a likely place that afternoon. But still. . . .

The service would be performed, Jayne hoped, by her own Methodist minister from Dallas, Texas, Dr. Steele, or failing that, by the minister of the Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills where Jayne Marie attends Sunday School.

"Now what about a house to live in?" I suggested. It just didn't seem possible that Mickey, with all those muscles, could crowd himself into Jayne's tiny four-room house . . . three really, not counting the kitchen. A house already inundated with cats—thirteen at the last count—numerous dogs and visiting rabbits from off the hills, strangers really, to the entire family.

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PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

"We want a large place," Jayne said, "because we plan to have five children."

"T'as right," Mickey agreed.

"Oh, well, you can start looking for a house early tomorrow morning," I hinted cheerfully.

"Oh no, I leave for Las Vegas tomorrow for a week or so. I have a television show to do from there."

And so, with the strains of "Here Comes the Bride" already echoing through the short space of time, with no house, invitations, set place or date, Jayne was off to Las Vegas aflame with happy contentment.

But within a few weeks, I learned that Jayne and Mickey had found and signed papers for their dream house: a \$175,000 "honeymoon cottage" in Holmby Hills. Twenty-two years old, it was once owned by Rudy Vallee and is white Mediterranean-style on one and three-quarter acres.

"It has eight bedrooms, with a fireplace in each, eleven baths and a fifty-foot living room with a twenty-foot ceiling and two balconies!" breathed Jayne excitedly.

In awe, I had visions of the newlyweds playing *Romeo and Juliet* amid the balconies. Although there was no swimming pool, the couple planned to build one—heart-shaped yet.

But on that particular afternoon when we chatted, Jayne had Mickey and six sets of white bone china and if anybody wants to get themselves in a snit about details, it ain't gonna be the future, or even the present Mrs. Mickey Hargitay, I sighed.

For something much more important occupied her mind and her heart. A miracle of sorts, really, and one that couldn't

possibly happen to a nicer kind of girl.

For I was aware of one thing. No matter when or where Jayne and Mickey were to exchange their wedding vows, I knew they'd be a Jayne and a Mickey who have found love all over again.

It all happened when Jayne took off for Europe, her first time away from Mickey since the day they met and came back six weeks later with a whole new outlook on life. And a knowledge of Mickey's place in her life. Which is first, absolutely.

Now, what happened to Jayne Mansfield in Europe, outside the routine publicity appearances and bowing to England's Queen, no one knows. Maybe not even Jayne. We do know, from other traveling stars, how Hollywood's children can come to feel lost away from their kind.

And Jayne is a true Hollywood child—and has been in her heart from her fifth birthday on.

So, whether true-blue Jayne, who has been the soul of faithfulness to her Mickey, was completely misunderstood by others abroad (and again we admit her own flamboyant appearance may invite misunderstanding), or whether distance suddenly gave proper perspective to everything in her life—whatever the reason, she came home a new woman. A woman madly in love with Mickey all over again.

Let her tell about it.

"When I got off the plane in Hollywood, I didn't know what to say.

For the first time in my life, I was oblivious to reporters. I knew only that I loved Mickey madly and all I could think of to say was 'How beautiful you are, how beautiful you are.' If this man said 'Let's go to Alaska and live,' I'd go to Alaska and live. If this man said 'Give up your career,' I'd give up my career."

This, remember, is Jayne Mansfield speaking. The career-mad Jayne. The P-U-B-L-I-C-I-T-Y kid of all time. The doll who threatened to die in Texas if she didn't get to Hollywood, and is now ready for Alaska and to die without.

On the way home from the airport, the groom-to-be extracted a small box from his pocket and flashed its contents before Jayne's large, hazel eyes. There was her ring. Her beautiful engagement ring! The dreamy, wonderful, practical, usefulness of it all.

"You may describe the ring," she said in answer to my query, "as a round-cut diamond, ten carats, set in white gold. Please say it may be a little smaller than a quarter, but it's bigger than a Texas dime."

And indeed it was.

At the airport, Mickey was asked if he intended to present the ring then and there.

"It wouldn't be good taste," he answered. "I want Jayne to see it first—alone."

The following day newsreel cameras posed Mickey hunched at Jayne's feet cooing and wooing and replacing the ring on her third finger left hand while cameras turned.

But Jayne had seen it first. And to Mickey that was important.

"He treats me like a queen," Jayne confided. "He waits on me, looks after me and won't let me turn a hand. If I hand him a can of vegetable juice, he'll scold me. 'You shouldn't do that, Jayne,' he'll say."

Pink champagne, and not vegetable juice, was the beverage of the moment and with a heart full of good wishes, I toasted the Hargitays—Jayne and Mickey.

Fortunately, little Jayne Marie is devoted to Mickey and Mickey to the child. To see them together, strolling up Beverly Drive, husky Mickey and tiny Jane Marie, is a heart-warming sight indeed.

"Mickey's own little girl by his first

marriage is just a year older than Jayne Marie," Jayne told me. "A dear little girl called Tina Marie."

"We'd love to have her with us, of course, but being a mother myself I know how impossible it would be to part with a child. And as long as she's in Los Angeles with her mother, Mickey can see her," Jane said.

This Mickey, this twenty-seven-year-old Mr. Universe, to whom Jayne gave her heart on sight, is quite a lad. She'd first glimpsed him at the New York night spot, The Latin Quarter, where Mickey was appearing with Mae West—and from the first instant, it was love for both of them.

He'd traveled a long way and through devious routes from a boy of seventeen, fleeing the Communists in his native Hungary, to the heart of Jayne Mansfield. But exactly as Jayne had yearned for Hollywood, Mickey had yearned for America and all things American.

"Why wasn't I born in America?" he would ask his father, a man of means and owner of a theater chain in Budapest.

Mickey was thirteen when the Communists took over, and, incidentally, took over his father's theaters one by one. He remembers hiding all day in bombed-out buildings, sneaking out at dawn for food and water and receiving a back full of shrapnel for his efforts.

At seventeen, with a Pan American ticket from London to New York in his pocket, gift of an American soldier, he made his way across the border to Prague, to Frankfurt, to London, hitchhiking all the way, missing Communist bullets on one occasion, escaping internment camps for displaced persons, walking through the nights, too excited to eat and even shrewdly making a dollar or two along the way.

In Frankfurt, the American Consul granted him a six-month visitor's visa and somehow, in some wonderful way, he finally made New York.

He couldn't leave the airport with the wonder of it all. Nothing was bombed. He stood and stared and gulped his tears of happiness.

A job at fourteen dollars a week and all the bananas he could eat in a small Brooklyn fruit store, gave him sustenance. And gave the fruit dealer a shock when the bananas, by the bunch, disappeared within the fruit-starved lad.

Eventually he made his way to Indianapolis and the home of a cousin. And since the cousin was a professional dancer and Mickey had studied ballet and drama in Budapest, they formed an adagio team and toured the country. Later, after he'd received his first citizenship papers, Mickey married an American girl and again took to the road as a team.

After the breakup of the act—and the marriage—Mickey became a builder in Indianapolis, building and selling houses at a fat profit. On the side, he quietly bought up hilltop lots that today are worth many times their value.

At the suggestion of a friend, Mickey, always a muscular marvel, entered a "Mr. Indiana" contest and won. Encouraged, he entered a "Mr. Mid-Western" contest in Kansas City and won. But the heavy Hungarian accent lost him the "Mr. America" contest in Cleveland. "It wooden look right, a 'Mr. America' talk like me," he explains.

So, with his American citizenship papers in hand, Mickey set out for England and the "Mr. Universe" contest at London's Palladium. And won. And stood on the stage and almost wept his Star Spangled speech of thanks.

As Mr. Universe, Mickey joined Mae

West for an extended tour that ended forever the night Jayne walked into the Latin Quarter and walked right out with Mickey in tow.

He never went back.

When Jayne came to Hollywood and a movie career, Mickey, their love, their cats and a white mink coat in the middle of August, came along. Jayne was all set to kill the people with furs and feathers while Mickey remained quietly in the background, building things around Jayne's home. Dog houses, fences, swimming pools, bed headboards and mosaics of Jayne. All in pink, her favorite color.

His devotion was apparent to all. And calmly accepted by Jayne until that fatal day when love reappeared, and the couple decided they were altar-bound, a proud and happy-beyond-words Mickey, a new and glowing Jayne.

Today Mickey is busy with "Golden Boy," a men's perfume about to go on the market. "We need only a little more backing to put him over," he says, and frankly admits to selling his precious bonds to buy Jayne's ring. His role as Tarzan in Jayne's movie, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" brought favorable reviews, and Mickey himself isn't averse to a movie career.

"I wait and they will maybe one day find me," he says. And "they" could certainly do worse.

Leaving "Mansfield's Madness," as Jayne has elegantly dubbed her small abode, I was suddenly struck by a thought.

"By the way," I called to the two of them at the top of the outdoor stairs, "where will you spend your honeymoon?"

By the blankness on their faces I knew this was one more detail that had been overlooked.

"Maybe to Alaska," I suggested.

"T'as right," Mickey said. THE END

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WHAT'S AHEAD FOR HOLLYWOOD '58?

Continued from page 32

be par excellence. At the time he is apt to feel he needs Jupiter's—and Janet's help very much, both in financial and personal decisions. It could well involve a journey into foreign lands, with Janet going along for the ride. Janet may have serious thoughts of retiring from public activity in 1959. These ideas might have begun to formulate during the present year. Overall, a good and happy year for Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis—even if not spectacular.

ANITA EKBERG: Libra born—September 29th. Horizons are not as clear and bright as might be expected for the striking, curvaceous, statuesque blonde. She has suffered from an adverse influence of the planet Saturn in the past two years. It brought annoyances and adverse publicity. Saturn is still unfavorable this year and may cause a temporary retirement for Mrs. Anthony Steel. I suggest she refuse to be depressed, and to study her reactions—and actions—in regard to her contacts with people. She will lean toward being unpopular and must do something to combat the trend. August and September are good money months and also bring favorable changes.

MR. AND MRS. EDDIE FISHER: Debbie (Reynolds) is Aries born—April 1st; Eddie, Leo born—August 10th. They are a grand team, with a fine partnership arrangement of planets. This good arrangement may have caused the tendency to drop out of strong public favor temporarily, but astrologically speaking our old "friend" Saturn the past year or so, has definitely been making a more serious fella out of Mr. Fisher, and while Saturn will abate a bit in 1958, other influences are somewhat disturbing, ruffling the mind during the year. Caution in making decisions is suggested for Eddie, especially in the period from May 1st through August 15th, with extra caution around August 4th, 5th, 6th and also through August 12th. He must watch his singing voice during this entire May and August period. He should not force himself and should avoid all strain. He should not make any important commitments or decisions at these times without first checking his planetary pattern. He must stay out of his place of birth, too, as this is unfavorable. There may be difficulty in his environment during this period. For Debbie some delays, too, and annoyances that stem from the house of the partner in her chart. After Sept. 30th things show improvement in her horoscope and the improvement continues through both '59 and '60. She will be very much interested in Eddie but she can only have great success with him through affectionate persuasion rather than trying to be the dominant Aries, a trait all Aries woman have to watch. In 1958 there will be perilous times in their marriage, but with care, they can master this threat and have an exceptionally happy marriage.

TAB HUNTER: Cancer born—July 11th. During the past year Tab came under the influence of Taurus Moon in his horoscope. This could bring a great and lasting success through the exercise of the vocal cords, favorable as it was to Cancer Sun at birth. This is a natural endowment which he should encourage. Continued success is indicated for 1958,

although in lesser degree. His birth pattern also contains the very lucky combination of Venus in Cancer (emotion, acting ability) with Neptune in Virgo (idealistic, detailed, perfectionist in creative activities). This little pair can bring him a big break in his favor that could be sensational. He should watch September from the 6th to 30th, especially the 11th or the 30th. This could be one of the greatest pictures he will ever do. September 13th through October 12th is also a great period for him to do another hit record. He should be very happy with the gifts his New Year has in store for him before the year is over. 1959 will not be much different, as it continues his success trend. More power to you in your professional activities, Tab, and a bit later, on your desire to set up a home, a natural Cancerian trait. Yours is a horoscope of excellent results, financially and domestically.

JULIE LONDON: Libra born—September 26th. A lovely lady of talent, of emotion, and also of sorrow in the realm of partnership. However, this latter condition does not have to be a menace forever. It can be successfully overcome by a careful program of directed thinking. Some steps along these lines are likely to be taken during 1958. This year will be a great year of adjustments, serious thinking, and some very happy days. The trend of the planet Uranus in this horoscope, for the next several years, indicates many important changes, affecting the personal self and the general outlook on life itself. Much sudden, even unexpected, public appearance and activity. You should be very active physically as well as mentally. Be most cautious before re-marrying. Check both horoscopes, as for married happiness you must have complimentary qualities of influences to your horoscope trends.

JAYNE MANSFIELD: Aries born—April 19th. Here is one lady who has the ability to turn her natural endowments into legal tender of the land, since the planet Pluto in the sign of Cancer (stomach and breasts) at birth was not only directly overhead but has a terrific affinity for the money influence. So making natural assets pay off was inevitable for Jayne. The early two thirds of the year may not be so productive. But things change for the better after September, especially around the 5th to the 15th, which indicates favorable results with the public, with the entertainment field and through a good contact.

VERA MILES: Virgo born—August 23rd. Actually Vera is a cusp birth, born right on the divisional line between the signs Leo and Virgo, which is an interesting situation and can produce wonderful results, if the native can put the combined qualities of the two signs to work harmoniously. Otherwise, the combination is apt to create much unrest, changeability or inability to decide just what is best to do. Such people often need special guidance and astrology can be most helpful to them in pointing out trends. 1958 will be a year of action for Vera, but the decisions will have to be made with extra care.

SAL MINEO: Capricorn born—January 10th. Perfection in his picture work, plus a good sense of business in all he does, marks the horoscope of serious, yet broad-minded and pleasant Sal Mineo. The year ahead looks to be a little slower for Sal than the pace he has set in the past couple of years, but it will be a good year just the same. There seem to be no great problems for him to solve and

just a general, little slower progress in his work.

MARILYN MONROE: Gemini born—June 1st. Saturn has been too much in evidence for Marilyn this year just past and will continue to more or less dominate the situation in '58, either by forcing her to do less publicly or causing a let-down. She must watch her step or suffer a loss of prestige with her friends and associates. Finances are curtailed, too. Criticism may be leveled at her during the year and great care should be observed in personal actions. January through March and again from April 5th through November 30th are pressure periods. She should watch at these times and not be too headstrong and independent.

KIM NOVAK: Aquarian born—February 13th. The year ahead is most interesting and excitingly full of action, a good bit of it favorable but still having a number of cautionary spots. Jupiter is the most friendly all year, one way or another. This favors finances and opportunities. Possibly wedding bells in late August, around the 28th. I would like to offer a word of caution to Kim about marriage: being an Aquarian, she *must* pick the *right* man or her independent nature will assert itself and poof, the bubble of romance is burst. Do be careful, Kim. You have trusted my advice before with good results and I beg you to do the same now. Avoid long distance travel or being in foreign countries this year, if possible. There are upsets in those distant spots for you. Legal annoyances and some bad days from secret, jealous enemies among those of your own sex. Be very careful not to give anyone material to work on during the first three and the last four months of the year.

ELVIS PRESLEY: Capricorn born—January 8th. The two big boys of the zodiac, Saturn and Jupiter, are in rather poor and not very helpful positions for you, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, and, as a result the year may bring a sharp decline in the Presley stock. Conditions do improve for you greatly after September 6th, running through much of 1959. The trend of influences over Hollywood for this year is toward a more idealistic, genteel treatment of stories and performances. It would be well for you to use your really good talents in a new way to fall into line with the influence of the prevailing signs. You have the talent and ability and by good, strong constructive thinking and planning, you may be able to overcome the nagging conditions 1958 might bring you.

TOMMY SANDS: Virgo born—August 27th. This fine young singer, popular with the teenagers as well as those in the more advanced brackets, has really burst on the "star" scene in great style in the past year, and his stars for '58 indicate no letdown in action or popularity. At birth Tommy was favored by Moon and Mercury in Virgo—a combination of service, analysis, perfectionist. This would give indication of success in both singing and acting in pictures. If a picture starring Tommy is released in September, after the 13th, it should be an outstanding hit, both personally and box office. Plus this, Tommy seems to be assured of a long term of usefulness in voice production and he should continue in popularity for many years. His stay in the musical entertainment world could run parallel in time to that of the one and only warbler, Bing Crosby.

MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL TODD (Elizabeth Taylor): Elizabeth is Pisces born—February 27th. The irrepressible

Mike is, as might be expected, a cusp combination of Gemini-Cancer, June 22nd. This is quite a team, if it continues to work. But there are difficulties, especially in the Taylor pattern of stars. This gifted beauty has a strongly independent and restless nature, also very emotional (which helps make her above average in her acting). This, however, complicates conditions from a marriage standpoint and more especially so with Elizabeth having a planetary pattern in discord with that in the Todd pattern. Plus this, Mike has a conflict between business and home which is separative. Yes, these two, who have other strong affection-creating indications, still have their work cut out to make marriage a permanent thing. Latter '58 and early '59 will be testing periods. They might as well face it—they are going to have difficult adjustments to make, but I know we all hope they make them and clear up their adverse conditions and live happily ever after.

And now, here is your general forecast for the coming year:

ARIES (March 21—April 20) faces a curtailed year financially and there could be some wailing of the aggressive Aries clan as outgo exceeds income. The need to retrench is shown for this sign and if this indice is heeded, and recklessness curbed, the year could balance out fairly well. There will be spurts of action (June and July) and reaction (Feb. 1 thru March 16; also July 16 thru Aug. 15 and Oct. 12 thru Nov. 11), with other cautionary signals set for the final forty-five days of '58. Definitely, Aries will need to pay strict attention to its business and personal affairs this year. New business ventures, marriage or other form of partnership, in a general sense, need extra care, if upsets are to be held to the minimum. This is especially true until after September 6.

Favorable periods for Aries include Jan. 1 thru 10, Feb. 18 thru March 10, June 17 thru July 16, Aug. 15 through Sept. 13 and Dec. 10 thru 31. April 10 thru May 18 could be a terrifically strong period for all born in this sign, but those whose birth dates range between April 14 and 24 may find the action quite intense. All these periods, as well as the cautionary ones to follow, require careful thought and avoidance of jumping to conclusions. Periods when the caution signals are up include Jan. 10 thru Feb. 18, July 16 thru Aug. 15 and especially Oct. 12 thru Nov. 11. Also observe mental caution and restraint between Feb. 4 and March 16 and from June 7 to July 20. Avoid travel or important moves July 1 to 12 and from July 15 thru 23.

TAURUS (April 20—May 21) With just one or two exceptions, the first two-thirds of the year are mildly favorable for the natives of this sign. This is not your year to add a million to your bank account, but you can get along by being conservative, being cautious about sudden moves, either business or personal, and especially in the field of investments. Watch out for gold bricks or lemons that look most wonderful at first glance. You are gullible this year. While things are not too difficult prior to Sept. 6, they do tighten up after that date, especially in a financial way, either causing extra expenditures that you had not counted on or curtailing your income. Your best periods run from Jan. 19 thru Feb. 18, March 20 thru April 18, May 18 thru June 17, July 16 thru August 15 and July 21 thru Sept. 20, while planet Mars is paying you a visit that will energize you, may even push you pretty fast, but always remember that yours is not the sign to be doing things in a hasty manner. Stop and consider carefully before you make important moves or commitments. Periods to observe some



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GEMINI (May 21 thru June 22) When diversified action is denied the natives of this nimble-minded sign, they really get disturbed. This year you may face a number of annoyances, frustrations, even an occasional separation or loss of employment; Gemini partnerships are in danger in '58, so, with the caution signals all up and warning you, why not be a bit careful. Remember the stars impel, but they definitely do *not* compel. By being sensible and a bit more cautious than usual, much threatened difficulty can be sidestepped. If we, of all the signs, would stop and think, we would recognize the fact that most of our so-called "disasters" in life are things we have set in motion ourselves, much better and happier lives could result. So, you wonderful people of the sign of the Twins, please bear in mind that 1958 *can* be a good year for you. You have, until early September, the favorable ray of planet Jupiter in your favor, bringing lucky breaks, good opportunities and favorable finances and thus your year might just turn out to be a great success. Important favorable periods run from Feb. 18 thru March 20, April 19 thru May 18, June 17 thru July 16, August 15 thru Sept. 13 and Oct. 12 thru Nov. 11. Cautionary periods: March 20 thru April 19, May 18 thru June 17 and Sept. 13 thru Oct. 12. Later December, after the 10th, needs watchful attention.

CANCER (June 22 thru July 22) 1958 gives indication of being a neutral year for you in most respects, a year to mark time as it were, attend to routine matters, take on no new responsibilities if they can be held in abeyance until next year, and, at least until the first week in September, hold your expenditures down to a minimum. Things can work out nicely. As September rolls around, your financial prospects begin looking up and the balance of the year can work out to your satisfaction. You may even pick up an inheritance in this period. Intuitions of the Cancer born are on the uptrend this year and for a few years ahead and you may be a bit amazed at your apparent ability to foretell many things. May and August should be excellent, energetic months for you, while other good periods in '58 run from March 20 thru April 19, May 18 thru June 17, July 16 thru Aug. 15, and Nov. 11 thru Dec. 10. Observe some caution between Jan. 19 and Feb. 18, April 19 thru May 18, June 17 thru July 16 and Oct. 12 thru Nov. 11. Feb. 4 thru March 16 and also June 7 to July 20, are periods for Cancer to have some care to avoid quarrels and general discords. Avoid intoxicants. Be more careful when driving.

LEO (July 23 thru August 24) An exciting year for Leo, with many changes, both of mental outlook and in business affairs, rather sudden too and a bit unexpected. Those born July 30 thru August 10 are most susceptible to this influence, which can be directed to your good if you refuse to get excited and upset things yourself. In the main this year can be a good one for you, although there is a slowing down in the last quarter of the year, with finances either a bit curtailed or the spending spree just a bit too over-extended. November and December are the months to watch if you care to remain solvent. Investments for Leo people in '58 will have to be very carefully watched. There is money to be made on the quick turnover at certain times and there is also a decided swing in the other direction at times. Better not trust your own judgment completely, but, by the same token, do not trust that of so-called friends or advisors in the periods March 17 thru

April 26 and, to a lesser degree, between July 20 and Sept. 20; also the last two months of the year. Your best periods are Jan. 1 to 19, April 19 thru May 18, Aug. 15 to Sept. 13 and Oct. 12 to Nov. 11. Caution signals are up Feb. 18 thru March 20, May 18 thru June 17, July 16 thru August 15 and Nov. 11 thru Dec. 10. Later December favorable.

VIRGO (August 24—September 23) An in-and-out sort of year for Virgo; some annoyance and obstacles with Saturn still in a weak spot. Be more careful than ever of the intestinal sector. Financially the year could be an excellent one. You will have great opportunities for a closer alliance with your Creator and His Laws with ability to help many others thru your fine interpretation of things beneficial to humanity at large; or you can go far in the other direction, on the lower side of the social pattern. The choice will be entirely your own. Do some *thinking*. Your best periods are between Jan. 19 and Feb. 18, May 18 thru June 17, July 16 thru August 15, Sept. 13 thru Oct. 12 and Nov. 11 thru Dec. 10. Mars, adding energy, is in good spots for you in February and March, July 21 thru Sept. 20 and also thru November and December. Cautionary periods: March 20—April 19, April 27 thru June 6, June 17 thru July 16, and December 10 thru early January, 1959. Most difficult: March 20 thru April 19.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 thru Oct. 22) With Jupiter favorable just about all year and Saturn too, it would seem as if this were *the* year for Libras to make some hay while the Sun shines brightly for them. Uranus, too, favors this sign this year and next, and there should be opportunities galore for timid Libra, lovely Libra, to either get

things done or be chosen to have things done for them. Romance, too, is "in the air," especially Jan. 1 thru April 6, again in July, also Aug. 16 to Sept. 9 and, stronger than ever in October. Yes, if eligible, love could really catch up with you in '58. This could easily be a splendid year for partnerships, business or marriage, and also for finances. What might be termed a "lucky year" and a happy one. Only a very few cloudy spots on the Libra horizon. Cautionary signals are up in the periods between April 19 and May 18, June 7 thru July 20 and July 16 thru August 15, 1958 would seem to be a wonderful year, in general, for the Libra ladies to build up their wardrobes to the height of fashion and quantity they would like to be accustomed to. The green light is yours except from June 6 thru July 20. Those are poor buying dates.

SCORPIO (October 22 thru November 22) Spiritual qualities, if desired, are here for Scorpio-born during this year. Strong intuitions, keen receptivity. Able to "see" where mortal eye has no power. Finances not so good, at least till after Sept. 6, when a sharp trend for the better takes place as Jupiter starts his big cycle thru your sign. Time to reap your harvest. Favorable for new ventures, for business in general, especially if you keep a psychic "eye" on the national trend. You can make where others lose. You may be called lucky, but smile and let it go at that. Your "star" is very much on the rise, and will be for several years ahead. Some new star or several of them, born in this sign, can emerge to great prominence this year and next. And more so if they are featured in a film of spiritual values and unfoldment. Such films are more likely to be hits in '58 and '59 than would be thought possible from other than the astrological advance viewpoint. Favorable periods for you: Jan. 19 thru Feb. 18, March 20 thru April 19, April 27 thru June 6, July 16 thru August 15, Sept. 13 thru Oct. 12 and Nov. 11 thru Dec. 10. The cautionary periods are dated from Feb. 18 thru March 20, March 26 thru April 26, May 18 thru June 17, Aug. 15 thru Sept. 13, December 1 to 5, and on thru balance of December. This is *not* a good year for air trips for Scorpios generally. Check your horoscope *before* arranging dates. Avoid travel: March 27, 28, also March 21 thru 25, July 23, 24, August 7, 8, 9, 10. Nov. 23, 24, 25, December 1 thru 4.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 thru Dec. 22) Your strongest trend this year is toward caution and conservatism. This does not mean a poor year, but you will be strongly trended toward serious thinking, even possibly to worries and doubts, but this need not be difficult unless you choose to make it so. With care this could be a great year for serious subjects such as higher math, etc. The first two-thirds of the year are financially favorable and can also bring new friends into your life who would be most helpful. Some of these may even have manifested in later 1957. Your partner can be most helpful, too. Not especially good for travel. You will need your natural born flair for optimism and joviality, but remember to keep your sunny side up. Gloomy people are depressing. With care in checking dates and commodities, some money can be made in investments. Do not trust your own judgment completely. Your big booby trap this year could be an upset for yourself due to too much seriousness, otherwise labeled "worry." Avoid it studiously. Better to mark time a bit this year, rather than expand or start some new, big venture. Your best periods date as follows: Feb. 18 thru March 20, April 19 to 30, Aug. 15 to Sept. 13, Oct. 12 thru Nov. 11



Ingrid Bergman, whose "Kind Sir" costumes were designed by Christian Dior, is saddened at death of her good friend

and the final twenty days of December. Your cautionary periods extend from March 20 thru April 19, May 1 thru June 3, June 17 thru July 16, Sept. 13 thru Oct. 15. Jan. 22, 23, 1958, are dates marked "No travel, take it easy."

CAPRICORN (December 22 thru January 20) Sort of an indecisive year in the general sense; not conducive to important new moves or the optimistic business outlook. This sign has its troubles even in the best of trends since they naturally respond to responsibility, problems, seriousness and to that highly negative factor, *worry*. You may have to force yourself a bit to avoid thinking "it could get worse" and despite this warning, you may even sell yourself short in 1958. *Do not do it.*

This year should be excellent for the development of the higher spiritual side of Capricorn, with both Pluto and Neptune in special favored spots. Those birthdates, Dec. 22 to 28, are especially favored but the entire sign will feel the uplifting influence along lines of higher intuitional response and a keener sensibility to the inner conscience urges. So, even if the material end is not as strong as some of us might like, there still are gains to be made in other directions that, in the end result, may be even more valuable. The best periods for you center around Jan. 19 thru Feb. 18, May 18 thru June 17, Sept. 3 thru Oct. 12 and Nov. 11 thru Dec. 10. Most energetic periods: Feb. 4 thru March 6, July 24—Sept. 20 and all thru November and December. Cautionary signals are up between April 19 and May 20, June 7 thru July 20, July 16 thru August 15 and October 12 thru Nov. 11.

AQUARIUS (January 20 thru February 19) Next to Libra, this sign gets most of the good breaks in '58. Finances, business and social opportunities should be greatly improved and the year's results should be marked definitely in the gain column. Happier conditions, more optimistic, cheerful and ambitious. Favors new ventures and important moves *except* in the department of partnerships and investments. These two items are going to need careful checking if sudden and unexpected blowups are to be avoided. It is definitely not a good year for marriage, unless *everything* else in the horoscope is favorable. The trend is strongly toward sudden changes. Those born January 27 thru February 7 are apt to feel the influence more than others, but the entire sign is affected. Best periods are Feb. 18 thru May 18, June 17 thru July 16, Oct. 12 thru Nov. 11 and Dec. 10 thru Jan. 9 ('59). Difficult: Aug. 1 thru Sept. 20. Cautionary: May 18 to June 17 and Nov. 11 to Dec. 10. Avoid travel: March 15 to 30; Aug. 7 to 2; Nov. 20 thru December 7. If you drive, drive with extra care on these dates.

PISCES (Feb. 19 thru March 20) A mixed-up year for these sensitive people. Doubts and "ifs" or "buts," lack of positivity are apt to mark 1958 for Pisces, until mid-September, when the quality of the final quarter of the year may improve. The influences are not strong enough to cause great difficulty, only in extreme cases, but the lack of decisiveness can be most retarding, hence these people may need to put the strong periods to work for them to get things done—Feb. 4 thru March 16, July 21 thru Sept. 21 and again in the final two months, November and December. April 27 thru June 6, is tremendously energetic, but not always as good as it should be, since the tastes and appetites are stirred in a way that can be negative in the end result. If you are a lover of potent beverages, this period is one during which much restraint may be needed to stay on the right side of the social picture. Jails and hospitals are too easy to get into at times like this. **END**

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THE LOVE GODDESS

Continued from page 40

did marry: "All that she ever wanted to do was slip into something comfortable and stay around the fireside. Excitement? She was just a homebody."

Dick Haymes, the man she shouldn't have married: "I don't know what I'll do without Rita. She's wonderful. I can't go on without her. I'm in love with her. A man is only in love once. If she divorces me, I don't know what I'll do!"

But few could be certain that they know her today. The Rita Hayworth who has added still another man to the list of those who have, in succession, always been at her side to mould, shape and guide her: James Hill, forty-one, brilliant, ruggedly handsome producer, partner in the independent film company of Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, and the boss of her new film, "Separate Tables."

Their courtship was totally different from Rita's past romances. There was none of the hoopla, none of the headlines, until news of their marriage plans leaked out. Then Hill, for whom it is a first marriage, was "surprised and distressed." He and Rita had hoped to make all the wedding arrangements before breaking the news. They wanted a dignified wedding, "one which my parents can attend," Hill explained.

And James Hill is quite unlike the other men in her life. If he lacks the glamour and excitement of Orson Welles, Aly Khan and Dick Haymes, he has something much more important—stability and maturity. Those who felt that Rita was always too easily swayed by surface charm were surprised at her wise choice. They should not have been. For Rita Hayworth has come a long, long way.

The disappointment of her father lies 39 years behind her now. The tears of Dick Haymes and the charm, passion, and arrogance of Aly Khan lie behind her, too. They share the same half-forgotten past with a four-year-old girl's Spanish blouse damp and wilted from long hours of learning to dance in the bedroom of a Brooklyn apartment; with castanets flashing from the stages of endless theaters; with four marriages that cost her \$100,000 and left her broke but not broken; with night on the Mediterranean and champagne for breakfast in Africa and twenty-four hours locked in a New York hotel room because two deputy sheriffs were waiting for her husband in the corridor outside.

She returned to Hollywood, to live in a quiet house on a quiet California street

with her two daughters—thirteen-year-old Rebecca Welles and eight-year-old Yasmin Khan, fortieth generation descendant in a straight line from the Prophet Mohammed.

She seldom entertained. Her dates with Jim Hill were frequent but decorous, and they attracted little notice. She owned no yacht. No turtles with lighted candles on their backs swam in her pool. No champagne was drunk from satin slippers in her living room. At home, she indulged her natural tendency towards blue jeans, chewing gum and putting her feet up on the coffee table.

Today when she is shown newspapers with the name of "Marilyn Monroe" or "Jayne Mansfield" strewn across the front page, there is no jealousy in her voice as she says, "Marilyn and Jayne can have the headlines. I've had enough! From now on the only headlines I want are on my acting."

In the past year she has made two movies, "Fire Down Below" with Robert Mitchum, and "Pal Joey" with Frank Sinatra. Five years of almost total absence from the screen have added an inch or two to her waistline, but they have not tarnished the copper of her hair or extinguished the steaming promise of her eyes and mouth which led 100,000 GI's to carry her picture across the battlefields of World War II. Perhaps it was one of those GI's who gave the most definite definition of Rita Hayworth: Sitting in the mud of a clearing hacked by machetes out of the Philippine jungle and watching "Cover Girl" on a rain-coated movie screen, he drawled, "Ah'm tellin' you, son, that Rita Hayworth, she shore is all woman!"

Many men have felt that way about Rita Hayworth. They seem to sense that—like the essence of woman—she has always chosen to let her heart rather than her head rule her life. Her choices have often been unwise. She decided to marry Dick Haymes ("Partly because he needed her," says a friend) after she knew much of the trouble that he was in with creditors and the United States Government. She lost \$5,000 a week in salary sticking defiantly to him until his problems were settled. It was only then—after he was out of trouble—that she left him.

From almost the day of her birth, men have dominated Rita Hayworth's life. They have taught her how to dance and what books to read and changed the color of her hair and selected her clothes. They have taught her how to walk and how to talk and how to give parties for an ex-King of England.

Says one friend who has known Rita for nearly all of the twenty years she has been in Hollywood, "Rita has always been like an empty wine glass waiting to be filled or a violin on which anyone who came by could play a melody. She had no real ambition or inner drive to be an actress. If the men in her life had not moulded and pushed her, she wouldn't be where she is today."

And—even today—Rita Hayworth is occasionally a little uneasy about the place where she does find herself. At least, she says a trifle wistfully, "What I'd really like to be is a painter and not have to be sold as sex or always remember to keep my stomach tucked in. But I guess that will never be."

It never has been. Starting with her father, men have purposely worked to turn Margarita Carmen Cansino into the girl who became known as the Love Goddess, a symbol of sex and glamour for four of the seven continents.

For generations Eduardo Cansino's Spanish ancestors had been dancers. Since he was burdened with a daughter, he could at least make her into a dancer to be proud of. The lessons began when Margarita was four years old. Except for a desire to be an explorer so that she could travel the world that lay outside Brooklyn, Rita remembers little else about childhood. "Rehearse, rehearse, rehearse," she says. "That was my girlhood." Dancing was hard work, and she did not like it much "but I didn't have the courage to tell my father, so I began taking the lessons." She became a moderately good dancer—then a good one. By the time she was fourteen, she was good enough to join the family act. Instead of finishing high school, she clicked her castanets and tossed her jet black, tightly curled hair across a dozen stages.

Eduardo Cansino paid little attention until the day he looked up and "All of a sudden I wake up. Wow! She has a figure! She ain't no baby any more." He took her to the casino at Agua Caliente for a four-week solo engagement. The casino kept her for two years. From there, her father brought her to Hollywood for dancing specialties in two or three movies. She followed obediently. But this was as far as her father was able to propel her. And there—on the fringes of Hollywood—she might have stayed if she had not met Edward Judson.

Margarita Cansino was seventeen years old when Ed Judson telephoned her one day and told her he had seen one of the movies in which she had danced and asked for a date.

Margarita had danced for hundreds of men, but she had never gone on an unchaperoned date in her life. "I'm sorry, but I don't go out with men my father hasn't met."

Judson called again. This time he asked to speak to Eduardo Cansino. He asked politely if he might spend the evening with Cansino and his wife.

Judson was forty years old—tall, thin, and sophisticated. All of the Cansinos were overcome by his sophistication and style. At that time he was a salesman for foreign cars. The foreign cars weren't selling well, but Judson was still a born promoter and salesman. He married Margarita and promoted her to Hollywood stardom.

Like all of the men in Rita's life, he began by changing her and teaching her.

The first changes were external ones. The black hair was turned red and sent cascading across her shoulders. Her hairline was altered. The Spanish name was dropped and the dancing shoes neatly placed in the bedroom closet. They were not to be taken out again until she had made a name for herself as a badish-good

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girl in "Only Angels Have Wings" and "Blood and Sand."

For Rita, life with Judson was life as a puppet dangling on the end of a short string. "From the first he told me I couldn't do anything for myself. 'You're such a child,' he'd say. I didn't have any fun those five years we were married. I was never permitted to make any decisions. He robbed everything of excitement. He was husband and nursemaid..."

When he took her to a tailor to have sleek-fitting skirts made, he would tell her where to stand and she would stand there motionless for hours while she was being fitted, without saying a word. Judson would do all the talking, all the choosing of color and fabric and style, and all the arguing over price.

Arguing over price was a necessity. At first Rita was not making over \$75 a week. Often they had no furniture in their house. But there was always a closet full of clothes for Rita. Judson felt that the only way to make a splash in Hollywood was to dress to the teeth on the prime nights—Friday, Saturday and Sunday—and to make the rounds of the most important nightclubs. He was right. Howard Hawks saw Rita at the Trocadero one Sunday night and signed her to play with Cary Grant in "Only Angels Have Wings."

Then—with the sudden jerk that Rita is always capable of giving in the end—the puppet broke away from the string. She was—as many were to discover—good-natured, pliable, and amenable only up to a certain point.

"I got a divorce to be myself again," she said. "I married him for love, but he married me for an investment." To get her freedom, she had to pay Judson a settlement. It was the first of many times she was to pay.

But she was not paying for nothing. She wasn't quite the same little dancer who had married Ed Judson five years before. The basic niceness still remained. So did the honesty. At parties she was still too shy to ask for a cigarette, much less reach for one. But she knew how to do business with a studio now. She knew how to use a cigarette holder in public "when I want to feel important." She knew how to spend \$500 on one outfit in order to make a dramatic entrance into a nightclub where she might meet an important producer. She knew how to spend \$90 of the \$100 she earned each week on voice and dramatic lessons.

Her career thrived. "Susan and God." "Strawberry Blonde." "You Were Never Lovelier." She became engaged to Victor Mature and broke the engagement to marry Orson Welles—the eccentric and electric boy genius of the early Nineteen Forties. Orson wrote, directed, acted in, and produced movies and gave magic shows for the soldiers. At one USO show he sawed Rita in half as the climax to his act. "A hell of a way to woo a girl," said Mature with all the grouchiness of a sure loser. But what Mature thought didn't matter. Rita and Orson Welles were married on September 8, 1943.

Like three other Hollywood glamour queens—Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, and Marilyn Monroe—Rita Hayworth was now to be shaped and reshaped by an intellectual. Welles taught her what to read and how to read. He opened her eyes to things that she had never known existed before.

Welles was always broke. He could even make money and lose money on two different plans in the same day. But it didn't matter. For Rita, there was "You'll Never Get Rich" with Fred Astaire, "Cover Girl" and "Gilda." She had enough



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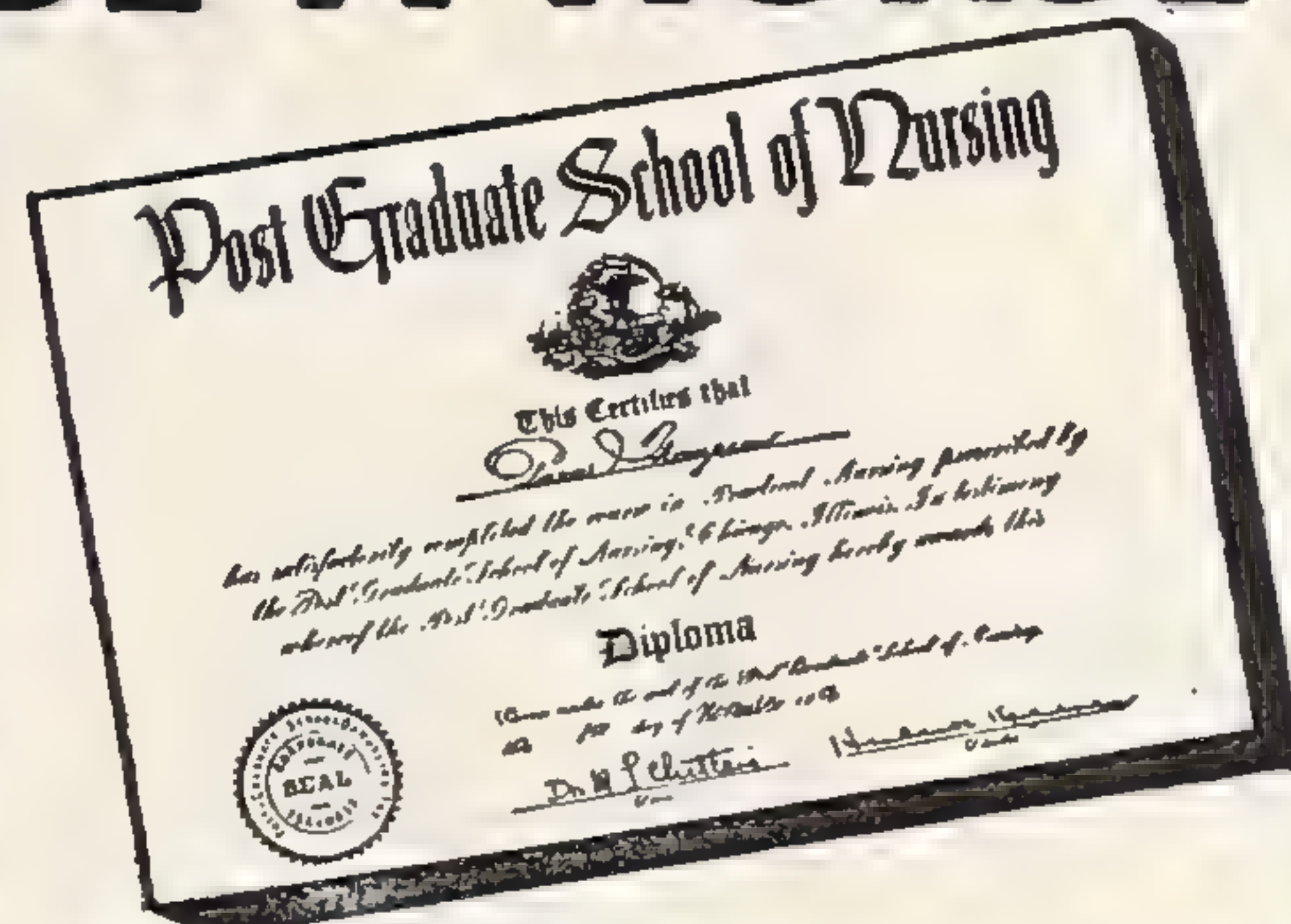
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money for two. But other things mattered more. She wanted to be a real wife, and Orson didn't need a full-time wife. He would simply forget that he had a wife and home and child. When he would remember, he would come home suddenly. Even then, he would hold conferences while he was sitting in bed—with Rita lying asleep at his side. Finally . . . "I couldn't take his genius twenty-four hours a day any longer. I was married and yet I didn't have a husband."

But again she had not paid for nothing. Again some of the changes, some of the things he taught her, remained. In part at least, Welles made up for the lack of schooling. Rita is not even now an intellectual, but she can go into a bookstore and buy fifty dollars' worth of good books and read them—really read them instead of using them to ornament her shelves.

Judson had pushed at her career. Welles had helped to open her mind. Now Aly Khan was to give her the travel that she had always yearned for.

In 1947 she had said if she had just one wish she would wish for a trip around the world, "just to roam, to live for a year like the natives in each country." With Aly Khan she was to become a citizen of the world. Aly had villas sprinkled through Europe like chocolate shavings across the frosting of a cake.

When Rita arrived in Cannes in 1948, the director of the Casino had just finished remarking that Aly's love affairs were losing the resort some of its best clients because patrons were fearful of letting their wives and daughters within reach of his charms. Aly sat next to Rita at an Elsa Maxwell dinner party and—within days—the Casino director didn't have to worry.

They were married on May 27, 1949. Aly's Riviera swimming pool was aglow with cardles and drenched in flowers for

the occasion and Rita ordered essence of orange blossoms to scent the pool. There was lobster and caviar and fifteen bottles of champagne per guest. She wore a \$1,000 ice-blue gown, and Aly leaned forward and kissed her foot.

"Are you happy?" someone asked.

"I never knew what happiness was before," she answered.

The next day there was a Moslem ceremony. "Fear Allah as he should be feared. Who so obeys Allah and his Messenger shall surely attain mighty success."

The mighty success—at least of their marriage—did not last long. Aly traveled from gambling casino to gambling casino, from race track to race track, from villa to Swiss chalet to villa. When he broke his leg in Switzerland, he arranged for his son, Karim (the new Aga Khan) and his chauffeur, Emrys Williams, to sneak him out of the chalet and fly him to England, where one of his horses was running. His father was the richest man in the world, but Aly could never keep a franc in his pockets for very long.

According to Emrys Williams, "One of the first causes of Miss Hayworth's unhappiness, in her role as Princess Aly, stemmed from the fact that she nearly always felt like a fish out of water with the Prince's friends. My boss lived for horses, and enjoyed nothing more than the company of trainers, owners, and jockeys." Most of these friends couldn't speak English, and Rita found it hard to learn French.

She tried to make a home out of one of the smallest of the villas. But Aly was still Moslem enough not to want a wife who was an equal partner. The duty of a Moslem wife was to be available when her husband wanted her available and to disappear discreetly when he was busy with his friends. There were quarrels and then a safari to Africa that was to be a second honeymoon. But—like almost

everything that Aly did—the safari was gigantic. The second honeymoon included four Moslem millionaires who came along to play bridge with Aly, two cooks, one valet, two pilots, three secretaries, two aides, and some French socialites who joined them en route. There was one truck for the champagne and another for the refrigerators.

Rita flew back home to France. From there she went to America with the children. "I don't want to live in a house where there are eighty friends of all kinds coming and going, and I don't want to be photographed in the salons of Paris or at dinner in big restaurants." Later, she added, "He is a playboy. He doesn't understand family life. He thinks only of gambling, horse racing, big game hunting."

As usual Rita was left in debt. She had to borrow \$25,000. Also as usual, she felt little bitterness. The experience of being a princess had brought her sophistication; made her cosmopolitan; and given her—at last—the travel she had hungered for from the day early in childhood when she had wished she were a boy so that she could become a sailor and sail around the world.

If there was one marriage that was predestined to failure before the ink on the marriage license was dry, it was Rita's marriage to singer Dick Haymes. In 1948 Haymes had been the hottest young singer in Hollywood, but—in that inexplicable fashion that things happen in Hollywood—his career had soured overnight. By the time of their marriage in September of 1953, Haymes was desperately broke and almost bankrupt. One month later he was arrested for being behind in his alimony payments to ex-wife Joanne Dru. A few days later a Deputy Marshal handed him a \$1,071.37 bill from a men's clothing store. The Internal Revenue Bureau attached his earnings. A gasoline attendant sued him for an \$80 gas bill. Then the United States Government attempted to deport him because of a waiver he had signed to be free from military service during World War II. It took two years before the government dropped its case. Rita stuck to him until all his troubles were settled.

"Basically," says one friend, "Rita has eluded the attempts of all her husbands and studio advisors to change her. She has an uncanny ability to stay herself, to be really untouched by all the overpowering things that have happened—even though on the surface she has acquired gloss and polish and sophistication. For example, when Judson was choosing her clothes, she was selected as the best-dressed starlet in Hollywood. A few years ago, when she was choosing her own, she was picked as the worst-dressed."

And now, Jim Hill has filled the need in Rita's life for a man to lean upon, and listen to. But will he find, as so many others before him, that in spite of her pliance, her longing to be led, there is about her something still that will always be hers, and hers alone? It is this aura of individuality that took her out of the ranks of ordinary starlets and made her The Love Goddess. Some call it glamour. Some call it personality. Neither word quite describes it. But it is there. It cannot be touched. It cannot be changed.

Perhaps it is true that Rita has no inner drive, that she has—in effect—been manufactured by the men who have come in contact with her. Perhaps it is true that if it hadn't been for these men she would today be a housewife in some small midwestern town. And yet perhaps it is not true. Perhaps they are, all of them, only the humble attendants to the girl who inevitably became The Love Goddess. THE END

HE STILL BAFFLES ME

Continued from page 35

service at the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York, Tony remained completely composed. When an aunt consolingly caught his hand, he shook off her grasp, held his head high and walked out. Afterwards, Tony and I took the train to Florida in an attempt to forget our loss. That first night, as we started for the dining car, my little boy affectionately clutched my arm and said, "We're going to be all right, aren't we, Mother?" His concern was for me, not for himself. But a while later I had some insight into his real emotions. Tony liked to make pictures, with crayons or watercolors. As he sat painting one evening, he looked up at me and said, with almost imperceptible sadness, "Isn't it nice that Daddy taught me how to paint before he had to go away?"

From babyhood, Tony had been very much the individual, and Osgood and I felt ourselves fortunate, even in the qualities about Tony that sometimes confused us. His intelligence and his imagination reached out in so many directions. At three and a half, Tony began going to a private nursery school, where he took a piano lesson every day and learned to chatter in French like a true Parisian. In the afternoons, he'd come home and get out his paints. When he got bored with art, he'd ask to be read to. Half an hour later, he might decide to paste pictures in a scrapbook or just go outside and play—sometimes alone, sometimes with his friends.

As he grew, the restlessness remained, the sudden impatience with the project of the moment. Even today, when he isn't working, Tony will stroll aimlessly for hours, then rush home and listen to records, then swim or play on the xylophone or his guitar, then go to a movie or wander through a museum or just stay home and read.

I sometimes wonder how my son concentrates on a script and learns all of his lines. Then I think back—and I know the answer. Whenever Tony has become truly interested in something, he has followed it through all the way. But it must be his own interest, of his own choice—or there must be a good reason for applying himself. When he was in high school, he expressed his resentment of formality by refusing to study those subjects he considered useless for his purposes: science and mathematics. His teachers finally told him that failures in these examinations would mean failure to graduate. Because he knew that I would be disappointed in him, he studied ferociously with me all summer. When the tests came, he passed.

His feelings for me were more important than his distaste for algebra. That's where the real test of a person comes, and that's where Tony always passes. He will do anything if it means sparing the feelings of someone he really cares for.

Nevertheless, those summer studies were merely a chore. He didn't concentrate on them with one-tenth the intensity he devoted to subjects he loved outside school: music, art, literature. When he went to college in Florida, his record in the fields he liked was excellent. One year, he walked off with all four twenty-five dollar prizes for the best stories in the quarterly literary magazine. And in his second and third years, he won scholarships as a history major. The scholarships meant a

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great deal to Tony, with his already well-developed sense of responsibility. He had helped to pay his own way through his freshman year.

His scattered interests may make him sound like an impractical person, but he never has been. As a youngster, he used to remark, "I like the sound of money jingling in my pocket." Somehow, he always made money, by one ingenious means or another. He was always a great trader. In high school, he'd trade a thermos bottle for a tennis racket, sell the racket and make enough profit to buy two more thermos bottles. During the same period, he also ran a record shop, buying records cheap from schoolmates, selling them at a gain. He used to baby-sit for friends, and when he'd meet people walking their dogs on the street, he offered his services. At one time, Tony Perkins was one of the busiest dog-walkers in Manhattan!

Dog-walking, however, was no drudgery for him, because he loves animals. When he was two, we got him a small male Boston terrier, named Medor. Medor lived to the age of twelve. When he died, Tony begged for another pet. We went down to the pound and picked up a short-haired, part-terrier, mostly mongrel pup. Tony named him Skippy and spent endless hours teaching him tricks. It broke Tony's heart to part with Skippy, but when he decided to go to college in Florida, he had to. He searched among his acquaintances and finally gave Skippy to a little boy who also loved dogs. Today, Tony has another dog, Punky, an indescribable mixture of breeds. Where did he get him? At the pound, of course. And Tony does his own dog-walking.

Even as a boy, he followed through conscientiously on his small money-making projects. He's like that now about anything that seems important to him. When he begins to read a book and finds it interesting, he can't go to sleep or to an appointment until he's finished reading. He's even passed up parties. If he hears a song on the radio and likes it, but has missed the beginning, he'll head for the nearest record shop and hunt stubbornly until he can hear the whole song. When he starts a meal he enjoys, he can't stop eating until he's full. He can't turn an album off in the middle, and he can't leave a story or a letter half-written. So, when he decided to become an actor, he couldn't stop until he got where he wanted to go. (And I don't think he's there yet, but with my son I can't be sure.)

Osgood Perkins was a fine actor on the stage in "The Front Page" and "Goodbye Again," on the screen in "Scarface." But until Tony was twelve or thirteen, I had no idea that he wanted to be an actor like his father. There were all those other enthusiasms, you remember. Then, slowly, I began to realize that he was acquiring an unusual interest in the theater and in performing. By the time he was fifteen, I was certain. A friend was running a summer-stock company, and I approached him to ask whether Tony might play some small parts. My friend agreed if I would go, too, and hold down the boxoffice. Yet up to this point Tony, reserved as ever, hadn't expressed any wish to act. We were driving up to the playhouse when I asked, "Would you like to appear in some of the plays?"

"Well . . ." Tony looked away from me, out the window. ". . . I guess so," he said softly.

Tony did three roles that year and appeared in stock every summer until 1953. Acting became his vacation, but I still didn't realize that he was considering it

his vocation. As with so many things that he wants very badly, he never gives a clue to show how much he does want them. He was putting on the greasepaint in high school, too, and dreaming of enrolling at Harvard, his father's alma mater, where he could take theater courses. But, with his inconsistent work habits, he hadn't made grades high enough to meet Harvard's exacting standards.

"It's all right, Mother," he said, believing he was covering up his disappointment. "I'll go down to Rollins College in Florida. They have a very good drama department there."

So the theater bug had bitten! Even then, I wasn't sure the effect would last. But I learned the truth in 1953, while I was in Europe and Tony was only one semester away from graduation. I received a letter from him: "I'm transferring to Columbia University, so I can be in New York and really get into the acting business."

Then I knew, and I wondered how much attention his Columbia studies would get. Anyhow, I was delighted that he had had three and a half years of college—more than I had expected. Just the same, I was worried about him. I'd been around the theater long enough to be familiar with the problems of young people trying to break into show business: the insecurity, the disappointments, the small percentage of people who become "somebody" or even manage to make a decent living. I wondered how all these would affect a shy and sensitive boy, in a world where these qualities take a constant beating. But I was too far away to do anything about it—and I don't think I would have been able to, in any case. Tony had made his decision.

He went to New York that summer and started knocking on doors. He had decided television would be the easiest medium in which to start, and he tried to get on just about every TV show on the air. In each letter I received, Tony tried to sound cheerful and optimistic, but I could detect his frustration. The truth was that all summer he hadn't been able to land even a single small television role!

When I returned to New York, I was surprised to find Tony still determined to become a professional actor. It was a quiet kind of determination, a solid stubborn-



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ness. No ranting, no rash promises. Just a set-jaw attitude and a firm "I'll make it." I've seen that attitude since.

Of course, once Tony got going he was uncommonly lucky. At this point, he has achieved some of the goals he set for himself: to be on TV, on Broadway, in the movies. But he's still unsatisfied. He wants to grow as an actor, to become one of the best in the profession. And when he does this (I'm convinced he will), there will be still other goals. Eventually, he may write and direct. His own approach to each part he plays is serious, original and carefully thought out. So, with application and time, I know he can move into these other branches of movie-making.

Look at the way he went about his singing. Tony always loved to sing for his own enjoyment, but he didn't talk about doing it professionally. With his customary reticence, he held back, because he wasn't sure that he could do it well enough. Then, on the television show "Joey," he portrayed a shy young man who wanted more than anything else to sing. Tony found a song, full of sweetness and tenderness, and sang it. His voice had a sincere, untrained, but pleasant charm, and it reflected his own personality.

Even before he came to Hollywood, he was signed by a recording company and made his first record. Without telling anybody, he continued to sing to himself and by himself. When he made his first album, everybody at the recording session was amazed to discover how much his voice had strengthened and how much command of the music he had acquired.

The natural reserve my son has always had extends to matters of appearances, too. He doesn't believe in flashy clothes; he's happiest in dungarees and sneakers—not because he's making an act of being unpretentious, but simply because he believes in comfort. He likes plain food and unplush restaurants. He's as fascinated by dime stores, as when he was a boy. He can spend a quarter at Woolworth's and come out happier than if he'd bought gold cufflinks at Tiffany's.

After Tony got his driver's license, he called me from Hollywood to tell me about it and to confide that he'd always wanted a Thunderbird. "Do you think I should have one now?"

"Of course! You can afford it."

But a year went by before Tony got up the courage to buy his Thunderbird. Remembering the days after his father died, when we didn't have too much and often had to cut corners, he thought the car would be too much of a luxury for him. And he was afraid people might think it showy. Reticent as he is, he does have a regard for other people's opinions; he has genuine respect for the city and the industry that have brought him such good fortune.

I remember when we were living in Cambridge, Mass., and Tony was attending high school. He'd go out with the other boys in the evenings, but he would always phone me, saying where he was going and when he would be home. One time, he didn't call and he didn't show up all night. Naturally, I was worried sick.

Later, I learned what had happened. Tony and some of his pals had gone to a café a few miles out of town. The fellows sat around, drinking Cokes and playing the jukebox. When Tony noticed it was getting late, he suggested they leave. But the others weren't ready to go. Tony ambled off by himself and, not having a car, thumbed a ride. The auto broke down and Tony tried to help the man fix it. Finally, they phoned for a mechanic, but by the time the car was repaired and Tony had arrived within the city limits, it was

two o'clock in the morning. Tony rang a school friend's doorbell and bunked at his house that night.

"Mother," Tony explained the next morning, "I didn't want to come in so late and wake you."

Tony still hates the idea of being a bother. I have a small apartment in New York, and naturally I could arrange to have my son stay with me when he's in town. But Tony sees it differently. "I'd be getting phone calls, coming and going all hours of the day and night," he says, "and you wouldn't get any rest." And that's why Tony keeps his own tiny place in New York and I keep mine. Even this arrangement sometimes worries him. "You don't mind, do you, Mother?" he'll ask.

When things are really upsetting him, Tony seldom tells me. It seems he just doesn't think anyone else should carry his burdens. While he's making a picture abroad, he writes to me oftener than most young men would who are as busy as he is. Mostly, he isn't much of a correspondent. If he writes a lot, then I begin to suspect that he's unhappy or lonesome or homesick. I'd never hear this directly from him! In letters, Tony always skims over troubles, serenely thinking, I suppose, that I can't read between the lines. When he was working on "This Bitter Earth" in Italy, he wrote that it was a little difficult to get accustomed to the Latin routine. The Italians, he said, began shooting their scenes after lunch and worked until late at night.

Well, this isn't for Tony! He's always one to rise early in the morning, full of energy and ideas. Even as a youngster, he had a dozen things that just had to be done before he went to school: walk the dog, play a record he'd bought the day before, try a new magic trick or think up new ways to earn money.

Tony has become a true professional, and he carries his profession with a great sense of responsibility. I like to think that his attitude stems from his heritage, his father's career. When my husband died, we didn't stop mentioning him. We kept his photographs around the apartment and we went on talking about him, remembering the happy times and thinking of him as an active part of our lives. As Tony grew up, he met many of his father's colleagues, saw some of his old movies. He developed a natural appreciation for Osgood Perkins. And somehow, deep inside, Tony must have made a silent vow never to let Osgood Perkins down.

As for all the publicity that goes with his success, it seems quite natural to me. If the stories about him are good, I like them. If they aren't, I don't. (After all, I'm slightly prejudiced.) But the results have mostly been happy. Because of everything that's been published about Tony, I've received letters from old school friends that I hadn't heard from in thirty years. And my mother, who is eighty-seven, is kept alive by her keen interest in Tony's work and his progress.

When I read fine reviews about Tony's performance in "Desire Under the Elms," for me it is like reliving the past. My husband always got wonderful notices! It all seems enjoyably normal. Yet, when Tony looked away from me that other day years ago, his voice trailing off with "I know what it is I want to be"—I couldn't be sure just what he was thinking. When we drove up to the summer-stock playhouse, and my fifteen-year-old looked out the car window, I didn't know what thoughts or ambitions were in his mind, either. Today, I don't know what lies ahead for Tony, either, but I'm proud and delighted—and still a little baffled. THE END



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POPULARITY

Continued from page 52

head in a gesture of mock despair. The group laughed.

"I guess I'm slow," remarked Tony Perkins, "but I don't see what's so funny."

"The point is," grinned Dean, "that nobody would go to a psychiatrist with that kind of 'trouble.' Most of us *want* people to like us. But it would be impossible to have everyone like us."

"Which brings us right back to the subject under discussion," said Debbie. "I think we've all agreed that the definition of popularity is having people admire and like us. Right?"

"Right!" chorused the group.

"But I'd like to add one more thought," said Jane Powell. "I think that the feeling of being accepted and liked stems from being interested in other people."

"I'd like to add something else, too," said Pier Angeli. "I think a person can be popular if she is humble, if she is nice to people and can make the other person feel worthwhile."

"What do you think, Natalie?" asked Debbie, looking in the direction of Natalie Wood. "You ought to know what makes a girl popular."

Nat wrinkled her brow and mulled the subject over for a long moment before replying. "I'd say that the knack of being able to discover what a person wants, and supplying that need, would make almost anyone popular. In other words, does the person you're with want to be gay? Then anticipate this, and, give him what he wants—lots of laughs. If he's quiet, don't make with the fast talk. But," she warned, "I don't mean you shouldn't have a personality of your own, too. I think it's important to be sympathetic, good-natured and completely honest."

Venetia Stevenson had been listening very carefully to the ideas of the others. "To me," she said seriously, "popularity and liking and being liked all come down to one factor: security. Popularity, dating, going steady, wanting the company of both fellows and girls—and, of course, marriage, too—are all quests for security, one of the most basic human needs from infancy on."

"Right, Venetia," approved Debbie. "But what *specifically*, panel, does popularity mean to us? Having a certain number of friends? Must we have *lots* of friends to be popular? How many? *Everyone*? Let's talk about this a few minutes."

Dean raised his hand. "Certainly, *everyone* can't like us, and we wouldn't want them to. I think it's much more important to have a few good friends. Those are the ones we'll probably have through life."

"A person who wants everyone to like him is insecure," agreed Tony Perkins.

The panel was quiet a few moments, and then Debbie turned to the boys and asked, "What makes a girl popular? What makes you want to ask her for a date?"

Russ Tamblyn volunteered. "Speaking from the masculine point of view," he said, squaring his shoulders to underline his statement, "I think *adaptability* will make a girl popular. I like a girl who's at home anywhere, whether she's at a formal party or a picnic."

"True," seconded Tony. "I'll vote for that."

"But I think the most important thing," continued Russ, "is the ability to accept yourself. When you can do that, other people will, too." His face broke into a wide grin. "That's nice to know, isn't it?"

"What if you have a liability, like timidity or shyness? What do you think you can do about that?" asked Debbie.

"Well, if you have a liability," answered Russ, "other people won't place much importance on it if you don't. For instance, if you're shy with strangers and find it hard to talk to people at a party, you could make a joke of it when you get there—maybe say, 'The quiet one has arrived.' Nine times out of ten this will break the ice for you. People like to talk about themselves. Or if you talk to someone about himself, often you'll find him warming up to you almost immediately."

"Do you feel shy in a room full of strangers, Janie?" inquired Debbie.

"I have a trick I've taught myself," Jane Powell answered. "Yes, I still feel shy when I get to a party where there are lots of people I don't know. I'm not the kind of person who can walk up to a stranger and make small talk. So what I usually do is to wait for the host or hostess to introduce me to someone, and then I tell myself that he or she might be equally shy and find it equally difficult to talk. That helps me work at keeping the conversational ball rolling. And it works!"

"That's helpful, all right," Debbie nodded. "But I have another question."

I'd like to know what's wrong with being shy, anyway? I know lots of shy girls who hold a certain appeal for both fellows and girls. And shyness can definitely be turned into an asset. It can be a charming feminine 'plus.'

"I agree," said Dean. "A quiet girl or one who's shy can sometimes make a guy feel important."

"Sure, take Venetia, for instance," offered Tony. "She's shy, and yet she's not exactly sitting home waiting for dates!" Tony's admiring look made Venetia lower her eyes.

"I think we agree that shyness can be an asset as well as a liability," said Debbie, "depending on what we do with it. What qualities do *you* like in a girl?" she asked Dean. "What makes for a good date?"

"I like a girl who's quiet and friendly and a good listener," Dean answered. "If she's got something on the ball, a fellow will notice it by her manner. He doesn't have to be hit over the head with a sledge hammer. Too many girls expound on all sorts of subjects on a date, and before they're asked. I prefer one who's a bit retiring until she has something worthwhile to contribute. Of course, this goes for fellows, too," he added with a grin.

"Good answer," said Debbie, winking. "And now let's hear what a girl has to say. What qualities does a girl look for in a boy? What would you say, Pier?"

Pier thought a moment, and then answered slowly, "I think a young girl likes a fellow who's a bit sophisticated. Not affected, but one who seems to know where he's headed; one who can make the important decisions and sometimes surprise you by making them without asking you first!"

"I guess it's typically feminine to want a strong shoulder to lean on occasionally," added moderator Debbie. "How about you boys? Do you like 'older women?'"

"Rick does!" teased Russ.

"Huh?" Rick Nelson said, flushing.

"Well, you used to date only the young girls at high school. But then you seemed to get interested in the older, more sophisticated girls. Right?"

"Uhhh—well, yup, I guess you're right," Rick laughed. "I meet 'em on our family TV show!"

Debbie stepped in again. "And now here's a question from one of Photoplay's readers that should interest you: 'Do you think a brainy girl can be popular?'"

Natalie raised her hand and took the floor. "Yes, with brainy people! It's im-

portant to a boy that the girl he dates be intelligent, I think. Too many teens are afraid of being labeled 'bookworm.' I think this idea is all wet. A fellow likes a girl he can talk to. He's anxious to hear her ideas on a subject. Besides," she added with a twinkle, "it's the smartest girl who snags her man!" Everyone laughed.

"I think a happy medium is the answer here," said Debbie. "A bright girl is always respected, and the bookworm can certainly shine in a group, as long as she's not dogmatic or overwhelming. Should a bright girl compete with her date, boys?"

"I like an intelligent date, and sure, she can compete with me," answered Rick. "What's the use of trying to hide brains? Of course, she should retain her femininity at the same time."

"What about interests?" asked Debbie. "I know a girl who complained that the boys never asked her to play tennis or go skating with them. Well, it turned out that my friend had only the vaguest notion of how to go at these sports. So I suggested she find a book on tennis. She did, and every day after school she'd practice hitting tennis balls against her garage door with a borrowed racket. Within a few months she had tried out for and joined the girls' tennis team at high school and was raising her fellow classmates' eyebrows—girls and boys—when she played against other teams. Moral: Develop yourself by developing your interests and potentials."

"If your crowd likes jazz and you don't know beans about it but would like to, do a bit of private research on the subject. Spend an hour or two at the library reading up on it. If a guy in your history class who's interested in modern art intrigues you, become an expert on the subject he loves, and who knows, maybe he'll want to become an expert on you!"

Debbie recognized Venetia. I'd like to add one more bit of advice: 'Forget yourself.' I think that's a big thing. That's why I think it's so important to be well-groomed. When you're out on a date or at a party, if you're sure that your hair is becoming, that your seams are straight and that your dress is pretty, you can go ahead and forget all about yourself and concentrate on the other person—and other things. It's easier not to be self-conscious when you feel you look right."

Debbie continued, "That brings us to our next question from a Photoplay reader: 'Does a girl have to be pretty to be popular?' Let's hear from a man on this one. What do you think, Tony?"

"Holey moley, what a question! Of course not! If she's nice and interesting and friendly, I'll like her. But naturally she should be neat and as nicely dressed as she can."

Rick Nelson added his opinion: "I like a girl who's slim. And I don't like girls who talk too much. That's really the only trait I dislike in girls."

"Then the nice thing about popularity," summed up Debbie, "is that it's something that can be acquired. Nobody's born with it. You don't have to be beautiful, rich or handsome. You simply have to show a little interest in yourself, enough to want to look attractive to other people, and show lots of interest in the other person. Is that right?"

"Right!" chorused the girls.

"I don't know, but sometimes I think we give too much emphasis to the subject of popularity," objected Dean Stockwell. "Sometimes, it seems to me, people behave in a way they don't want to, and feel they have to go along with the crowd because they want to be liked."

"But popularity doesn't mean being

over-anxious to be liked," exclaimed Jane. "No, but what I mean is that sometimes you can't conform blindly to the group," Dean continued. "Sometimes you have to take a stand of your own, even if it means that certain people won't like you for it. There are times when you have to have the courage of your own convictions."

"Of course," agreed Tony. "You don't have to follow the group blindly in order to be popular," objected Russ, with feeling.

"You don't have to behave like a sheep!" cried Jane.

The discussion had grown heated, and Debbie rapped her gavel for order.

"Maybe you'd better explain what you mean, Dean, about not conforming blindly."

"Well, take sex, for instance. Sometimes a girl thinks she has to go along with the crowd in order to be popular," explained Dean. "She thinks if she doesn't go steady she won't be popular. Or if she doesn't neck—" he waved his arms and shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"To neck, to neck, just to neck," exploded Pier. "How I hate that word! If you want to be close to a boy that you really like, then your feeling has meaning. But I don't think you should kiss him until you are at least eighteen. That is my Italian upbringing perhaps, but it is what I believe."

"I agree with you, Pier," added Russ. "'Neck' isn't a particularly good word. But if you're attracted to someone and sincere about it, then I think it's all right to kiss. After all, it's perfectly natural for boys and girls to be attracted to each other."

Jane Powell added her thoughts. "A girl who's promiscuous gets to be unpopular with the people who really count."

Debbie looked at her watch. "I see our time is almost up, so let's stop now and

sum up this discussion on popularity."

The group gathered around Debbie, and she wrote down their suggestions on a pad. They talked and shouted and agreed and disagreed, and when they were finished, they had five good points that should help anyone who wants to "be-long" and be popular. Here they are:

1. **KNOW YOURSELF** Know what your good points and your weaknesses are. Make the most of your strong points and try to cover up your deficiencies. In other words, maximize the maximum and minimize the minimum.
2. **DEVELOP YOURSELF** Discover new interests and people. Turn curiosities on any and all subjects into knowledge. You'll be more interesting company and have more friends for it—of both sexes!
3. **BE YOURSELF** It was Shakespeare who said, "To thine own self be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." And it was every single member of the panel who said, "Be sincere."
4. **ACCEPT YOURSELF** If you think you're a worthwhile person and nice to get to know, other people will take the time and trouble to do so.
5. **FORGET YOURSELF** This, perhaps, is the most important rule of all. If you're able to concentrate on the other person, learn what he thinks and feels and wants, and accept and understand him, he'll accept and understand you. There's a quotation from the Bible that says, "Only as ye lose yourself shall ye find yourself." And when you lose yourself in those around you, you find the true meaning of happiness—and, incidentally, popularity.

THE END

CHILD OF SORROW

Continued from page 60

private showing for her—but she couldn't go . . . go . . .

A few days before the preview, cancer had rung down the curtain for forty-year-old Eileen O'Sullivan Scoglio. Leaving a lost and lonely young girl standing on-stage. . . .

During those first days Gia Scala lived in a half-world of shadow and light.

"I was going through some things at home . . . afterward . . . and I was walking around the apartment looking for something. I didn't know what, but something—" Gia broke off. "You know how you get the feeling you wish they had said something they didn't say. How you just wish they had told you something they didn't tell."

"I was walking around, just looking, and I picked up this book. I don't know when I've looked at this book on Egyptian art. It was so strange—" Gia had bought the book during her mother's illness. "I don't know when she wrote this—I had never seen it before."

Inside the cover page in a familiar and endearing scrawl her mother had written a note. But when? And why?

"Dear Gia, I love you and I miss you," the note began. "We will soon be going on location—" Then her mother had gone on, writing of a picture that had been mentioned for Gia, of plans for her future. "And she had signed it, 'Goodbye, My Darling . . . Love, Mama. . . .'"

When had her mother written this? Ill as she was, her first thought had been of Gia. Of her future and her career.

"She was always my biggest fan," Gia was saying. "My mother always helped me so much. You know, in a sense my mother is me. She is part of all this."

Part of today—the today that seemed suspended without her. "Probably I will go to New York and see some shows. Everything is 'probably' with me now—" Some of Gia's friends felt she should give up the apartment. "But I don't want to run away, and in a sense that would be running away, really," Gia was saying.

Gia was not alone here now. Her pretty sister, Agatha, who was married to a television technician in England, and her infant daughter, Gia Lisa, had spent the last three months here. But soon they would be going home. And what then?

Gia was still too full to talk of it—yet so full she was spilling over with it. A vivid torrent of a girl, Gia Scala. Half Irish and half Italian. Made of bubbles and earth. Warm, sensitive, emotional, and strangely beautiful. "Farfalla" was her mother's tender nickname for her. "Farfalla"—Italian for "Butterfly."

She lay back against the long beige couch talking in her soft musical accent. Filling in much of that which has been unexplained until now. Sometimes the words would rush out—and sometimes they would not come. And it was the poignant story of two people as she talked.

She had been so happy, on that day when she stood on a New York pier, watching for her mother to step off the boat that was bringing her, at long last,

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from Italy. She had waited so long. It had been a childhood dream come true when she had come to New York, at fifteen, to live with an aunt in Long Island. She was to stay only two years. But now she knew she could never leave—she was going to be an actress, and this was the place to be.

And that night, a joyous Gia took her mother to see the lights of Broadway. "I just couldn't wait to show her." They walked through the electric world of animated signs, high as buildings, glittering theater marquees, hustling crowds and honking taxis. Her Giovanna was as beautiful as any of it, her mother thought, watching her green eyes sparkle and her face light up.

They took an apartment on East 55th Street. Gia worked as a reservations clerk for Scandinavian Airlines during the day, and studied with Stella Adler's drama group at night. She helped pay for her lessons by being a professional "quiz kid."

"It was all accidental—how I started my 'television career.' I was sitting in the audience on Arlene Francis' show, and she was interviewing me about fashions and Italian clothes. I won a waffle-iron. Then I went on to 'Name that Tune,' 'Stop the Music,' and other shows. I won \$350 one night—\$450—\$250—sometimes it was a bad night," Gia laughs.

Hollywood soon discovered her—"and that was accidental too. I was studying at Stella Adler's and a pupil of hers took me to his agent. Not for any work, really, because I wanted to finish my course first." But Universal-International was looking for a young actress with unusual beauty to play Mary Magdalene in an epic planned, and Giovanna was soon enroute to Hollywood to make two tests for the part. "One before she changed—a drunk scene—and one after."

To Gia seeing herself on film the first time "was a very bad experience. It's shocking to see yourself on the screen. You don't believe it's you. We all have such a different concept of ourselves. I was so depressed."

Depressed—and sure she would never have a future in the American films. Gia's mother had remained in New York until they could know the outcome of the test, and when U-I offered Gia a contract, she put in a call to her. "I don't want to make it," Gia said.

As she was explaining now, "I just didn't want to sign. In fact I called my mother long distance twice. I was a little bit frightened. I wanted to be in the theater. Then I thought too, having an accent—"

From across the miles there was strength and assurance. "Stay, Giovanna. Sign. Give yourself a chance. You can do it. You will see."

"My mother gave me so much encouragement. I used to give up here. Many times. You know you always get discouraged—that's one of the actor's trademarks." Her mother's happy-go-lucky Irish nature would lift the depression, and her intense faith in Gia would hearten her to stay.

"We had just one room when I started. No furniture of our own. No nothing." And in a small cubbyhole of an apartment near the studio, Gia Scala fought the weary battle of waiting, wondering, hoping, waiting.

"The waiting—that is the worst. Even though you have a contract and you get paid, that doesn't mean anything, actually. It's very hard when you don't get any parts—and you don't find your own place where you fit, you know."

Did her mother like Hollywood?

"She liked it for my sake. She never did really feel at home here. I think it's hard for people who just live here to feel at home. There is no life really. You're looking for parts, or trying to get a good part instead of a wrong one."

It was an excited Gia who came home one day with the joyous announcement that she made a "part" in Rock Hudson's picture, "All That Heaven Allows."

"I thought it was the most important thing in my life," Gia was smiling now. "And I never had even one line. I called the front office for about a month to see if my lines were ready. My lines were never ready. I was just a girl visiting Rock Hudson's house with my parents in the picture. You could hardly see me—just a few seconds on the screen. But my mother saw me. She thought I was just great."

Then came "Never Say Goodbye"—"and I had two lines—so that was good. Then I had a whole scene to myself—then I had a part, one of the leads in 'Four Girls In Town.' Then 'The Big Boodle' with Errol Flynn." And now other studios were asking to borrow Gia Scala. She was loaned to Columbia for "The Garment Jungle" and to M-G-M for "Tip on a Dead Jockey," with Robert Taylor.

Her mother—so proud, so happy—would work on Gia's scrapbook, pasting in every



Visit of sister Agatha and little Gia Lisa has helped to cheer Gia, but they must go home to England

picture printed, every word written about her. And she would wait expectantly every evening for Gia to park her little Austin Healey and come rushing in to give her a colorful account of her day at the studio. "She missed me even when I was gone a little while."

It was an exciting day when Gia got the lead opposite Glenn Ford in M-G-M's "Don't Go Near the Water." "It was a big thrill—and a little sad, too. Anna Kashfi was to do the part. She became ill, and I was very sad because she is such a lovely girl. Of course it was a wonderful break for me."

But life, as though balancing the score, was giving with one hand and taking away with the other . . .

Gia's mother had developed a bad, irritating cough that wouldn't go away.

A concerned Gia persuaded her to have a routine checkup, and X-rays were taken. Gia had to leave for New York and

a scheduled appearance on Steve Allen's NBC-TV show the following Sunday. Mother's Day.

"I didn't make it on the show. It was very strange. I kept calling my mother before the show to see how she was. Usually when I was away, you know, we'd phone each other and write. But this time—I couldn't get her on the phone."

"I just had to talk with Steve Allen on the show, and he is such a nice, easy man to talk to. But I didn't make it. I don't know what came over me," Gia was saying now. A nationwide television audience saw Steve Allen introduce Hollywood's bright new star, and saw her rush off the stage. "I said a few words, and then I just couldn't go on. I don't know what happened. It was subconscious. I was terribly worried. I'd kept trying to call, and no answer . . .

"And that day," Gia added slowly, "she was found by a friend of mine lying there on the floor, and with such pain . . ."

When she returned to Hollywood, her mother underwent lung surgery at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. And Dr. Bert H. Cotton, specialist in heart and lung surgery, was faced with the sad duty of finding the right words to tell Gia her mother had a malignancy that was inoperable. To prepare her for the months ahead. Knowing how close Gia and her mother were, the surgeon was concerned, lest Gia have a breakdown. Worried how this would affect her.

He asked Gia to meet him at the Los Feliz Brown Derby, not far from the hospital. "The doctor called me and said he didn't want to talk to me on the phone. He invited me for a cup of coffee. Then he told me, and I didn't believe it. I—mean, you know—what are words?"

She just couldn't believe her mother wasn't going to live. This had happened too fast—they had been too close. "Now is there any chance?" Gia would say over and over—after the surgeon had explained there was none.

The night Gia Scala finally accepted it she made headlines in the papers with a traffic accident. She was charged with driving while intoxicated. This was not true and the charges were dismissed. But the accident happened—sadly enough—after a toast Gia had taken with the doctor and her mother—to celebrate her mother's belief that she was getting well.

Desperately wanting to give her mother the world—all the beauty of the world—whatever happiness there was to give—Gia took her to the sunny shores of Hawaii. It was all the enchantment Gia and her mother had often envisioned, when they'd planned some day to go. "It's so beautiful, it hurt," Gia was remembering now, fingering color slides of her mother, loaded down with leis, that were taken over there.

"She was a very strong woman, a wonderful woman, with great heart. But Mother had really five days out of the trip that were good. She was quite ill there."

Fighting even harder not to let Gia know she knew. Theirs was a double performance to the last. Her mother acting for Gia—and Gia giving a performance she would probably never equal again.

"Gia played the game all the way," a close friend says. "It was just wonderful to watch her. She gave a performance every night at home. She kept her mother laughing and smiling."

A weary girl, working all day on the set at U-I, getting no sleep at night, would come in from the studio, go into her mother's bedroom and start clowning. Repeating her scene for the day, playing every character—in a western, yet. "Oh, Gia,

you're so crazy!" her mother would say, loving every moment of it.

Gia had always told her she had pneumonia. "I said that from the first." But later, she was to learn that a priest in Honolulu, believing one of her faith should know, told Gia's mother what she had probably suspected before. "But she always knew what she had in a way . . . and she fought until the last."

Her mother had wanted Gia to go on working.

Gia turned down any role, however important, that would take her on location away from her mother. But she made "In The Middle of the Street," with Audie Murphy at U-I during the final weeks of her mother's illness. And how she got through the picture, Gia doesn't know now. "I don't know how I was there, believe me. Because I couldn't sleep—I haven't been able to sleep for so long. But I think it was the best work I've done. Because, after a while, my mother was so glad I was working. And the studio was so nice during production, to give me a car to go see her."

"My mother wanted me to go on with my career. I went to a premiere, 'Raintree County,' and actually I wasn't feeling like going at all. But she was in the hospital and she had a television set. She said, 'Oh, you go—I'll get to see you on television.'" And she had been so proud, watching her Giovanna there with Earl Holliman, being interviewed, along with Hollywood's most famous stars.

Later, their close friend, Dore Freeman, of M-G-M's publicity still department, brought a picture of Gia at the premiere to her mother's hospital room, adding it to the many colored stills of Gia and Glenn Ford from "Don't Go Near the Water," that he'd brought and which surrounded her bed. Her mother would look at the stills lovingly, proudly.

All her thoughts were of Gia and of her future. To the doctor her mother said, "I must live, because Gia is not ready to be by herself in this. I must live for a few more years." And two days before she left she gave a sacred trust to their good friend, Dore Freeman, who had been so thoughtful and helpful, always standing by: "Will you take care of my Gia for me?"

But when Gia Scala's mother left—it was with a smile on her face, as though in some way known only to God she knew that for Gia the show would go on. And that her Giovanna would not be alone—

would never be alone—or without hope. But for the sensitive, talented girl who had longed to find her own place in life—who had come thousands of miles to a strange country, mastered a strange language, and reached stardom—during these first days there seemed, now, no place.

As she puts it, "You're looking for something. You call it a place. You try to find it in people. I realize now you don't fit any place. I mean, really—only with your own family—"

Gia's father was getting older and would never want to leave Italy. Her pretty sister Agatha and her little namesake, Gia Lisa, would soon be going back to England. "I don't want to get too used to you—it will be too hard to let you go," Gia would tell her sister.

"It's awful to be alone and not to be able to think for somebody," Gia said. "You must do things for somebody to be happier. You have to give of yourself. Now what do I do? Not thinking of anybody else—"

But out of the void of emptiness, of time suspended, Gia was beginning to know now what she would do. To realize there was somebody else. Someone who had given so much of herself to Gia and her career. Her mother, with her gay Irish philosophy and her tender, unshakable faith.

"I don't know about leaving this apartment. I don't like running away, and that would be running away, really," Gia was saying slowly now. "Sure, there are things you remember, and they remind you, but . . ."

Her mother's last thoughts, her last words—the letter she'd written—were all for Gia's future.

"I want to work," Gia was saying now. "I want to work, work, work!"

Her place, Gia realized, was here. This was her place. This was where she belonged. And this was their future—her mother's future too. There was the feeling, that as long as she worked here—she would never be alone.

"There's more than just—the person. They don't just—disappear" Gia was saying slowly. "My mother helped me so much. In a sense she is me. She is part of all of this. She lives for me . . ."

And she would live. As long as her Giovanna created happiness for others. As long as her star lasted. As long as the name of Gia Scala was known. THE END

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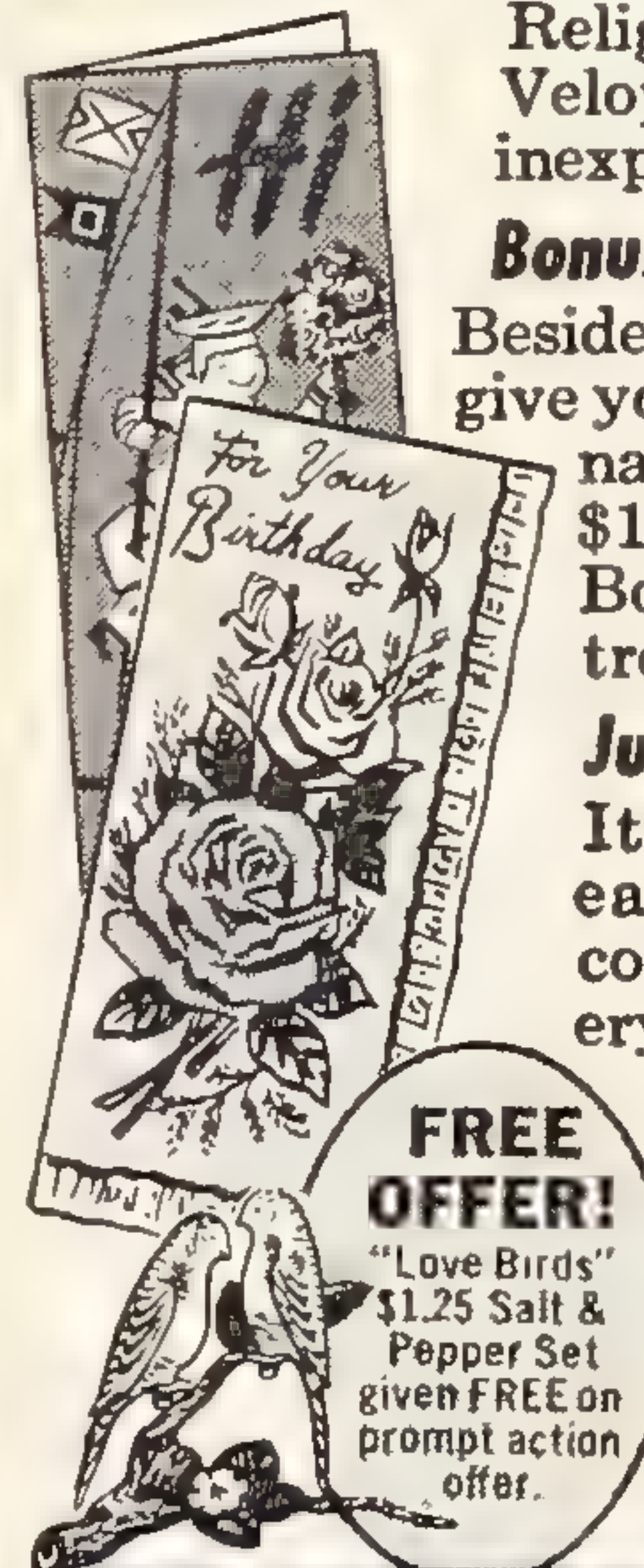
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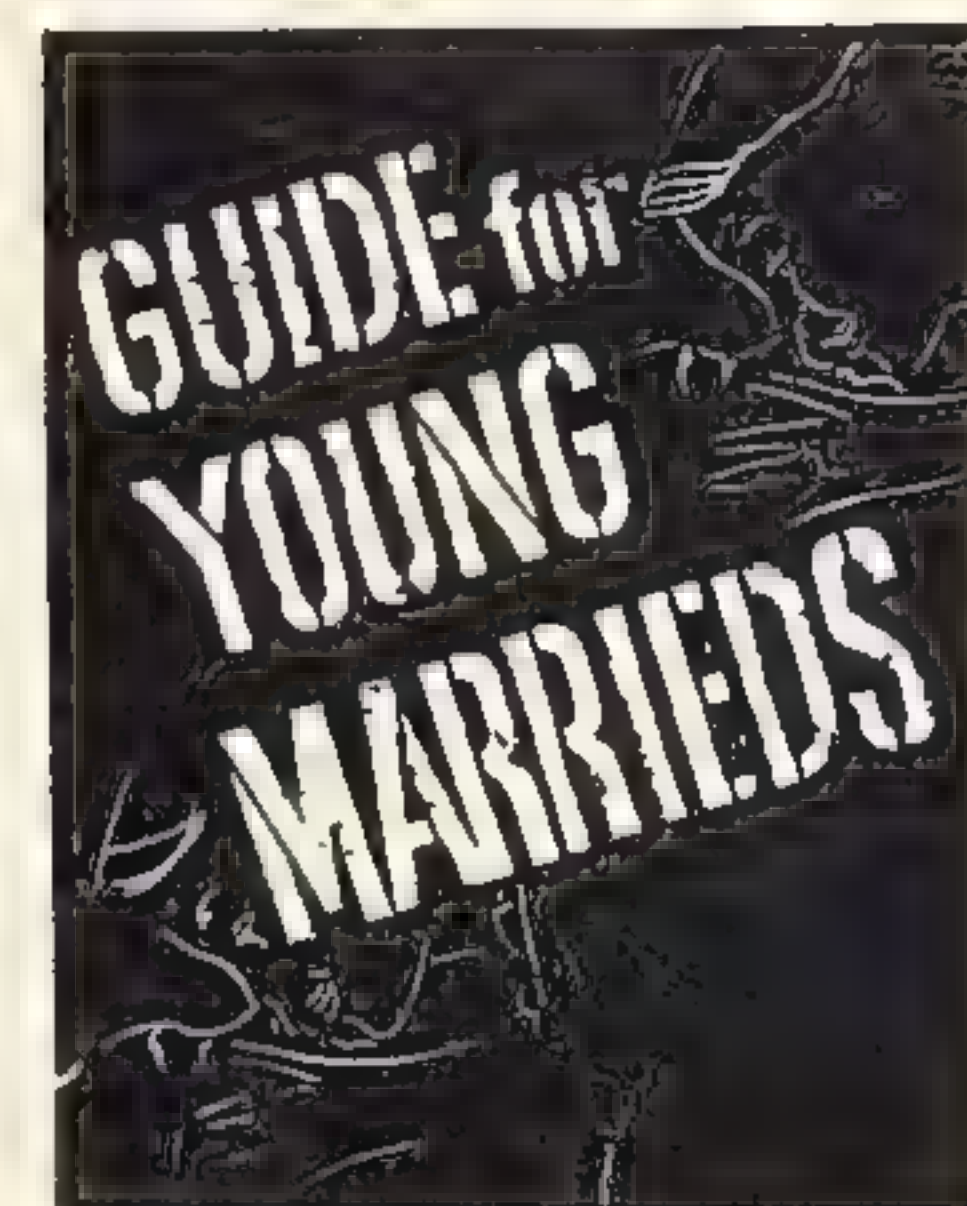
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A FATHER'S PRAYERS

Continued from page 64

disclosing a gap in the bottom row of tiny teeth.

Terry fills the abyss with a generous mouthful of candy. Thus fortified, he prepares to scale the next mountain—the shoeshine stand. The bootblack helps him up.

Now brother Jimmy wriggles off his barberchair. He stands questioningly before his father. "Me, too?" Audie digs deep into the pockets of the sheriff's outfit he's wearing for "Middle of the Street" and fills the small outstretched hand. Jimmy fumbles with the wrapper. His anticipation gives him ten thumbs. He hands it back to his father. Audie peels the paper off, breaks it in two quickly and palms one of the rich brown chocolaty halves.

"The whole bar would be too much for a little guy," Audie murmurs. "Spoil his appetite."

Bootblack Chuck beats a final tattoo on Terry's yellow cowboy boots.

"Just a lick and a promise, Chuck," Audie advises. "Got a lot of stops to make today." Chuck works quickly while Audie pays the \$3.00 for the haircuts.

"Okay, wrecking crew—let's get those jackets on!" Audie calls. As the boys turn to him, he notices the damage the candy has inflicted. "Oh-oh, hold up there," he says. He turns to the barber. "Got a cloth I can use?" The barber dampens a towel, hands it to him. Audie bends and with a touch surprisingly gentle for a man wipes the chocolate smears off both pairs of hands and faces. From the job he does, it is obvious he is no once-a-month father. He even detects and dabs off the wisps of hair in and behind the ears. The boys are good, well-behaved. They squirm only a little. Audie helps them into twin Ike jackets. He holds the door open for them, and says the goodbyes.

When he turns to follow his charges, they've already run to the candy stand outside the barber shop. Two small noses are pressed so hard against the glass that it would take a bulldozer to pry them loose. Audie smiles, and lets them take their time.

To Audie Murphy, at Terry's age, a

candy store was an unheard-of wonder. He was already working in the fields, on the sixty-acre farm near Kingston, Texas, where his father was a sharecropper, trying to help him and his ailing mother eke out a bare living for themselves and nine children. He had only one toy. A slingshot. He was taught to hit rabbits with it. They needed the rabbits for food. When Audie was fourteen, his father walked out. Two years later, his mother died. Audie tried hard to make a home for himself and three younger children—the older children had married—but it was impossible. The three youngsters were taken to an orphanage. And Audie, fibbing about his age, went into the Army. Now, thinking of those days, his heart is full . . .

Dear God, I am so grateful that You have given me the means to keep my sons free from want—and what is worse, the fear that comes from poverty and hunger. But please, help me to make them understand that they should never take the good things in life for granted. And help me to make them see that it is not having, but giving that gives happiness . . .

"Daddy!" Terry calls, ready to begin negotiations. "Could I have some Chick-a-lets?"

"Could I get one of those, Daddy?" Jimmy cries. He gets a turn-down. It's not because Terry is favorite son. It's just that Jimmy has pointed to a box of Havana cigars. He is persuaded that he will enjoy "Chick-a-lets" more.

Now Terry has drifted to the comic books. "What kind is this, Daddy?" he asks.

"That's Robin Hood."

"Could I have it? I like Robin Hood!"

Audie nods his head patiently. "Okay, let's get the show on the road."

He realizes, with a start, that these are the same words he used so many times when he was a platoon leader in Europe.

He doesn't want to think about that now. Long before he dreamed of having sons of his own, he gave away all his medals to thrilled youngsters—he was always crazy about kids. His Congressional Medal of Honor went to a small nephew. Does he regret it, now that he has sons of his own? No. They'll find out soon enough.

And then? As sons of a Medal of Honor winner, his boys are automatically eligible for West Point. He'd be pleased and proud if they choose it. It would be a fulfillment of his own dream—he'd ap-

plied to go to West Point, but his war injury ruled him out. But, at the thought of what a soldier's life can mean, a cold perspiration breaks out upon his forehead. Audie Murphy knows what war is, as only a man who has entered the blazing inferno, who has killed and had his best friend's bullet-riddled body fall upon him, can know it.

Dear Lord, keep my sons, and all people everywhere free from the horror of war. Give us wisdom, to find a better way to solve the world's problems. Help me to guide my sons, to develop and educate them so that they may do their part to make this world a better place. But help me, too, to show them that the freedom in which we in America live is a very precious thing. A thing worth fighting for, if need be . . .

"Daddy," asks Terry, "can we see the injuns?"

To Terry, he is—in the best Spock tradition—friendly but firm. "A little later," he says. "First we're going to the Photo Gallery to take some pictures. You know—where they've got that hobby horse."

It sounds like fun to Terry. "Let's go, Daddy," he says.

The Gallery idea is not spur-of-the-moment. Audie wants some fresh pictures of his sons in his wallet to replace those well-worn on the Saigon location for "The Quiet American." And the boys have grown so much. Ray Jones, winner of a half-dozen Academy Awards in the now extinct "still photograph" category, has offered to help his buddy Audie out.

"Three Murphys here to see Ray," Audie announces as he shepherds his flock into the Jones studio. The photographer pops out of his inner office, smiling broadly. "We're ready for 'em," he says. "Got the hobby horse saddled up and ready to ride. 'Who's on first?'"

"Well," says Audie, "let's double 'em up." He helps the boys mount the dappled steed. Ray locks and loads the big tripod camera. He signals his readiness.

"Giddyap," says Audie, hoping for a pair of quick grins.

Jimmy leans forward, slaps the horse's rump, and laughs happily. Terry's face shows signs of ennui. Apparently, he has decided that a rough, tough cowboy who's ridden his dad's quarter-horses—real live ones—shouldn't get too excited over a little old wooden horse.

While Ray keeps the shutter clicking, Audie tries different approaches.

"Who's first in the bathtub tonight?" ("I am," shouts little Jimmy. Terry has no comment.)

"What've I got here, fellas?" ("A squeaky mouse," cries Jimmy. Terry remains noncommittal.)

"What you gonna do when we go visit in Texas?" (That one strikes oil. "Ride horseback upside-down," says Terry with charming little boy illogic. He grins a cantaloupe-slice.)

Ray clicks the shutter. The session continues a few minutes longer for "protection." And for some individual shots. But they have what they came for. They have captured on film that elusive, precious commodity—a child's smile.

Leaving the Gallery, they pile into Audie's new Olds sedan. They roll out the Universal-International Studio gates, and head for Nudie's Western Clothing shop in Burbank—where Audie is to have a fitting of additional outfits for the new film.

Inside, Audie heads for the fitting room. Nudie—short, barrel-chested and bespectacled—cautions his assistant. "Those fancy duds—the rodeo clothes—Audie won't wear 'em. He likes the simple well-tailored things."

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"Doesn't surprise me," the man replies. "Look at him. He could wear cashmere—he's wearing wool. I'm sure he could afford a Cadillac—he drives an Olds."

"That's right," says Nudie. "And he could live in a swanky suburb like Beverly Hills. Instead he picked a nice comfortable neighborhood right here in Burbank. Wonderful guy—that's why!"

Audie saunters up. Nudie changes the subject. Audie would rather break an arm than hear someone deliver bouquets about him.

"Anyone care to hear the new threat to Elvis Presley do a performance?" he asks. "Terry wants a new hat to take the place of the one a dog chewed up, so I made a deal with him. He sings 'Hound Dog' and he gets the hat."

He holds aside the curtain to the little fitting room. Terry stands there, guitar cradled in his arms. It seems set, but he doesn't.

"Ready?" Audie asks.

Terry's eyes study a clothing tag lying on the floor. He doesn't answer, at first.

"Well, Daddy," he finally murmurs. He beckons his father to him shyly. The father kneels so his son can reach his ear with a whisper. He nods at the words.

"That's fair enough," he says. He raises and drops the door flaps. "He'd rather not have a studio audience," he explains. No sounds come from within. Then Terry's courage returns. We hear music—on key, too. "You ain't nuthin' but a hound dog. You ain't nuthin' but a hound dog."

Audie lifts the flap a trifle so they can sneak a peak. Terry—hips rolling wildly—is doing the whole Elvis. Then he stops in mid-phrase as his eyes lock on us. He raises the guitar on high as if to dash it to the ground. He holds it there. Everybody laughs. Terry lays his guitar down.

"Good singing, boy!" says Audie. "Come on out and pick out the new hat."

In the car on the way back to the commissary, the boys have a great time trying on the hat. And Audie feels a sudden warmth and tenderness sweep over him. Again, he prays . . .

Dear God, I don't care if my sons aren't geniuses, and don't make millions. All I want for them is what I've found myself—a family. Having them, having someone to belong to, has changed my whole life, and I thank You for it. I'd like them to have that happiness one day. Only that, and nothing more. Because, I think, it's everything.

Help them, too, never to lose the joy in little things. Like that hat. It isn't much, but to them it's so great. If they can only keep that, it will mean so much to them. . . .

The Sun Room of the U-I Commissary is the dining room of the stars. Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Rock Hudson, Jeff Chandler, John Saxon, George Nader—they all lunch here. And all are given royal service. But Terry and Jimmy Murphy rate even higher. They are allowed to scoot directly into the kitchen. Seconds later, they are back—biting great toothy arcs into slices of thickly buttered rye bread.

Waitress-dietician Mabel Hurt dispenses the menus. She dispenses a special smile for Audie. He has lunched here on and off for almost ten years.

She sets up a youth chair for Jimmy and offers another to Terry. He spurns it politely but with finality. "That," his look says, "is for babies. I am a man!"

Audie orders tomato juice and curried lamb with a hot sauce. Terry orders a ham sandwich and a soft drink. Jimmy seconds the motion. Whatever big brother wants, he wants, too.

Terry remembers something.

"We gonna see those injuns soon?" he inquires.

"Right after lunch," says Audie.

"We better go soon or I'll bust somebody right in the mouth," says Terry matter-of-factly.

"You're gonna get me cotton-pickin' mad with that kind of talk," Audie says. Terry is repentant.

"That was just TV talk," Audie explains to Mabel. "Kids hear adults talk that way on shows. They don't know it's wrong 'till you tell 'em."

"They say," Audie adds, "that if you leave kids to their own devices, they'll choose the foods that are best for them. Somehow I don't quite believe it. I'm half afraid mine would live on soft drinks and Toll House cookies."

The boys take a couple of bites, nibble aimlessly at a pickle. They seem to be waiting for something. They are—the dessert course. When the cookies arrive, their missing appetites suddenly do, too.

Terry is ready with the big question again. "Now can we go see the injuns?"

"Now," says Audie. They drive to the fire department. The doors are closed though, and no one is in sight.

"Must have been up late at a fire," Audie says. "I guess they're still sleeping. We'll just have to make it another time."

Terry pushes the point briefly, but Audie is firm. The firemen must get their sleep. Terry, realizing that he has met an immovable object, has another idea.

"Well," he says, "we could chase a bus instead, and you could drive up real close, and I could climb out the window and jump up on top, and hang on, and then open the window, and climb inside, and then I could sit down behind the driver, and when he turns around—well, he'll be very surprised."

Audie, knowing that this is just small boy talk, smiles at the imaginative speech, but makes no effort to locate a bus to chase. This is all right with Terry. From the distant look in his eyes, it is apparent that in his mind's eye he has already overhauled the bus and is sitting behind the driver at this very moment. In fact, he is already planning his next caper.

They make the trip from the studio to Burbank in a few minutes and wheel into a lovely tree-lined dead-end street. There are many nice homes on the block, but the nicest is the one at the dead-end. It's Early American with rich-looking dark wood planking on its exterior, and it straddles the end of the road. Audie seems to have selected the house as wisely as a general selects a position. It stands on the edge of a golf-course with a million dollars' worth of landscaping around it.

Once inside, Jimmy and Terry disappear upstairs, to show off their haircuts and their shoe-shines to Mother.

Waiting for them downstairs, Audie Murphy stands looking at his gun collection. He looks at it a long time.

He never uses the guns anymore. He cut down on hunting trips first, because they took him away from the family too long.

Then, one night, they'd been watching TV. A flock of geese came on the screen, and the hunters started firing at them. Then there was a closeup of the hunters proudly holding the dead birds. Terry jumped up, ran for his cap pistol, and passionately fired at the screen. "Bad men!" he sobbed. "Bad men!"

Before the locked gun case, Audie Murphy humbly bows his head.

Dear Lord, I have been asking You to help me guide my sons. But I didn't think of the most important thing. I want to thank You for what they have taught me. The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them." Help me, help all of us, never to forget that. Amen.

THE END



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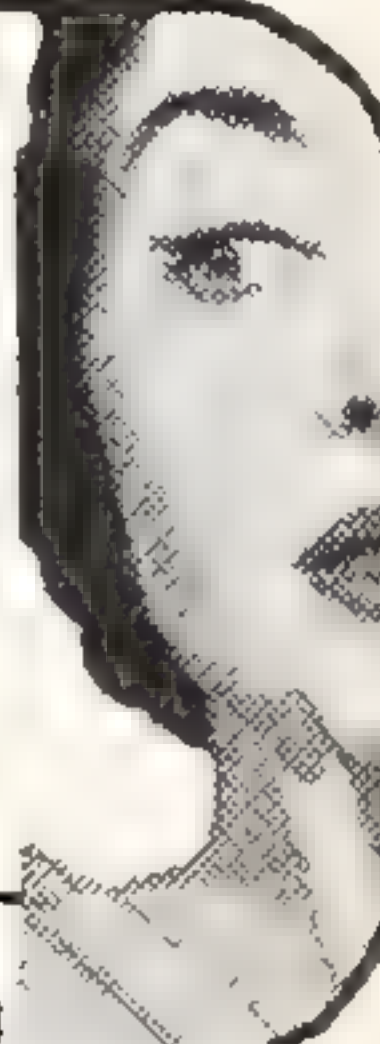
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HERE'S HEATHER

Continued from page 36

youngest daughter had the determination to study the Braille method; to learn a whole new set of perceptions, those of a deaf and blind girl who is also mute; to develop that difficult a part to its fullest. And she remembered the afternoon, not long ago, when Heather came home from location and burst through the front door in tears, exasperated because she felt she was grasping her Braille lessons too slowly.

Well, too late now to worry about it, she told herself, and she let her thoughts trail off and become absorbed in the film.

Two and a half hours later, the house-lights came up and soft whispers broke the tense silence. Mrs. Sears, who had cried at the pitiable *Esther*, along with the rest, brushed her tears away, turned to her husband and remarked in amazement:

"I—I can hardly believe it. I always thought Heather was the *funniest* child ever born."

Obviously, Heather Sears is many things to many people. She's a five-foot-two inch brown-haired, brown-eyed, twenty-one-year-old mass of contradictions. The contradictions aren't intentional. They're simply Heather.

Wearing a plain tan skirt and plaid duffel coat, she can melt into a crowd with no fear of being recognized as a star. But when she dresses up, she stands out like an animated cover of *Vogue*, and she can be every inch the movie personality—if she really puts her mind to it.

With family and friends, she's a reformed tomboy and a tease. With strangers, she tends to be shy. Perhaps it's because she's met so many strangers lately and stardom is still too new for her to accept with complete comfort the sudden attention and adulation brought by fame.

In any event, Heather's no waster of words. If she has nothing to say, she's politely silent. Providing she's awake. In Frankfurt, Germany, on the second day of a recent personal-appearance tour, she began to quiz the lady publicist with whom she shared a room. "Did you go right to sleep last night?"

The publicist admitted that she had, much to Heather's disappointment. "I talk in my sleep," she explained. "And the next day I always wonder what I might have said."

The publicist could never enlighten her, as she invariably dozed off before Heather began her nightly monologues.

Awake, she's not one to beat around the bush, provided there will be no wounded feelings. However, her mother recalls one of Heather's lessons in diplomacy with mixed emotions.

During the war, Mrs. Sears and her daughters were evacuated to Llanfairfechan, Wales. When Heather was seven, she and her sister Ann organized a neighborhood carnival in the garden, to raise money for the prisoners-of-war fund. Heather was appointed fortune teller, and before the grand opening, her mother took her aside for a little talk. "I want you to be sure and say nice things to everyone," she warned her daughter. "No matter how you feel about them."

Heather was quite agreeable. Since then, as now, she adored babies, she decided that the nicest thing she could predict would be prospective parenthood. That day in Llanfairfechan, according to Heather, everyone was going to have a baby almost immediately. The group included bachelors, bachelor girls, oldsters, youngsters. And if Heather was particu-

larly fond of someone, that someone was informed that he or she could count on quints!

Heather was equally as certain of her own future. She would have children—lots of them—but first she would become an actress. "When we were small," she remembers, "my sister Ann and I used to get up in the morning and right away be characters from a book we'd read, or somebody we'd seen in a film. We were never ourselves."

Ann, an English star in her own right, never ceases to marvel these days when she hears the poised Miss Sears answer questions with the tact of a diplomat. Ann has been called "the prettiest girl in London," but there was a time when she thought she was doomed to be the homeliest. Dubbed "Mop" by the family, she was constantly consulting her mirror to see if she could find even a faint resemblance to the girls' idol, Rita Hayworth. Once, when the mirror failed her—or vice versa—she turned to Heather for some sort of assurance. "Do you think I'll grow up plain?" she asked worriedly, a frown crossing her face.

Heather studied her sister for a long moment, then delivered her opinion. "Oh, I'm sure of it." After another moment of thought, she added. "Yes, Mop, there's not a doubt in my mind. You'll grow up plain, all right. Awfully plain."

Thus spoke the personality who received accolades from the critics, but who to her London hairdresser is probably the world's worst actress—offstage. One afternoon, ordered by the studio to have her long hair cut, in favor of a more chic style, Heather dutifully appeared at the beauty shop. The hairdresser picked up the scissors and began to snip away at her beloved ponytail. As her hair got shorter, Heather's face got longer. At last, when she could control her unhappiness no longer, two large tears appeared and started to roll down her cheeks. The hairdresser began to feel like the butcher of all time, a heartless cad.

Catching a glimpse of his face in the mirror, Heather murmured unenthusiastically, "It's lovely," feeling obliged to cheer him up. "It's going to be just lovely. I'll be just crazy about it," she assured him dramatically. But somehow, the words coming between sobs, just weren't convincing.

When Heather and the hairdresser parted company, they were quite possibly the saddest pair in the whole of England. "It is nice," Heather tried once more.

"Yes," answered the hairdresser glumly.

"Well, goodbye," said Heather. And then, "How long do you think it will take to grow back again?"

"I suppose our looks were so terribly important to us," recalls Heather, "because we used to go to the cinema so often. The first program began at five, which meant we'd be home by seven, and we'd rush down after school. Mother never objected. I think she was happy to get us out of the house for a bit."

"We'd never heard of Hollywood and knew nothing about the way movies were made. When we discovered them, we saw 'Random Harvest' four times, and were amazed by the fact that important people like Greer Garson and Ronald Colman could find the time to come all the way to Llanfairfechan to act behind our neighborhood screen."

Heather, herself, preferred the character of *Tarzan*. ("I almost always got around to being *Tarzan*," she recalls. "Or a horse.") Because of her passion for horses, her acting ambitions were once temporarily put aside. "For a brief spell I thought I wanted to be a mounted police-

woman. Then," she says, "I found out that there were no such things as mounted policewomen and that more or less settled the matter."

The idea of acting first came to Heather at the age of five, when she and Ann appeared in their first big production in Llanfairfechan. "Everyone told us we were terribly good and it went to our heads," she grins.

The show was "Peter Pan" and Heather had the role of *Michael*. The general idea was for her to make her entrance astride a large dog. However, the performance didn't go off as planned. The moment she made an appearance, the delighted audience broke into applause. Heather, in turn, was delighted to have such a nice audience. She began to clap, too. Off stage, the play's director was hissing, "Heather . . . Heather . . . get on with the lines . . ."

By the time the director was in the initial stages of a nervous breakdown, Heather remembered her mission and went on with the show as per rehearsal.

Following her first triumph, Heather began taking note of the practical side of the acting game. During the war years, sweets were scarce except, it seemed to Heather, at the gates of a nearby Army camp, where evacuee children gathered to be deluged with candy bars by the generous soldiers. Heather had been strictly forbidden to ask anyone for candy, and she can honestly say that she never did. "I simply donned my oldest clothes, assumed a hungry look and joined the small-fry crowd at the gates. And came home with a fist full of candy bars every time," she recalls, good-humoredly.

At the age of eight, she was writing plays and selling them for pennies to Ann and the neighborhood children. "There were conditions, however," recalls Heather. "I insisted on a contract stating that whenever one of my productions was produced, I be allowed to play the little king with the beard. The little king with the beard invariably had a large part." Today, Heather's seven-year contract with Romulus Films is another shrewd triumph. It allows her an annual six months to do stage and television work if she wishes.

An individual in childhood as now, if Heather could have been described in a word during her formative years, that word would have been tomboy. She never stopped begging for a horse of her own, and she had a tendency to climb every tree she came to. Under pressure, she'd agree to wash her face and have her hair brushed until it shone, but she was cagey about the business of getting dressed up. Ann still tells about the time Heather accompanied her to a party. "From the neck up, the youngest Sears looked perfectly lovely," she recalls. "However, when the hostess' mother took her coat for her, Heather was a standout in the crowd of guests. She had chosen to wear a pair of old rumpled shorts and a sloppy sweater! I was mortified."

In this respect, Heather hasn't completely changed. A Columbia Pictures executive enjoys telling about the phone call he received from Heather when he was in London recently. "The phone rang and it was Heather," he recalls. "The conventional Miss Sears was wondering whether she might attend a midnight preview of 'Esther Costello' in blue jeans!"

"Blue jeans!" I bellowed, and, gathering my patience, explained to Heather that the event was a swank sort; the cream of the British movie industry would be there.

"Oh!" she said meekly. "The invitation says to dress informally and I thought perhaps it meant . . ." Her voice trailed off sadly.

Heather's opinion of sister Ann is just the opposite. "Ann was always so dignified. Secretly I couldn't help being impressed because somehow she was everything I wasn't. But I kept the secret well. I teased her unmercifully."

Heather's favorite form of torture was to wait until Ann had rolled up her hair and cold-creamed her face and then break into helpless laughter at the sight. "It was a nightly ritual and Ann was at a disadvantage because if she raised her voice she'd wake our parents," remembers Heather. "One night she settled for throwing an alarm clock. When it actually hit me, Ann burst into tears. For the next few weeks, she took all teasing and allowed me to follow her around, with no backtalk. I took full advantage of her guilty conscience," Heather admits.

"Heather was always tagging along," remembers Ann. "My friends and I used to try and tell her that she was a delicate child and couldn't stand up to the ruggedness of our outdoor life. But it never worked. She decided that she'd prefer to court death rather than leave us alone."

At eleven, when Ann began to take elocution lessons, nine-year-old Heather insisted that she have some, too, although she wasn't quite certain what they were. When she was sixteen, she followed Ann to the Central School of Speech and Drama. At the time, it was a difficult decision. She loved history, and she'd read every book she could find on Disraeli. "At first I thought I might like to go to the university and study, then take up acting. But I changed my mind because I wanted to be an actress so badly I couldn't bother to go to the university first," she says.

Mrs. Sears was enthusiastic about her daughters' careers. Dr. Sears, resident physician at London's Mile End Hospital, was somewhat less than enthusiastic. "Mother had wanted to act, but her parents wouldn't let her," Heather explains. "Father wanted Ann to be a doctor and me to go to the university. He wasn't pleased about the idea of having to support us for the rest of our lives," she grins. "But now he seems very happy."

As a matter of fact, when Ann and Heather began to wonder if two stars named Sears might be one too many, it was their father who settled the argument. "There will be no name changing," he declared. "The name Sears has been good enough for me and it was good enough for my father, his father and his father. It's good enough for the two of you."

And it was. It was during Heather's last year at Central that she was seen by a Romulus Films casting director and signed to a contract. She had small roles—"one or two lines"—in two pictures. She did stage work with the Windsor Repertory Company and the Cambridge Repertory Theater. She drew her first raves from the critics for her portrayal of a confused adolescent in the television show "Death of the Heart."

And she won an invitation to join the scores of young actresses testing for the coveted role of *Esther Costello*.

While awaiting the results, Heather divided her time between painting pictures and sitting beside the telephone. She had no idea what might be happening at the studio. She knew that Joan Crawford had arrived in London and that the picture would start as soon as an *Esther* had been found.

The Sears' large hall clock said six P.M. the evening the telephone rang and Heather heard the words she'd prayed for: "We want you to come over to the TV studio for an interview with Miss Crawford. You've got the part."

Later, she was told that Miss Crawford had stopped by the studio projection room to watch some of the tests being run. One of them was Heather's, and when it was over and the lights went on, Joan Crawford was the first to speak. "There's no need to test anyone else," she said. "This girl is your *Esther Costello*."

The role of the blind deaf-mute was like none Heather had ever attempted. "Actually it wasn't like working on a part at all," she says. "It was like learning something completely out of one's normal range."

"I had a teacher who taught me to read and write in Braille. I studied the hand alphabet. The teacher and I talked and talked and talked about the reactions of blind people. I built up a complete mental impression of their lives and what they're like."

"It gave me an awareness of their problems, how they feel about things. I never really had to think how *Esther* would react to certain things. It was something I knew. It was a part you couldn't act. You had to live it."

She still talks about the kindnesses of Joan Crawford and Rossano Brazzi. "Miss Crawford was wonderful. I learned so much from her. Things that were a help on this picture and acting hints I've tucked away in my mind and will use when I need them on other pictures."

Rossano brought a touch of humor to the set happenings when Heather turned twenty-one. "It was the afternoon they were scheduled to shoot the scene in which he assaults me. In my dressing room that morning," she remembers, "I found a large bouquet of roses and a note reading, 'I'm sorry that I have to do this to you on your birthday.'"

"The Story of *Esther Costello*" brought Heather fame and critical acclaim. The picture also brought unexpected romance. Before the start of the film, Heather was introduced to its talented art director, Tony Masters. He looked down at her and was enchanted. She looked up at him and got a crick in her neck. "When I first saw him the only impression he made on me was that he was tall—he's six-foot-six—and had a tremendous sense of humor," she claims. "And I thought it would look a bit quaint to be seen with someone that tall."

According to Ann, however, Heather came racing home one weekend in a daze. "Ann . . . I've met the most wonderful man. He's so good looking. And he loves horses!"

During the production Heather and Tony lunched together daily. "And we saw a lot of each other on the set, although we didn't have time to talk a great deal. After shooting, we'd have a cold drink together, then I'd go back to the hotel. We went out only two evenings during the whole film."

They'd been dating for several months, and the picture was completed, when one night, out of the blue, Heather astounded the gentleman with, "Tony, I want you to propose to me."

"You what?"

True, they had both begun to take it for granted that they were going to marry. In fact, they were considering themselves almost unofficially engaged. "But it's the only proposal I'm ever going to get and I think we should do this properly," said Heather. "I want you to say the right words."

Tony said the right words and they were wed last April. "I rather imagine I would have married him anyway," grins Mrs. Masters.

Has Tony solved the "puzzlement" that is Heather Sears? That's another story—a long and happy one, let's hope. THE END

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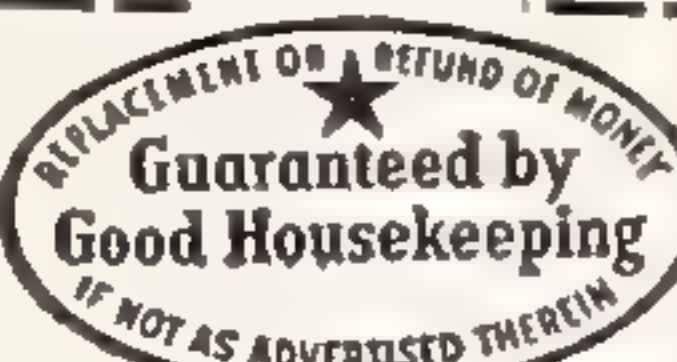
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THE HEART NEVER BETRAYS

Continued from page 42

personal publicity he detests so much.

It seems as if Marlon's heart has betrayed him. But has it? For the sensational, gleeful reports of his critics and detractors—as if they were sitting back, laughing, with fingers pointing, saying, "See! If you hadn't been so stuck up we would have let you off easier"—tell only a fragment of the story. A story that, in justice to the sensitive, greatly misunderstood person Marlon Brando is, should be told. A story of his search for what he has called, "The only reason for living." A search for love.

It began—as it does for everyone—on the day when he was born, April 3, 1924, in Omaha, Nebraska. Marlon's father, Marlon, Sr., was the solid, successful president of Chemical Food Products Company, a Chicago concern manufacturing animal feed and fertilizers. His mother, Dorothy Pennebaker Brando, was a lovely, sometime-actress with great sensitivity and enthusiasm for all the arts, in whom her son found an understanding response to his own artistic leanings. His older sisters, Jocelyn and Frances, were fine playmates. ("I could beat him at football because I was bigger," says Frances, "but he always got the best of me by making terrible faces.") Both girls shared the artistic flair, too—Jocelyn is an actress, Frances paints. But there the resemblance ends. The girls grew up, married happily, and became mothers in the conventional pattern that might have been predicted from their background.

From the beginning, Marlon was marked with a need and a feeling for others that went far beyond the family circle. From earliest childhood, he had an unusual compassion and affection for all living things. Once, when he was very small, his pet chicken died. When his mother buried it, he dug it up and brought it back into the house. She buried it again—and Marlon dug it up again. This went on until his mother put her foot down.

He brought home all kinds of stray animals, usually in some sick stage, and cared for them lovingly, whether a stricken snake, a wounded bird, or a mangy cat. Later, when he reached the dating age, "He always picked the cross-eyed girls," his grandmother remembers.

What happens to such a boy when he becomes a man and begins to seek, in the large world outside Libertyville, Ohio, fulfillment for that great need to love, not only in simple, personal terms, but in the largest humanitarian sense?

Those who know him well believe that the search really began in the summer of 1953. At that point, Marlon Brando was a man emotionally torn. One great conflict—that of winning approval of his businessman father or his ailing, artistic mother—had caused him many pangs in his struggling days. But with his success as an actor, it was resolved. (He keeps his Oscar for "Waterfront" beneath his mother's portrait—she died before he won it; his father is now his closest business associate, confidante, and friend.) But the conflict of Brando versus others had just begun.

Now the object of world-wide fame, he tried violently to hold onto the relationships of the past, with all their simplicity and privacy. And in the summer of 1953, he found how impossible that was and how impossible for him to find happiness in the simple, easy way it comes to others.

It was the summer of 1953, when he was already established as a Hollywood star, he could have commanded an enormous salary for his efforts. Instead, he chose to tour the summer circuit with a "package" show of George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," so that some of his closest friends who had not been as fortunate as he in becoming a success would be able to have work in the theater. That summer, Marlon knew he was a star. That summer, he was surrounded by his friends. And so, according to the rules of what every young actor should have, Marlon should have been happy. But at parties, at small gatherings, with only his closest friends present, Marlon would be restless, the gaiety which used to show itself with these friends had seemingly disappeared. Even with close friend Wally Cox, who was touring the summer theaters at the same time, only occasional spurts of that dry, whimsical humor which used to pass between the two friends would show. "Marlon needs to fall in love," one of his friends had said.

Dissatisfaction seemed to plague Marlon all that summer. Some attributed the feeling of heaviness to Marlon's disappointment with his return to the legitimate stage. It was the stage that had started him, and the stage to which he supposedly wanted to return: He had sneered at Hollywood from the beginning, saying the only real place for artistic endeavor was the theater; and yet his return

to the theater was greeted with a tepid reaction by audience and critics alike. "Marlon will never do another play after this summer farce," one of his friends said. "If there's one thing he's afraid of, it's rejection, and he'd never go back to Broadway if he thought they'd greet him the way they did in this play." But the somber, uncomical ambiance of the production was explained differently by another friend, and more accurately: "There's only one thing wrong with this play," she said. "The whole company's in love with the leading man."

This wholesale adoration can be very confusing and very unsatisfactory to a young man who feels a desperate need for love. The love of many cannot substitute for the love of one person.

After that summer, it seemed that Marlon had perhaps found the one person, in Movita Castenada, the dark long-haired, fiery but mature Mexican actress. The fact that she was several years older than Marlon served only to enhance the relationship, as Marlon adored his mother, and felt in this woman the maturity and gentleness that seemed to be lacking in the younger girls he dated. Another attraction for him was her European-style upbringing: To the European woman, her man is the center of the universe, and she concentrates her attention and affection on the object of her love the way Marlon felt no American woman could. "Marlon thinks American girls are too emancipated," his friend said. "It seems as though the only area where they act like women is having babies, and if there was any way they could make the guys do that instead of them, they'd do it. But Movita's different. There's nothing she won't do for Bud, but she's still got a mind of her own, so it's not as if he was the feudal Lord, and she was just a silly handmaiden. She's just what he needs."

And perhaps she was, at the time. But in spite of the fact that he now had a single love, instead of the love of many, Marlon could not sacrifice that "wholesale adoration" of his friends. He had always taken time to get to know someone, to decide if it was worth becoming his friend. But once he had admitted someone to his "inner circle," he felt the act of friendship had to be an active thing, and that it was impossible to deny anything to one of the people he cared about, even to say "I'm busy." In the beginning, Movita tried to understand and accept the many people about them. But after a while, it became increasingly difficult for him. She had hardly any time with him to herself.

"I remember one night," one of the group said. "A bunch of us went up to Mar's and Movita was there cooking dinner for him. You could sort of tell that she had planned it to be something special—she made a complicated Mexican dish, and there was only enough for two. Mar insisted that she split up his portion among the rest of us, and for a minute I didn't know whether she was going to hit him with that big frying pan or burst into tears. But he gave her one of those famous looks, and she said something quick to herself in Spanish, and everything was all right. But she came over and made sure he ate every bite of her portion."

How many nights like this there were, it would be impossible to say, but Movita moved out of his life, the parting telling him she needed to be a woman as well as a mother, and Marlon, with an ironic smile, said if he had to choose between her and his raccoon, he would pick the raccoon.

It was almost as if Marlon was trying to prove that he had no need for a woman who was a mother to him, when he found Josianne Mariani-Berenger: for Jo-

Shirley Jones has everyone oohing and aahing at her new streamlined, sophisticated self. Once the plumpish, rosy-cheeked homespun heroine, she's now the latest sophisticate. (You saw what we mean in "April Love" and will soon see Shirl in "Never Steal Anything Small.") The Cassidys are among Hollywood's newest home-owners, with their Bel Air colonial cottage, and Jack's busy with his new TV show. But there's always time for a big night on the town together



sianne was, essentially, the very pole opposite to Movita. Child-like, frail, and with an impish quality, Josianne radiated naiveté and youthful wonder. Like Movita, she was dark and European, but there the resemblance ended. Josianne had met a psychiatrist and his wife in France, and they had persuaded her to come to New York to act as governess and teach French to their children. Once in New York, Josianne began taking acting lessons from Stella Adler, Brando's former teacher. It was at one of Stella Adler's parties that they met, and Marlon was immediately struck by the tiny, completely feminine girl with the big black eyes. He could speak to her in French (his name was originally Brandeau), and he could talk for hours on end of his ideas of philosophy, and morés, and Josianne would sit for hours on end, watching him adoringly with those wide, dark eyes. "He needs to know that he's something: He wants someone he can teach and talk to who won't bring him down," another friend remarked. "Josianne is like that; it's a fresh mind, like a new page. He doesn't want to have to prove anything anymore, like he did with Movita. He wants to be accepted as wonderful from the very beginning." And he was.

When Josianne returned to France for a visit with her parents, Marlon followed. He spent two weeks in Paris, staying at the apartment of Movita's friend, Maria Felix, who was in Mexico making a picture. And yet the two weeks in Paris showed no sign of the former "Enfant Terrible," as the French called him. He was not seen in leather jackets, on motorcycles, even in a city where motorcycles are a more common occurrence than automobiles. And at the end of two weeks, he had made up his mind. The engagement was announced, and a seemingly content Marlon, with a radiant Josianne, came back to America.

Once back in this country however, the old pattern of indecision began to show itself. They frequented Marlon's favorite haunts, The Russian Tea Room, the Carnegie Tavern, and he thought he was, and seemed to be, very much in love. But the prying eyes of the people made Marlon uncomfortable, and they could not go to the places Marlon liked to go with Josianne, the places where her child-like enthusiasm for life could be shared by him; where they could have fun: amusement parks, open-air concerts. Too many people recognized him in these places, and so Peter Pan and his French Wendy had their wings cut off, and were forced to meet in dark corners. And gradually the old restlessness reappeared: Marlon went to California to make a picture, and Josianne got a modeling job in New York, confident that he would send for her when he was ready to get married.

Marlon has been quoted as saying: "She has some growing up to do," about Josianne. And there would seem to be evidence that he was absolutely right: Only the very young and very innocent can be as sure as Josianne was, that nothing, and no one could come between their love. When the young blonde German actress, Ursula Andress met Josianne in New York, and they became friends, Ursula told Josianne that she was going to Hollywood, and Josianne suggested that Ursula contact Marlon when she got there. Ursula did contact him and soon the rumors began filtering back to Josianne that Marlon seemed to be showing more than a friendly interest to the newcomer. But Josianne merely shrugged and smiled and said: "It will pass. I blame no one." Ursula went on to date Jimmy Dean, and later to marry John Derek. And when Josianne arrived in California she was as friendly

with Ursula as she had ever been, confident that her faith was justified.

"Isn't it remarkable," one of Marlon's earlier girlfriends said. "There isn't a girl anywhere in the world who has ever had anything to do with Marlon who doesn't blame any problems she has on him. And there isn't a girl anywhere in the world who wouldn't be waiting for him if he ever decided to come back."

And as for Marlon's seemingly constant flirtations with Rita Moreno, etc., Josianne realized that she had fallen in love with a quicksilver and tempestuous young man, who was attracted by dark beauty, and who was not yet ready to take root. And Marlon himself laughed about girls in general, and joked with his ever-present friends about how silly most of them were.

Then something totally unexpected happened. Marlon had, ever since going to Japan for location shots for "Teahouse of the August Moon," become fascinated with the culture and the philosophy of the East. Marlon himself has declared that he never reads fiction, and this seems to be not so much a scholarly snobbism as it is the need for a young man who, because of lack of discipline and rebellion, never completed his formal education, and wants desperately to think, not just as ordinary people think, but as the great minds do. So he devours tomes of philosophy and intellectual discourse, in order to become his own most respected object: the truly intellectual man. But in the literature and the religion of the East, and the way of life, he seemed to find a wisdom more secure, more lasting, than any he had ever encountered.

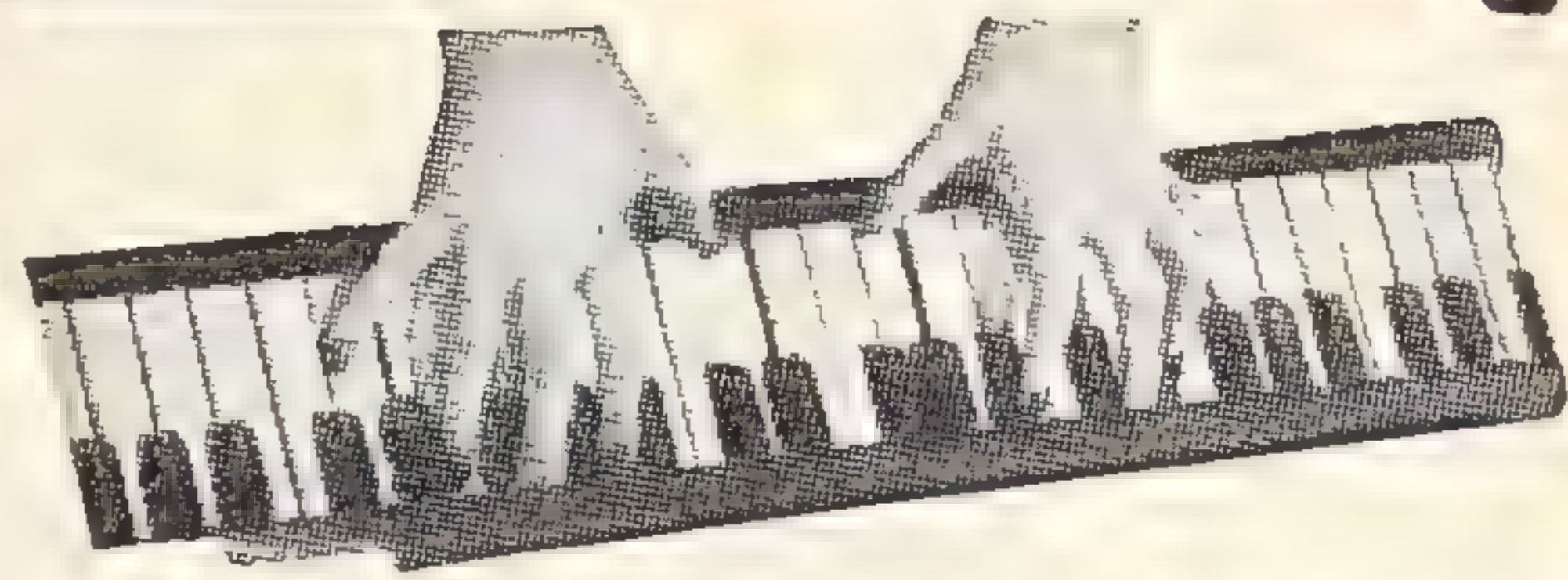
And so when Marlon met, in August, 1956, Anna Kashfi, with her dark, beautiful face, her seemingly Eastern manner of self-contained, quiet solemnity and the gentle manner of Europe, his search for love had turned up a seemingly perfect object. When Marlon returned to Japan to make "Sayonara," he became more and more sure. He was no longer the restless young talent in films: He was a businessman with his own Pennebaker Production Company; and in his life there was no more room for the restless young lover. He wanted a home and children. In October, 1957, Marlon Brando married Anna Kashfi at a quiet ceremony at the home of his aunt.

When the newspapers broke with stories purportedly refuting the fact she was Indian, Marlon remained silent. "I love her," he told those members of the press towards whom he had once been so silent. It was as if to say he did not care whether she were Indian or Welsh, that he had married a woman, and not a national origin. Marlon had made his decision, and he had, at last, taken himself a wife. And Josianne, with warmth and charming manners, smiled and said: "They will be welcome in my house anytime."

Then, he went to New York to publicize "Sayonara," and at night he frequented the Baq Room, surrounded by those same people he had been with that summer of indecision, beating the bongos while those same friends sit by him. The search presumably was over. And yet, how strange that he is there alone. Perhaps, in a larger sense, just as it has since his boyhood, Marlon Brando's search for love will never end.

In Hollywood the lovely Anna, who was to bear his child, already sensed it. Sensed that in Marlon's search for love, she had not been the answer. For he had left, to go alone on what should have been a honeymoon—and did not come back. Heartsick, she waited. Would he ever return? Or was Marlon Brando's love story moving toward an unhappy ending? THE END

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ROCK'S MARRIAGE— HIS SIDE

Continued from page 55

was a wonder. She took care of everything.

Funny, though, how a girl as efficient as Phyllis could get upset by some of the simple things that he'd always taken for granted. He couldn't help but feel a little worried, after they were married, to discover that she often seemed to resent times apart. He'd been so sure she'd understand. Interviews, for instance. He felt they were both right in trying to have some privacy—but she didn't even seem to feel that a person should devote extra time to such things. He tried to explain, but it did no good. But then, even Phyllis couldn't know how tough it was before he became a star, and how grateful he was. And scared.

Sure, he was scared. He knew how easy it was to lose stardom, once you had it. "You're only as good as your last picture," they said, and it was true. He had to work, and work hard, to hang onto what he had. And that meant not only in front of the cameras, but all the extra demands that are made of a star.

As time passed, he couldn't help but feel a little concern at Phyllis' retiring withdrawal from the spotlight, and her attitude that he should cut down to spend more time at home. Maybe he expected too much of her, but he was kind of hoping that she'd want to join in.

He never could feel at ease with strangers, no matter how much he was exposed to them. He was shy, there was no doubt about that. He admitted it. Phyllis was fine those times when they had to go out. She was gracious and charming, and everybody loved her. But he could never convince her of that. The truth was, she was even more shy than he. He had learned to try to overcome it. If she'd only try, too, and make more effort to help him meet, what to him, were the more ordinary business obligations, their life could be so much easier and happier. But it was hard.

That didn't really matter, though. He'd manage, somehow. He always had. What did matter was that they have a happy home life together. And there, for some reason he couldn't understand, he wasn't doing so well.

He'd been so happy, after they married, to bring her gifts. That was one of the big pleasures he got out of being a star. He knew he was like a big kid about it—he loved to make everything a surprise. It was such fun to see her face light up when he brought her something the practical Phyllis wouldn't dream of buying for herself. He'd been so disappointed, when news of a mink stole he bought for her leaked out in a column before he could surprise her with it. But she'd been just as pleased.

After the first few times, though, he noticed a difference in Phyllis. The time he'd bought that fancy tablecloth, and she returned it for five others. Sure, it was the sensible thing to do. He ought to be proud and thankful to have a wife like that. But after that, even though she acted just as thrilled about his gifts, he read in her eyes—or thought he read—a look that said, "Oh, what did you do that for? Such a waste of money!" And the fun went out of it.

Why, then, did she do a thing like taking that house at Malibu, without asking him? The lease was stiff, and the decorat-

ing cost a pretty penny. And it was a resort place where you could live only part of the year. It was too much.

It wasn't so much the cost that bothered him—certainly, with what he was making, they could well afford it. What got him was that they'd put so much effort into the home they had. It was like throwing it away, all it had meant to them. Throwing away the simple kind of life, too. "Going Hollywood." Was that what Phyllis wanted? He doubted it.

It just wasn't like Phyllis. But maybe she had some other reason. Maybe this was another move to make him give up his old friends from his bachelor days. Sure, Phyl was right about some of them, he had to agree. He probably should have given them the gentle heave-ho a long time ago. But now? They'd probably go around reporting, "Rock Hudson's got a big head." Anyway, he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

And a guy needed to have men pals, a guy who liked to hunt and fish and sail, like he did. He and Phyllis had it all worked out, from the start, very sensibly, they thought. After all, somehow, he pictured the idea of Phyllis casting a fishing rod as just as fantastic as the picture of him balancing a teacup.

But all the petty little annoyances they'd bickered about faded into nothing when he went to Italy, and she became sick while he was there. Gosh, how he missed her! How many times, after a long, hard day's work, he'd lain awake, tense with worry about her. It was hard on him, too, he knew. It's pretty tough to be separated from your wife for such a long time. So darned lonely. He got edgy and irritable.

He promised himself that when he got home, things would be different. But he couldn't shake off the tension. He tried to tell himself that, after all, he *was* run down, and it would pass. But when people—including Phyl—looked at him in that pitying way, he got riled. And when Phyl tried to talk him into stalling on "Twilight for the Gods," he blew his top. What—hold up a whole production, just because he was a little under par? He tried to hide his feelings from her—and after all, that Hawaiian sunshine was just what she needed. Maybe it would help them both.

It didn't. Somehow, the tensions had kept on building up, and when they came back they exploded. He moved out. They'd have a better chance to think things over, apart.

Then he called Phyllis, and asked her to go to the Mocambo one Saturday night. It was their second wedding anniversary. She was great, the same wonderful girl he married. They had a grand, real fun time.

But under the surface, the problems were still there, he knew. Would Phyllis ever be able to adapt to the things about his life he couldn't change? Would she ever give him the kind of helping hand he needed? It was a large order, to ask a wife to be a sweet homebody and help in your business, too. Or was it? Rock Hudson wondered.

Analysis:

What a pity that the lives of these two young people should be blighted by problems that, due to circumstances beyond their control, got out of hand!

"They're so much alike," people said approvingly when Rock and Phyllis married. But basically, it was that very similarity of temperament that was at the root of their troubles. Phyllis' shyness, when exposed to the pitiless spotlight of Rock's stardom, might not have mattered—except that Rock, equally retiring, was

not the man to help her overcome it. Nor was Phyllis the type of woman who, without a qualm, can step in and ease the way for a shy husband. So they floundered, and suffered, together.

Clearly, both need to face this situation squarely, if marriage is to have a second chance. For both of them, it means making an effort. Rock, who has already gone a long way in conquering his personal insecurity, as those who remember the blushing, bumbling young man of a few years ago well know, should take the initiative in this. Perhaps, from his own experience, he can convince Phyllis that shyness really can be overcome, though it takes time—and trying.

On her part, Phyllis should realize that Rock is too easy-going and modest a person to cope with the pressures of his career alone. If she can accept this fact—if she can know, as so many Hollywoodites do, that Rock is simply not the kind of person who will ever realize that he is a powerful star who has a right to say no—then, like the very sensible person she is, she will go about changing it. She has been right, of course, in thinking that Rock's business is his own—but only to a point. As many a smart wife has learned, there are many little ways in which a wife can help her husband's career and relieve the pressures. Too, there are many situations where Rock, out of loyalty or gratitude to those who have helped him up the rough road to stardom, feels that he cannot refuse—and he won't even if it endangers his health. Then, clearly, it's up to Phyllis to take a stand, if their relationship is not to suffer.

Rock must realize, too, that even though clinging to some of his old bachelor habits may seem insignificant to him, it isn't. A certain amount of flexibility and adjustment of both partners is necessary to reach a happy medium. Come now, Rock—mightn't it have been just as easy to make those appointments of yours *after* dinner? Of course, this is a little thing—but a lot of little things can wear away a marriage as drops of water on stone.

In the matter of expenditures, surely a happy solution could be reached. It's understandable that Rock should be disappointed and hurt at Phyllis' seeming rejection of his gifts. But couldn't he, by a little conspiracy with her friends, or some leading questions, find out what would really delight her beforehand?

Phyllis' choice of the house at Malibu was a mistake, although she had the best intentions in the world. A change of scenery is never enough to change inner thoughts and attitudes.

It must be kept in mind that both Rock and Phyllis—discounting the time they were apart due to his work and her illness—had really only been through the first, hardest year of matrimony. And, just at the time they had completed it, they were both thrown against a physical crisis that was totally unexpected—her serious illness with hepatitis, his nervous exhaustion due to overwork.

It's sad to reflect that, if this had not happened, their problems might not have reached the breaking point. Now, with Rock eager to leave again for Italy, it appears that they have accepted the fact that their differences are too great to overcome.

Differences they have, very serious ones. But if they can only understand that those differences arose because of the thing that most attracted them—the similarity of character that, in many ways, made their relationship rare and wonderful—then they can, by working together and sharing as they never have before, save their marriage. THE END

ROCK'S MARRIAGE— HER SIDE

Continued from page 55

It had been so lovely, just as she had dreamed it would be. But as soon as the news broke, it had started. They had been bombarded by the reporters, and the photographers. "Tell us, Mrs. Hudson, what's it like to be married to America's top heartthrob? Let's have a big kiss, now. Just one more, please. Just one more. . . ." She knew it would happen, of course. But when it happens to you, she found, it's different.

Rock had been wonderful. Firm and protective, just as she thought he would be. "This is my business," he stoutly maintained. "Not my wife's. And I believe that marriage should be a private affair." So, all the requests for interviews with her got a polite but definite refusal from him. He knew how shy she was, how much she disliked being asked intimate questions. And the way he shielded her made her feel so happy, so cherished and secure.

But the demands were always there, pecking away at their privacy insistently. And Rock showed signs of weakening. "Only one set of home pictures," he finally agreed. "Taken by the studio. Then they can be given out so everybody gets a fair share." He still protected her, but some of their precious time together was sacrificed to interviews. "I can't forget," he'd explained to her, "that these people helped to put me where I am today. I don't want to seem ungrateful. Besides, it's part of a star's job. You know that."

But how far did it go? Too far, she thought. What annoyed her most were the times he gave in to such requests, when she knew he needed rest desperately.

It was the same with the thousand-and-one other demands a star is called on to fulfill. Press parties, premieres, personal appearances, and all the rest of it. It was like that at his work, too. He never threw his weight around, to make things a bit easier. Why couldn't he put his foot down?

And there were his friends—so-called. She'd pictured their home as a private haven for just the two of them. But it wasn't long before it was being invaded by all sorts of left-over pals from Rock's bachelor days. Pals, he called them. Hangers-on, she felt. She tried to like them. Oh, she tried. But she just couldn't help it.

There was no getting away from it—a man like Rock, who waits until he's thirty to marry, is pretty set in his ways. She hadn't planned to change him after marriage. She knew that was a mistake. But anyone would have thought he could adjust to a little thing like getting home for dinner on time.

She didn't want to make a big issue of it. And he did always telephone her, to let her know he'd be late. But it happened so often. He'd stop to see some friend, "for a few minutes," but even if it was really only that, the lovely hot dinner she'd spent hours preparing was spoiled. Somehow, it made her feel rejected, left out. Unloved. Her cooking was one thing she knew she could be proud of, and it was one thing she could do to please him, who gave her so much. When it did not please him, she felt rejected, too.

He did give her so much. Too much. At first, it was so thrilling. Like the time

when he'd taken her out to the garage, and there was the new Ford she'd wanted, all wrapped in red ribbon. And the day she came home, to find a darling gray poodle romping in the living room.

But after awhile, it made her feel uneasy. All those gifts, it was so unnecessary. And a waste of money. Often, they were so impractical. Like the time he brought her a terribly expensive, delicate organdy tablecloth. She'd taken it right back, and got five serviceable tablecloths for the price!

And somehow, she felt the fun was going out of their marriage. She wanted them to get back to the kind of quiet, simple life they both really wanted. And if Rock wasn't going to do something about cutting down the demands made on him, she'd have to.

Acting on her own, she took a year's lease on a house at Malibu. It was the wrong season of the year, but she didn't think that mattered. What did matter was that Rock should have a new environment. A change from the old place, which he'd built and furnished himself with her help, would give him a new start, and—perhaps—a break with the old bachelor-type life.

She was going to see to it, too, that it was fit for the star Rock never seemed to realize he was. She called in a smart decorator to furnish the house. Maybe the atmosphere would make a subtle impression on Rock, and bolster his confidence.

Then Rock went overseas to make "A Farewell to Arms." She'd thought this would be just what they needed. They'd get away from all the Hollywood pressure, and be alone, just the two of them, exploring Europe just as they'd planned it so many times. But it was not to be. She'd become ill, so terribly ill, with hepatitis. And their plans . . .

It was strange, now, to look back upon those weeks of pain as some of the happiest she'd ever spent. For, in Rock's tender concern, his daily phone calls, his telegrams and long letters, she felt that he was closer and dearer than ever.

"Please don't allow reporters at the airport," she'd begged Rock's studio, when he was due to arrive home. "When I see him, I know I'll break down and cry."

When she saw him, she was so happy. But soon, her joy turned to shock, and disappointment. Rock, she saw, had driven himself close to a point of collapse. He looked tense and drawn. He had lost twenty pounds. She could see the weariness in his tired eyes and heavy footsteps.

Why, oh why, couldn't he ever learn not to let others take advantage of him? Vainly, she begged him to postpone going to Hawaii for "Twilight for the Gods." But he'd just smile and say, "It'll be good for us, Phyl. You need to rest in the sunshine and get back your health."

She went to Hawaii, as he had asked. Maybe it was the pressures of his work that left them few precious moments to be alone, maybe they were tired. But somehow, there, it seemed ever harder for her to make him understand that all she wanted was him, the wonderful Rock she'd married.

See Rock's Story on Page 55.

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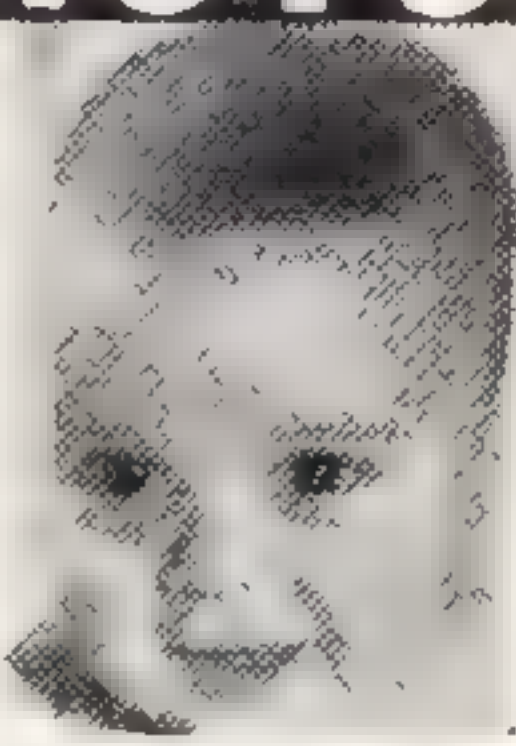
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EXCLUSIVELY YOURS

Continued from page 4

a big laugh when Susie, acknowledging the introduction, asked, "Are you, by any chance, Elizabeth Montgomery's father?"

Short Shots: The constant comparison of the careers of Kim Novak and Rita Hayworth took a new and interesting twist recently when Kim was escorted to a party by Aly Khan...

Joan Crawford, who had such a fear of height that she never would dare to fly, before her marriage to Alfred N. Steele, has spent more than "Eighty Days Around The World" during the past year, flying with Alfred on his business junkets just to prove that her husband's business hits the spot *everywhere!*... To the New York Drama Critics, Tony Perkins' beautiful stage performance in "Look Homeward, Angel" is proof he's earned the histrionic mantle of his brilliant father, the late Osgood Perkins. Unfortunately, Osgood died when Tony was only five years old, so he never had the thrill of seeing him on the stage. But thanks to the rich posterity that pictures leave behind, Tony has seen every picture that his father appeared in... When Bob Evans made his screen debut in "Man of a Thousand Faces," he looked upon his career as just an addition to his very thriving sportswear business in New York, but since his avalanche of fan mail, following this first film and his second release, "The Sun Also Rises," Bob is now ambitious to make good as an actor and is coaching with Stella Adler and taking fencing and Italian lessons besides. This isn't interfering with his business during the day, but there have been loud complaints from the "skirts" at night, who miss the handsome Bob as their playmate on the El Morocco and Stork Club dance floors!

Brando Brashness: When Marlon Brando condescended to give a few exclusive interviews to help plug his newest film, "Sayonara," it was with the understanding that he would leave the room if any personal questions about his private life were asked. However, one intrepid interviewer risked Marlon's hasty exit and dared to ask, "Is your bride Welsh, Irish or Indian?" "She is Caucasian Brown," was Marlon's retort. "I consider it to be a concern of a few people that cannot be numbered among the general public."

Alec the Great: In striking contrast to Brando is the true modesty and unaffected simplicity of an actor who seems to be a favored choice to romp off with this year's Oscar for "the best male performance of the year." I'm referring, of course, to Alec Guinness in "The Bridge on the River Kwai." Alec is shy of the press too, but it doesn't stem from arrogance but from an innate shyness with all strangers. Fortunately, I was privileged to meet him through many mutual English friends, and so I have seen him socially among his own group of intimates when he has been relaxed and at ease. He has a tremendous wit, as subtle as his screen performances and I only hope if he does win that "Oscar," he'll be free to fly to Hollywood to make his acceptance speech "in person." It will be an added highlight to the festivities of the evening.

Radie's Prophecies: Far be it for me to claim any clairvoyant powers nor do I have a crystal ball or deck of cards, but I would like to pretend to possess all three

and just in a speculative mood, make the following predictions for 1958:

Lauren Bacall and Frank Sinatra won't marry, and eventually Betty will move away from Hollywood and make New York her permanent home.

Rock Hudson will become more of a bachelor recluse than ever and will do most of his future film-making abroad, where he won't have to explain constantly why he prefers to "live alone and like it."

Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner will be the Bride and Bridegroom of The Year, and before the year is out, you're sure to see a layout of Natalie's layette for "R.J., Jr."

Liz Taylor and Mike Todd will continue to feud in public, but they will always kiss and make-up in Van Cleef and Arpels and Christian Dior's.

The press, which kept hounding Ingrid Bergman to divorce Roberto Rossellini, won't stop now until they have married her off again, and every man she is seen with, will be rumored as her future husband.

Marilyn Monroe will concentrate harder on a baby than on another picture.

Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria, will announce her engagement, but it won't be to Tony Perkins or any other actor. He'll be the Social Registerite that Mama Rocky approves of.

The continued separations of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, enforced by their separate careers, may cause a permanent separation, if they don't remedy the situation.

The only "splash" that Diana Dors will ever make in Hollywood again, is if she's dunked into a swimming pool again.

The Academy Awards, which in the past three years have been won by three "furriners"—Audrey Hepburn, Anna Magnani and Ingrid Bergman—may finally wind up this year with an American champion, Joanne Woodward.

Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra will continue to be three bachelor girls in search of a Dream Prince in Hollywood's "No Man's Land."

Tony Steele will decide he can't go on living "scrappily ever after" with Anita Ekberg, and no one will be the least bit surprised if he takes a walking powder.

The Elvis Presley hysteria will be less hysterical. And other "new faces" will challenge the popularity of Tab Hunter, Pat Boone and Tommy Sands.

Tyrone Power will let the columnists marry him off to every pretty doll he dates, but he'll continue to enjoy his bachelorhood until he makes up his own mind. In the meantime, Linda Christian, flirting through Europe, desperately searching for a husband to support her in the style to which she's accustomed, will continue to kick herself for driving Ty to divorce.

Mrs. Alfred N. Steele will announce the marriage of her daughter, Christina Crawford.

"The Bridge on the River Kwai," "Sayonara" and "Farewell to Arms" will be included on every list of the "Ten Best Pictures of the Year."

Esther Williams and Ben Gage may do a "Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman," and reconcile "for the sake of the children."

Deborah Kerr will continue to be the star most popular with the press, the fans and her co-workers.

Gregory Peck, who has four sons, will hope that his next will be an image of his Veronique.

Tony Perkins will be lost to Hollywood for at least a year because of his Broadway success in "Look Homeward, Angel."

Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor will be in and out of columns with romances they will never marry.

1957 is dead. Long live 1958!

IT'S NOT ALL LAUGHS

Continued from page 45

funniest men in the world—Jerry Lewis. He's a national institution standing for all that is wacky and hilarious. Some people have only to look at his face or hear a sound out of his mouth and they fall on the floor with laughter. The public has seldom seen my husband in any situation other than that of sheer, unrestrained fun.

"What a joy to be married to Jerry Lewis," people always tell me. "Life must be one big laugh. How lucky you are!"

A lucky girl I am. And it's something being married to Jerry. But life is definitely not one big laugh. My husband takes his laugh-making so seriously that sometimes he's depressed for hours! You'd be surprised at the way he worries himself sick in order to work out a comedy bit that will convulse millions of people watching him.

Of course, that's the hidden side of him that only I as his loving spouse would know. It's either 'way up or 'way down with my husband's moods. If you were to live with him, as I do, you'd learn soon enough that he's a moody madman. He goes from one extreme to another. When he's not sunk in a low mood, he carries on like the crazy idiot you see on the screen.

He can't resist playing practical jokes any more than a teenager can resist rock 'n' roll. When we're with friends, my husband always has up his sleeve some prank that soon has everyone in stitches. Sometimes even I find his jokes funny. But not always, for good reason: Even after thirteen years of wedded bliss with the guy, I sometimes find it hard to laugh at jokes when I'm the foil.

There was the other night at home, when we were at the dinner table with guests.

Jerry turned to me and said, "Do you know who asked for you today, honey? You'll never guess."

"Who?"

"Well—" started my husband. Then he stuffed his mouth with food and was unable to talk.

"Who?" I asked again. My husband speared more steak and potatoes into his mouth and was too busy munching to get a word out.

He continued chewing like this for several minutes, and I was beginning to go out of my mind with curiosity. "Who?" I asked, and this time I could feel my voice getting higher and shriller. More food, and more chewing by my husband, and this time I was ready to pop. "Who?" I practically yelled.

My husband looked at me and asked in the gentlest of tones, "What are you screaming about, darling?" Everyone roared. I felt like an idiot.

Sometimes at moments like these, I want to clobber my husband. But then I love him all the more when he turns an ordinary dull evening into a hilarious event. When we go to parties, Jerry is usually the center of attention, with the guests crowding around him, laughing at his words and gestures.

One night, at a very formal Hollywood dinner party, my husband broke up the guests by holding a napkin in front of his face like a veil and pretending he was a harem dancer. Everyone howled. I thought I'd die. Behaving like that at a formal party! But when we left, the hostess grabbed our hands and with all sincerity said, "You made my party, Jerry. It would have been nothing without you."

How could I complain when we got home?

And there was the time we attended a lovely dinner at Loretta Young's home. I'd seldom been to a more elegant affair. Loretta does everything with such flair. The dining room was softly lit by candles, and the silver and crystal sparkled in the gracious surroundings. There was only the soft hum of conversation and laughter at the table. Even my husband blended in with the quiet background. I should have known it couldn't last. When the finger bowls were served, I heard loud, swooshing noises coming from the direction of my husband. Everyone turned to stare at him. There he was, holding the finger bowl up to his mouth and drinking the contents. He had that zany look on his face, and he called out, "You know, Loretta, I don't like this soup."

I turned around red-faced, but when I saw Van Johnson, Tyrone Power, Rosalind Russell and all the other distinguished guests howling with laughter, I—well, I joined in, too.

The guests just wouldn't let go of Jerry that night. I guess you'd say he was the rage of the party, even when he turned to a woman wearing a very low-cut gown and innocently remarked, "Why don't you close up your dress?"

As we were leaving, I began to apologize to Loretta Young for my husband's antics. "You know how he is," I began. "He loves to cut up."

Loretta smiled warmly and said, "Don't ever worry about your husband. Be proud of any man who has the magic gift of creating laughter wherever he goes. He's made this a truly outstanding night for all of us."

It isn't laughs, however. Wherever we go, while everyone is howling at my husband's carryings-on, I usually sit alone—laughing at him, too, enormously proud of him, but also a bit lonely. I feel slightly cheated sitting by myself while other women have their husbands by their sides. But I know that when my man has people around, he can no more resist getting up and making them laugh than he can stop breathing.

Besides, for all his wild and wacky ways, he's the tenderest and most sentimental of husbands. He remembers every birthday and every anniversary—with gifts of diamonds. He's sentimental to the point of superstition about his wedding ring. One morning on the set of "The Sad Sack," he broke the ring doing a certain rough scene. He was frantic and wouldn't go on until I rushed down to the studio with a spare ring that I keep in a box. I gave the ring a kiss, slipped it on his finger, made a wish—and only after this ritual was he ready to go on with the scene.

How can I get angry, then, when he does such crazy things as pouring a bowl of cereal over his head in a restaurant? And when he's so sweet, how could I bawl him out just because I got the fright of my life? That happened one afternoon in Chicago, when two police officers knocked on the door demanding to see my husband. I was petrified, until I learned that Jerry, having a couple of hours to kill between shows, had stuck his head out the window and yelled, "Help! Murder! Police!"

Being funny is both his relaxation and his worry. His capacity for work is staggering, and he's his own severest critic. He is always thinking about his work—even when he sleeps. Very often an idea comes to him in the middle of the night. He turns on the light and writes it out on the tablet he keeps next to his bed. If he's sufficiently inspired, however, he leaps out of bed and sits down at his typewriter and types all night. How many times I've heard him pecking away at

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For years I've tried to get my husband to relax at breakfast time and forget his work, but he can't do it. When he's working in a picture, he's up at six. I get up with him so that I can give him breakfast and see to it that he starts the day right. But what happens? Even at this unpleasant hour, he starts to make telephone calls and have long, frenzied conversations with his writers. The eggs get cold, so I cook another batch. That batch gets cold while he thinks of another dozen calls to make. I usually cook three breakfasts before he sits down to one.

He used to have an extreme case of telephonitis at dinner time, until I put my foot down. Jerry would always be so busy talking on the phone that he could never sit down to have dinner with us. He even wanted to have a telephone installed right next to his chair in the dining room so that he could talk while he ate. "Nothing doing," I said flatly. "If a phone is put in the dining room, the food goes out."

So he's reformed—to some extent. He makes a few dozen calls while the roast gets cold. But once he sits down at the table, we turn the phone off.

He has a completely vague attitude about food and anything relating to food, anyway. When we're having guests for dinner, he always comes home late. This used to drive me wild, until I found out why he does it. Being a comedian twenty-four hours a day, he likes to walk in only when his audience is there!

But that doesn't help matters. I'll never forget the night we had Joan Crawford over for dinner. I've always been a great admirer of Miss Crawford's, and, since I didn't know her well, I was understandably nervous at the prospect of entertaining her. Even though my husband is a celebrity in the business, I'm still rather awed when I'm in the presence of certain big-name stars. Miss Crawford arrived on time, and no Jerry. An hour passed, and, even though she was very friendly, I began to fidget. Two hours later, my husband bounced in, pointed at Joan and shrieked, "Get in the kitchen! The help isn't allowed in the living room." Joan howled with laughter, and I forgot my jitters.

I had my finest silver and china out that evening and was anxious to make an impression. Just as we were about to begin, I asked Jerry to ring for the maid. He pulled out a huge cowbell, which he'd hidden under his chair, and clanged like crazy. Miss Crawford was so convulsed with laughter she was barely able to eat.

I never really know what Jerry's going to do. At another dinner party at our house, when we had as guests Jack and Mary Benny, I was startled to hear Jerry's voice boom through our hi-fi in the dining room: "I hope you're enjoying your dinner. Don't complain about the food. You're getting it for nothing." From that point on, the dinner was short on dignity, but long on laughs.

A habit of his that used to annoy me was that of inviting people over for dinner without telling me. One night, with only Judy and Ernie Glucksman (his TV producer) due for dinner, I prepared one duck for the four of us. We were ready to sit down when the doorbell rang. I said, "I wonder who that is?"

"Oh," replied my hero with a sheepish smile, "I just remembered I invited a few more of our friends."

Eight more friends showed up! I gave my husband the high sign and got him alone in the kitchen. "What," I asked frantically, "do I do now?"

"Don't get excited," said my spouse. "Just put more stuffing in the duck."

These problems don't stymie me any longer. Now when I expect two guests I marinate fifteen steaks.

I've had to give in on this, because my husband loves to have people around him. Because he's always "on," I think he feels it almost a necessity to have a perpetual audience to laugh at the things he says, or to serve as a sound board. Also, in Jerry's case, it is probably a throwback to his childhood, which was such a lonely one. Friends build up a momentary sense of self-confidence in him.

In fact, his need to be surrounded by hordes of people caused the only rift in our marriage. It happened several years ago. At that time, Jerry couldn't say no to anyone. Let him meet someone and five minutes later he had that person and his relatives and friends up to our house. Soon, our home began to look like Grand Central Station at rush hour. It became an increasing strain for me to have to fight

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Portrait of Marlon Brando by Topix; picture story of Joanne Woodward and Dennis Hopper by Gary Wagner; Heather Sears portrait, Bob Willoughby; color portrait of Gia Scala, Don Ornitz; Taina Elg by Norman Menard; Tab Hunter in color, Jerry Lewis family, Audie Murphy and Jayne Mansfield, all Roger Marshutz.

my way through the crowds in my own home just to talk to my husband. I wouldn't have minded so much if they had really been Jerry's friends, but so many of them were opportunists and free-loaders, who wanted to take full advantage of Jerry's influence and food. They'd come around every day and stay for breakfast, lunch and dinner. I found myself practically running a hotel, and nothing I could say to that naive guy of mine could make him open his eyes to the fact that this was wrecking our home life.

I wanted desperately to have some quiet and peace at home, and a little privacy with my husband. Jerry, bless him, has such an open attitude about people that he couldn't seem to get my message.

Finally, I had it out with my husband. "Either the mobs go or I go," I said quite melodramatically. Jerry accused me of being unreasonable, but I maintained my stand. I thought he needed to have his eyes opened. He was about to leave on a two-month tour, so we decided to use this absence as a cooling-off period. This would be a good time to think the thing out. While he was away, I didn't accept any of his long-distance calls. I knew that if I heard his voice I'd weaken. I wanted time to figure things out and see if we could come to separate decisions. We both missed each other terribly during this separation, but it did the trick. When my husband returned, we fell into each other's arms. But we'd both come to our senses. Jerry saw my point of view; I saw his. He has since become more selective about the people he asks to the house. The free-loaders who made a hangout of our home are out.

On the other hand, I realized then that my husband needs people around him to

give him the sense of security he requires. He needs a constant personal audience the way a plant needs water. These days our large home in Brentwood is open to Jerry's friends, and I enjoy being hostess—but the mob scenes are over.

Beyond that falling out, we have had a good marriage. We were both show-business kids when we met and fell in love. We were playing on the same bill in a theater. I was a band singer at the time, and Jerry was an eighteen-year-old comic who was barely earning enough to support himself, much less a wife. And he had to support me, because I believe in a one-career marriage. I quit singing as soon as I became Mrs. Jerry Lewis.

He was making fifty dollars a week then—some weeks. We rented a little walk-up flat in Newark, N.J., and furnished it on the installment plan. Then, overnight, we stepped into a dream world. Jerry teamed up with Dean Martin. In no time he was earning \$5,000 a week, and that salary kept spiraling with his fame. Today, separated from Dean, Jerry is doing better than ever.

Although Jerry usually portrays a slap-happy kind of idiot, he is very serious about all that marriage stands for. To him, family means everything. From the very beginning, he's been a family man. It was even revealed in the way he proposed.

One night I walked into my dressing room backstage and found a pair of pink baby booties hanging on my mirror, with a note: "I haven't a buck, but how about getting married and filling these?"

For twelve years we have been trying to fill those pink booties, but so far our family—including our fourth and most recent arrival, baby Christopher—has been a blue-bootie clan.

Last year, when we learned we were going to have another baby, Jerry almost went out of his mind with joy. "I know it's going to be a girl this time. I know it!" yelled my husband. He promptly rushed out and bought a load of pink organdy dresses.

All during my pregnancy, he called our expected "Katherine" and continued to buy up all the pretty little dresses he saw.

One night I asked, "What if it's a boy?"

My husband's mouth fell open. "But it won't be. It can't be."

On the afternoon of October 9th, as I was being wheeled down the corridor of St. John's Hospital, all these thoughts began to float hazily in my mind. I had just given birth to a lusty, seven-and-a-half-pound boy. How would Jerry take it?

Suddenly his face appeared above me as he leaned over to kiss me. I felt the moistness of his face, as though he had been crying.

"Are you disappointed?" I asked.

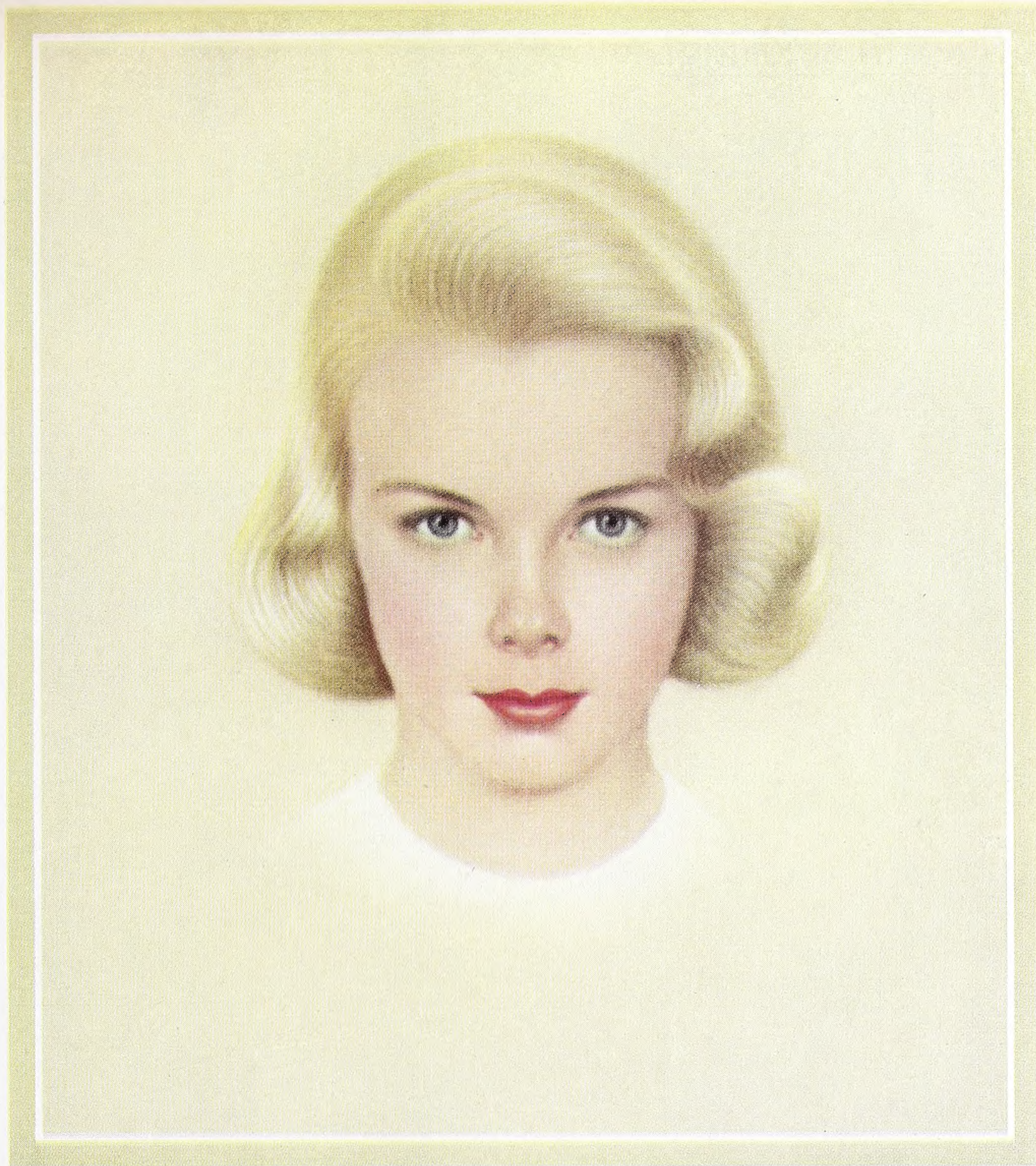
"No, Mommy," he said. "But I don't think this kid's going to like being called 'Katherine.'"

We're still hoping we'll have our little Katherine. As a matter of fact, the other night Jerry and I were sitting in our cozy little den talking about our children and our plans for the future.

"Do you know," he said reflectively, "everything is planned by God. We were meant to have a boy, I guess, because we were meant to have a big family. We're going to try to have a kid who'll answer to the name Katherine. If we'd had her this time, we might have decided that our family was complete. But this way we'll have more babies—until we get our girl. And maybe that will give us a family of a dozen, until we get that someone who'll be able to wear those dresses I bought."

And that's my Jerry.

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The softness and lustre of hair depends upon the care it receives. One of the Three Breck Shampoos will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, fragrant and lustrous.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.

■ Red for dry hair ■ Blue for normal hair ■ Yellow for oily hair

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